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THE

CHURCH HYMN BOOK,

WITH TUNES;

FOR THE

WORSHIP OF GOD.

"In Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing, with grace in your hearts, to the Lord." — Col. III. 16.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & COMPANY,

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

1873.

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PREFACE.

THE CHURCH HYMN BOOK is an humble contribution to the praise of God. It aims to promote the spirit of praise, and its offering by all the people, in divine worship.

To this end, it brings together a great variety of the most useful and familiar Hymns, and adapts them to the most approved and appropriate Tunes. To meet the varying tastes and preferences of all sections and classes, in all parts of the country, the number of both Hymns and Tunes is quite in advance of similar compilations. The whole range of hymnology, both ancient and modern, has been laid under contribution, to furnish a complete MANUAL OF PRAISE for the use of the Church. Such versions and paraphrases of the inspired Psalms, and such Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, as have everywhere found their way into the hearts of Christian people, and so, very generally, into almost every Psalm and Hymn Book now, or formerly, in use in Great Britain and America, have been incorporated into this collection. To these have been added the very best productions, in large number, of the Sacred Muse of the present day.

Constant regard has been had, in the selection, to lyrical requirements. "Hymns," it has well been said, "are not meant to be theological statements, expositions of doctrine, or enunciation of precepts; they are utterances of the soul, in its manifold moods of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, love, wonder and aspiration." They are devout breathings of the inner man, in the celebration of the praise and glory of God. Such productions, and such only, to the exclusion mainly of all others, have been sought and appropriated. This design has, also, given form to the peculiar Classification of the Hymns, as seen in the Table of "Contents,"—a Classification covering all the demands of the service of sacred song, and providing for every thing that is usually sought in such a compilation.

Great care has been taken in respect to the purity of the text. No pains have been spared in determining both the authorship and the date of each production. The number, for which no author has been found, is quite small. These have been traced, as far as practicable, to the Collection in which they first appeared. The author, when known, is allowed to express himself in his own chosen forms of speech. In no other way can a uniform text be secured. Many Hymns have thus been restored to their original forms, and, in almost every instance, greatly to their advantage. Even in cases where the phraseology might possibly be improved, it has been thought best to overlook slight variations from the laws of good taste, in deference to the author's peculiar idioms and shades of thought. Where any serious alterations have been made or allowed, the fact is indicated.

In the preparation of a Hymn Book combined with appropriate Tunes, each page must be complete in itself, and the Hymns of a single Metre. This exigency has compelled, at times, the omission of some stanzas that otherwise would have been retained; and, in some few instances, of a good Hymn, also, for which no appropriate place could be found. But, in every such case, it will be seen, it is thought, that an equal or superior production, on the same topic, has been inserted. The versions and paraphrases of the Psalms, for the same reason, are intermingled with the Hymns; but their character is sufficiently indicated by the headings; and their places by the Index of Scripture Texts.

The first place in this Collection is given, as is meet, to ISAAC WATTS, the acknowledged father of modern hymnology. Five generations of Christian worshipers have fully tested the value of his sacred songs, and proved their worth. No Collection that is not largely composed of his inimitable productions, can meet the demands of the churches of Christ. THE CHURCH HYMN BOOK aims to include whatever, in his "Lyrics," as well as in his "Psalms and Hymns," is regarded as of permanent value, — such as posterity will continue to cherish.

To these are added the choicest productions of that master of sacred song, CHARLES WESLEY, with some of the best hymns of PHILIP DODDRIDGE, ANNE STEELE, JAMES MONTGOMERY, and JOHN NEWTON, constituting, with the selections from ISAAC WATTS, three-sevenths of the whole. More than three hundred other authors, the best in the language, as shown in the "Index of Authors," have contributed to the completion of the Collection.

In the preparation of the *Musical Department* of the book, the practical wants of the churches have been carefully considered. The Tunes have been selected and adapted, with a direct view to the promotion of CONGREGATIONAL SINGING. They have been gathered from all accessible sources. The most of them, as was to be expected, are the compositions of our own countrymen. To these have been added large selections from the best Choral works of England and Germany. The grand old melodies, that, by long and almost constant use in the worship of God, have endeared themselves to the lovers of sacred song, everywhere in Great Britain and America, and so have acquired a standard value, without which no collection of Sacred Music can be regarded as at all complete, have here found an appropriate place. To meet a variety of tastes, and to adapt the Book for general circulation throughout the United States, a few tunes somewhat inferior, — as determined by a refined musical standard, — but greatly prized by reason of cherished associations, have been admitted. A small number of the Tunes are now published for the first time.

No similar compilation, it is confidently believed, can compare with THE CHURCH HYMN BOOK, in the number, variety, availability and general excellence of its Tunes. In a Collection, embracing not less than four hundred and thirty-one metrical compositions, and twenty-three of the most effective and popular Chants, every variety of musical taste may surely find abundant gratification.

Every page of Hymns has its Music, symmetrically arranged. At every opening of the Book, where the Classification admits of it, the Tunes are of the same metre, and generally one of them is of a familiar character. Ordinarily, therefore, each Hymn on the two facing pages may be sung to either of the two Tunes; and each of the Tunes is adapted to four, five, or six hymns. The newer and less familiar Tunes are of such simple construction, as readily to be learned.

In the musical typography, the half-note, for the sake of uniformity, and symmetry, as in the more recent and best approved issues of the British press, has been adopted as the standard of time measurement. Greater facility in the reading and rendering of the music is thus secured, while the movement of the Tunes is not thereby in the least affected. "Breves and semi-breves," says a recent authority, "are the Church's characters; they are plain, and easy to read, and keep the music of the Church separate from other music. Crotchets and quavers belong to the theatre." The one may be sung with as much life as the other. The movement is determined by the requirements of the Hymn; not by the musical type, which simply indicates the mutual relations of the notes and of the several parts.

The harmonies have been chosen and arranged with a view to simplicity, as well as grandeur of effect, in Congregational worship. For the same reason, solo and duett passages have, for the most part, been avoided, and the harmonies filled up in all the parts. Quartette choirs, of course, will provide themselves with Collections of Music specially adapted to their use. To secure the utmost accuracy in the Musical Department, MR. SAMUEL P. WARREN, now, and for many years last past, the Organist and Musical Director of Grace Church, in the City of New York, and of great eminence in his profession, has been entrusted with its supervision. He has given it his closest attention, and bestowed upon it a large amount of labor and skill, carefully revising every Tune, and, when necessary, correcting and re-arranging it.—"The Alphabetical Index of Tunes," may serve to show, in some degree, the extent of his musical erudition, and the research with which he has traced the musical compositions of the Book to their true source. In this respect THE CHURCH HYMN BOOK may claim to be a standard authority.

Grateful acknowledgments are hereby rendered to the REV. RAY PALMER, D. D., of this city, for the use of his admirable Hymns, of which so large advantage has been taken in this Collection. Similar acknowledgments are made to DR. LOWELL MASON, DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, and MESSRS. GEORGE KINGSLEY, JOHN ZUNDEL, and GEORGE F. ROOT, for the use of their popular and excellent musical compositions; — also, to MRS. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, for the use of many of her late husband's productions, not a few of which have become greatly endeared to the people of God. Other composers are, in like manner, entitled to the thanks of

THE COMPILER,

EDWIN F. HATFIELD.

NEW YORK, *May* 1, 1872.

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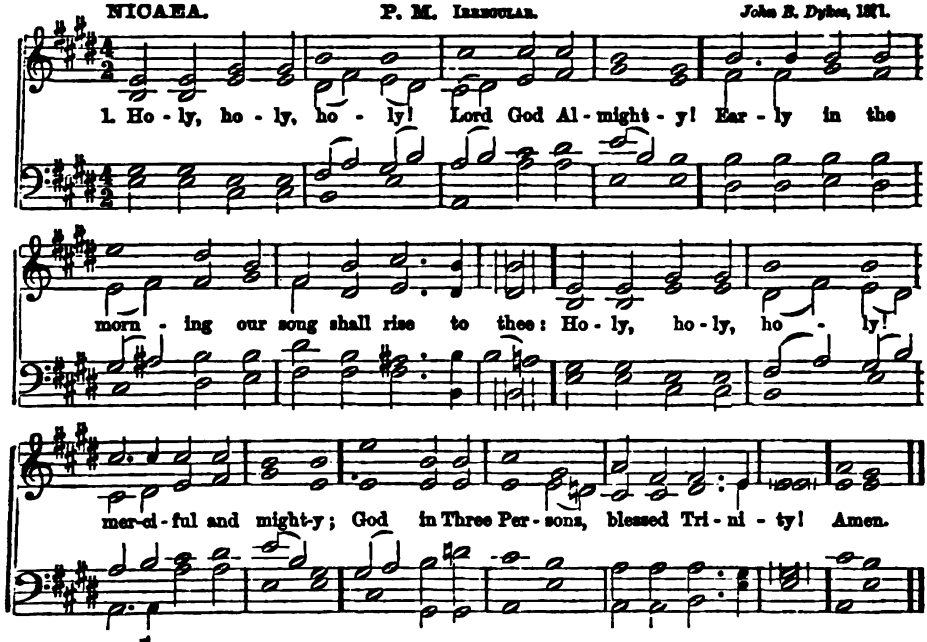
THE

CHURCH HYMN BOOK.

INVOCATION.



1.

The blessed Trinity.

1 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty;
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

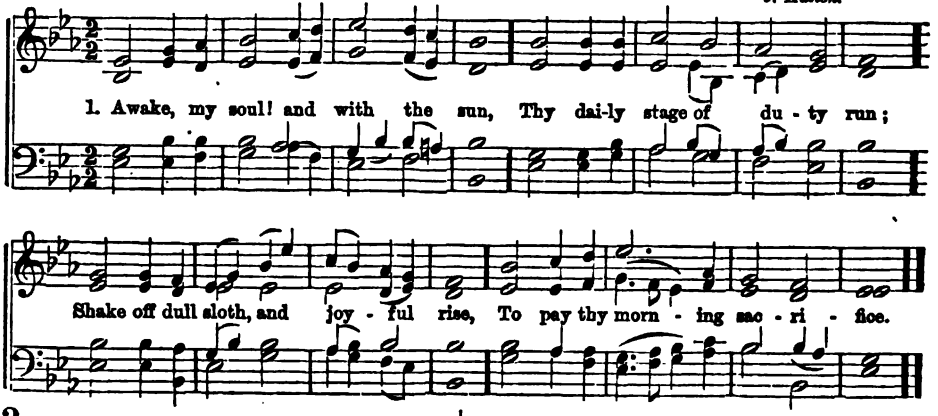
2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy: there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty;
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.

Reginald Heber, 1827.

DUKE STREET. L. M. *William Reeve, cir. 1790, or J. Hatton.*



2. *A Morning Hymn.*

1 AWAKE, my soul! and, with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart!
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

3 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord! when I from death shall [wake,
I may of endless light partake.

4 Lord! I my vows to thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew; [will,
Guard my first springs of thought and
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1697, a.

3. *A Morning Hymn.*

1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord! in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble, 1827.

4. *A Song for Morning or Evening.*

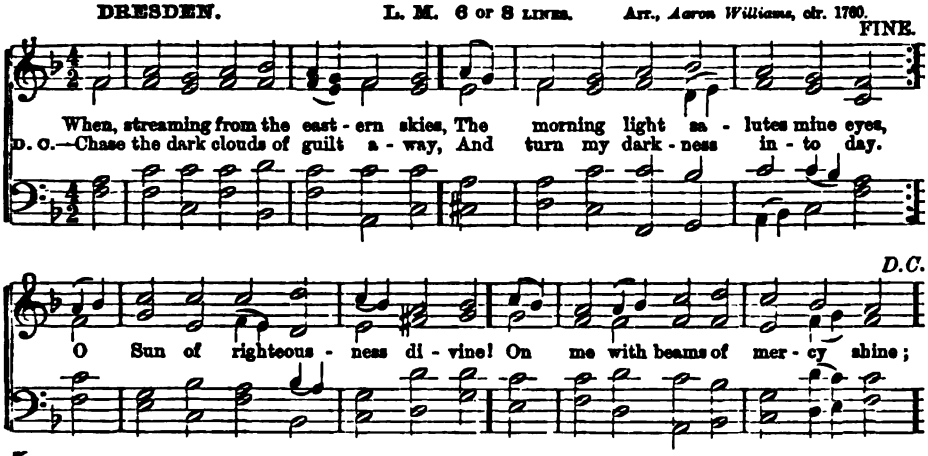
1 MY God! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

DRESDEN. L. M. 6 or 8 LINES. German. Arr., *Aaron Williams*, cir. 1760.



5.

Daily Duties.

1 When, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine!
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when, to heaven's all glorious King,
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus! cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pard'ning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour! while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh! lead me onward to the skies.

4 And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus! thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And, from death's gloom, my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

William Shrubsole, Jr., 1813, a.

6.

PSALM XIX.

1 God of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice,
To run his journey through the skies;—

2 Oh! like the sun, may I fulfill
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Lord! thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint, and cold, compared with this.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

7.

PSALM CXII.

1 My God! accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

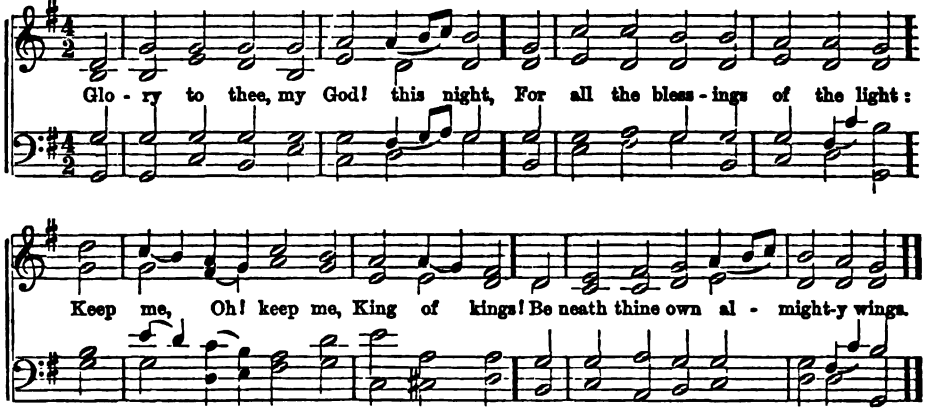
2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord!
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 Oh! may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And, by my warm petitions, prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

EVENING HYMN. L. M. *Thomas Tallis, abt. 1567. Altered.*



8.

PSALM XVII.

1 GLORY to thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, Oh! keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord! for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh! may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Thomas Ken, 1697, a.

9.

Evening Confession.

1 GREAT God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh! let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

Anne Steele, 1760.

10.

An Evening Hymn.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

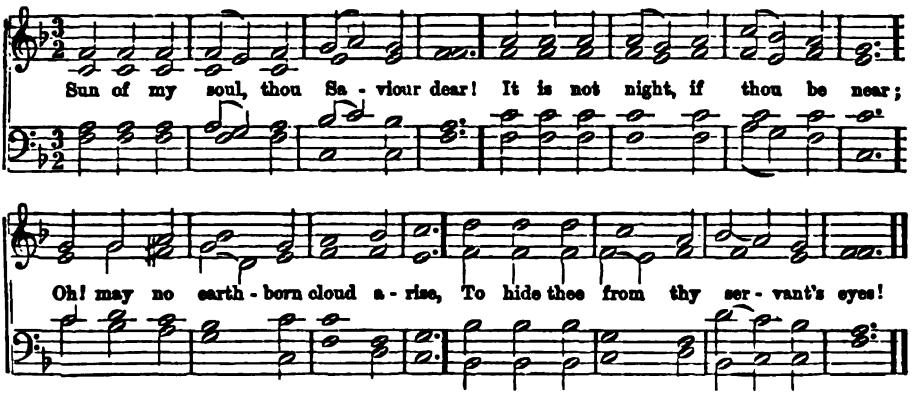
2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep, —
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground.
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

HURSLEY. L. M. Adapted from *Francis Joseph Haydn*, 1732-1809.



11.

Evening Hymn.

1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear!
It is not night, if thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord! the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor,
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1827.

12.

Jesus sought at Evening.

1 The busy scenes of day are fled,
The evening shades invite to rest;
May I repose my weary head,
Reclining on my Saviour's breast!

2 Jesus! to thee an evening song
My soul, in gratitude, would raise;
Oh! could I mount and join that throng,
I'd vie with angels in thy praise.

3 With tears of joy, I'd sing the God,
Who wept and groaned and died for me;
Then hide beneath that precious blood,
Which freely flowed on Calvary.

4 And when, at last, nor sun, nor moon,
Nor stars shall light the pilgrim's way,
Let angel bands convey me home
To realms of everlasting day!

Anon., 1841.

13.

"Splendor paternæ Gloriæ."

1 O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

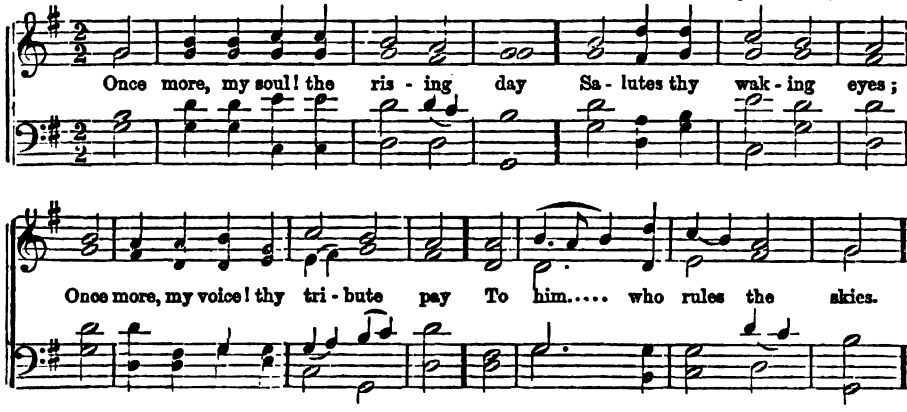
2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love!
Send down thy radiance from above,
And to our inmost hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 Oh! hallowed thus be every day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noon-day light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

4 O Christ! with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
Oh! may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in thee!

Lat., *Ambrose*, 390.
Tr., *John Chandler*, 1837.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M. *Ralph Harrison, 1788.*



14.

A Morning Song.

1 ONCE more, my soul! the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice! thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'T is he supports my mortal frame, —
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 Great God! let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing night.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

15.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

1 AGAIN, from calm and sweet repose,
I rise to hail the dawn;
Again my waking eyes unclose
To view the smiling morn.

2 Great God of love! thy praise I'll sing;
For thou hast safely kept
My soul, beneath thy guardian wing,
And watched me while I slept.

3 Glory to thee, eternal Lord!
Oh! teach my heart to pray,
And thy blest Spirit's help afford,
To guide me through the day.

4 Let every thought and word accord
With thy most holy will;
Each deed the precepts of thy word
With pious aim fulfill.

5 From danger, sin, and every ill,
My constant Guardian prove;
Oh! sanctify my heart, and fill
With thoughts of holy love.

16.

Anon., 1837.

An Evening Song.

1 Now, from the altar of our hearts,
Let incense flames arise;
Assist us, Lord! to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Awake, our love! awake, our joy!
Awake, our hearts and tongue!
Sleep not, when mercies loudly call;
Break forth into a song.

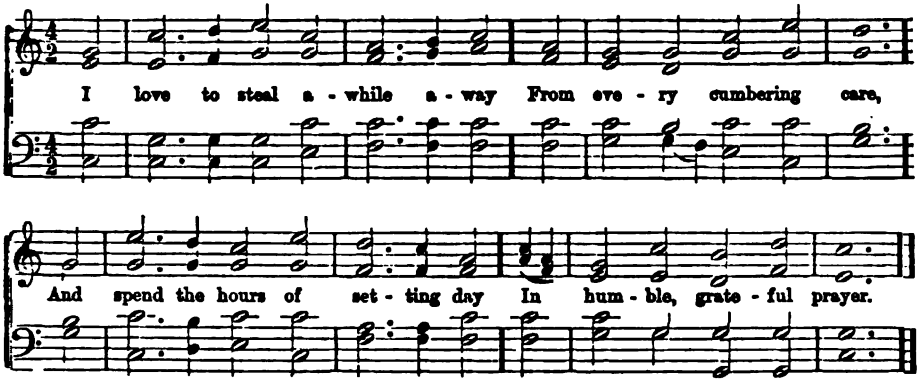
3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

5 Lord of our time! whose hand hath set
New time upon our score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more!

John Mason, 1683, a.

BROWN. C. M. *William B. Bradbury, 1849.*



17.

The Twilight of Evening.

1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day!

Mrs. Phebe H. Brown, 1825.

18.

PSALM 4.

1 LORD! thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And, while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'T is sweet conversing, on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And, when my work is done,
Great God! my faith, my hope, relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I 'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

19.

Evening Twilight.

1 HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care!
And look, my soul! from earth, away
To him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before his throne of grace,
While, to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows his smiling face.

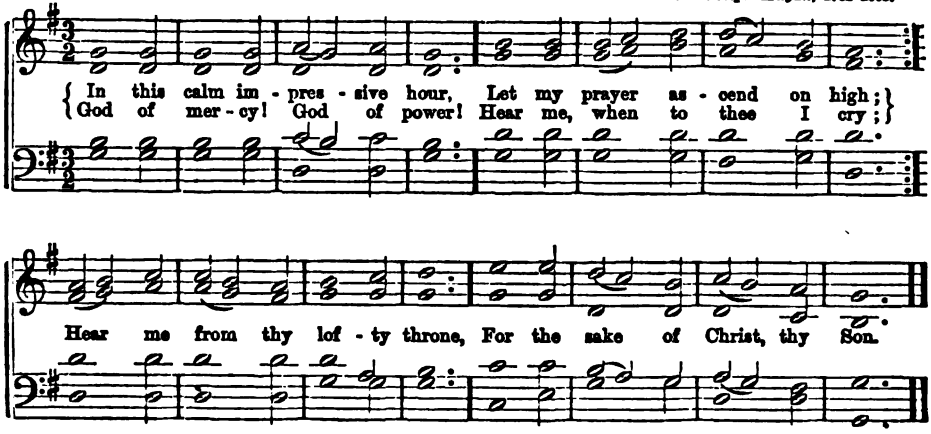
3 How sweet, through long-remembered years,
His mercies to recall,
And, pressed with wants, and griefs, and fears,
To trust his love for all.

4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high.

5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven,
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last even,
Retire to glorious rest.

Leonard Bacon, 1845.

HALLE. 7s. 6 LINES. From *Francis Joseph Haydn*, 1732-1809.



20.

Early Morning.

1 In this calm impressive hour,
Let my prayer ascend on high;
God of mercy! God of power!
Hear me, when to thee I cry;
Hear me from thy lofty throne,
For the sake of Christ, thy Son.

2 With the morning's early ray,
While the shades of night depart,
Let thy beams of light convey
Joy and gladness to my heart.
Now o'er all my steps preside,
And for all my wants provide.

3 Oh! what joy that word affords,—
"Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth;"
King of kings, and Lord of lords!
Send thy gospel-heralds forth:
Now begin thy boundless sway,
Usher in the glorious day.

Thomas Hastings, 1831.

21.

Repose and Devotion.

1 Now, from labor and from care,
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord! I would converse with thee;
Oh! behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice;
Lord! forgive, thy grace restore,
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh! accept my song of praise.

Thomas Hastings, 1831.

22.

Christ, the Sun of Righteousness.

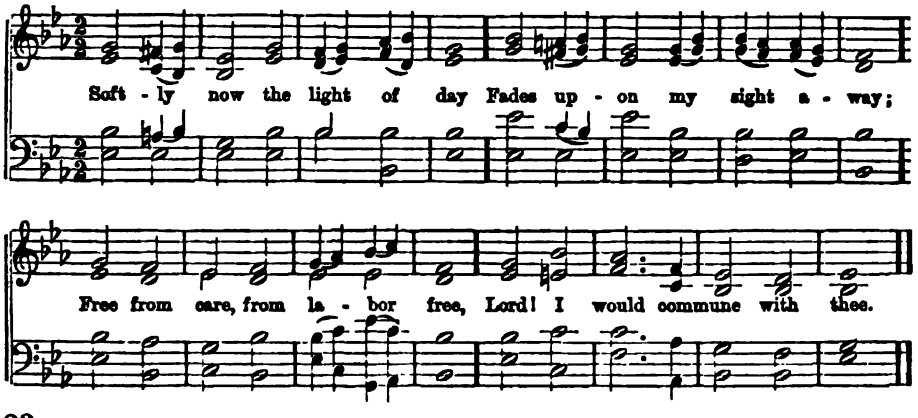
1 Jesus, Sun of righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine!
With the early morning rays,
Do thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel, with purest light,
All our long and gloomy night.

2 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May thy love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us, forth to go;
Gladly serve thee and obey,
All our life's short earthly day.

3 Thou, our only hope and guide!
Never leave us nor forsake;
Keep us ever at thy side,
Till th' eternal morning break;
Moving on to Zion's hill,
Onward, upward, homeward still.

Ger., *Christian Knorr von Rosenroth*, 1684.
Tr. *Jane Borthwick*, 1862, a.

HOLLEY. 7s. *George Hews, 1835.*



23. *Evening Contemplation.*

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord! I would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within!
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord! to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity!
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus! look with pitying eye.

George W. Doane, 1824.

24. *The Round of daily Care.*

1 In the morning hear my voice,
Let me in thy light rejoice;
God, my Sun! my strength renew,
Send thy blessing down like dew.

2 Through the duties of the day,
Grant me grace to watch and pray;
Live as always seeing thee,
Knowing,—Thou, God! seest me.

3 When the evening skies display
Richer pomp than noon's array,
Be the shades of death to me
Bright with immortality.

4 When the round of care is run,
And the stars succeed the sun,
Songs of praise with prayer unite,
Crown the day, and hail the night.

5 Thus with thee, my God! my Friend!
Time begin, continue, end,
While life's joys and sorrows pass,
Like the changes of the grass.

James Montgomery, 1825.

25. *Morning Thanks.*

1 Thou, who dost my life prolong!
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful, from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

2 Thou didst hear my evening cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh;
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.

3 Thou hast kept me through the night
'T was thy hand restored the light,
Lord! thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.

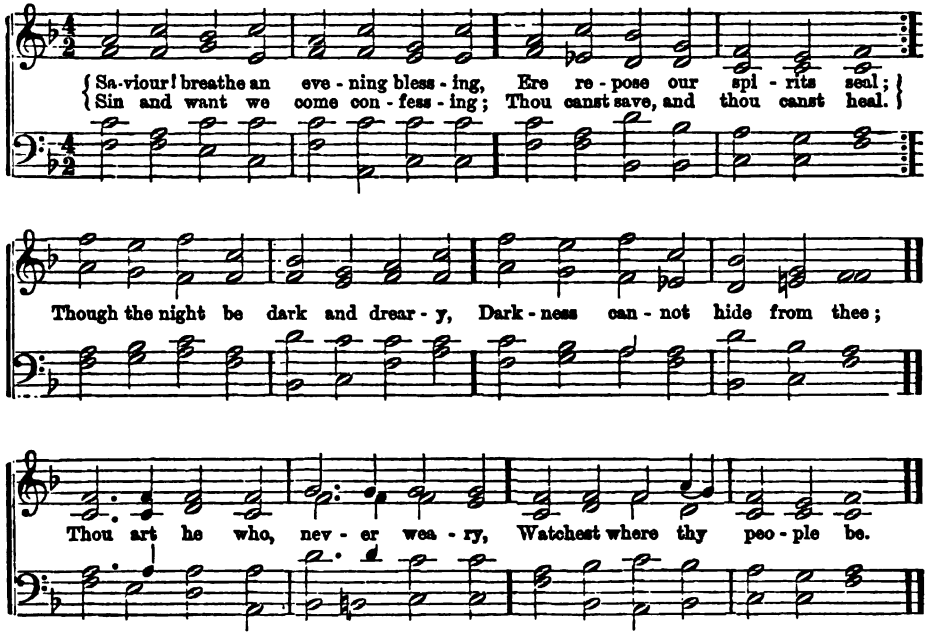
4 Still my feet are prone to stray;
Oh! preserve me through the day
Dangers everywhere abound,
Sins and snares beset me round.

5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul, thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

Anon, 1833.

RUSSIA. (VESPER HYMN.) 8s & 7s. 8 LINES.

D. S. Bortnansky, 1751-1825.
Adapted by *Lowell Mason*.



26.

Evening Hymn.

1 SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820.

27.

Evening Devotion.

1 HEAR my prayer, O Heavenly Father!
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

2 Great my sins are, but thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the cross I cast them,
Trusting in thy help alone.

3 Keep me through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to thy rest, I pray thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

4 Pardon all my past transgressions,
Give me strength for days to come,
Guide and guard me with thy blessing,
Till thine angels bid me home.

Harriett Parr, 1856.

28.

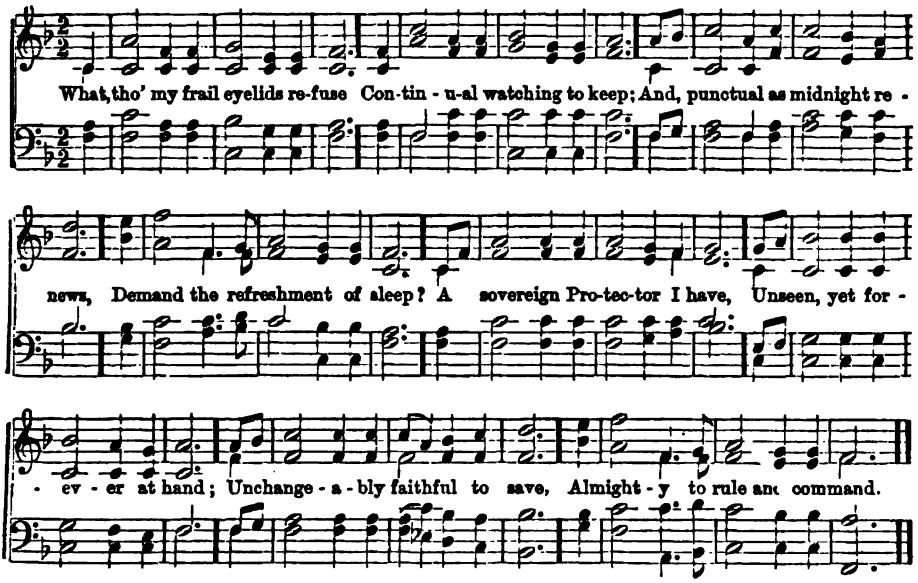
Lying down to Rest.

1 THROUGH the day thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thine arms may we repose.

Thomas Kelly, 1820, a.

MADISON. 8s. 8 LINES. *Sylvanus B. Pond, 1841.*



29.

Songs in the Night.

1 WHAT, though my frail eye-lids refuse
Continual watching to keep,
And, punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreshment of sleep?
A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

2 From evil secure, and its dread,
I rest, if my Saviour is nigh:
And songs his kind presence, indeed,
Shall in the night season supply;
He smiles, and my comforts abound;
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

3 Kind Author, and Ground of my hope!
Thee, thee for my God I avow;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own thou hast helped me till now;
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast proved,
Nor wilt thou relinquish, at last,
A sinner so signally loved.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1774.

30.

Angelic Guardians.

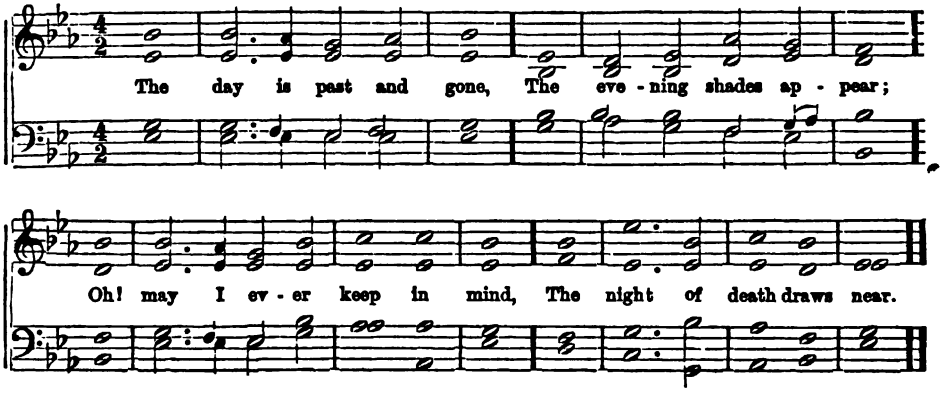
1 INSPIRER and hearer of prayer!
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine!
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping and waking, resign:
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

2 Thy ministering spirits descend,
And watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep: [throne,
Bright seraphs, dispatched from the
Fly swift to their stations assigned,
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the redeemed of mankind.

3 Thy worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King:
I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their gracious Creator, and mine.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1774.

OLNEY. S. M. *Lowell Mason, 1830.*



31.

On going to Rest.

1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh! may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.

2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest;
So death will soon remove me hence,
And leave my soul undressed.

3 Lord! keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me, while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run:

5 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord! I may in thy bosom rest, —
The bosom of thy love.

John Leland, (?) 1799, a.

32.

The Day-Star.

1 We lift our hearts to thee,
O Day Star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 Oh! let thine orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice
Which shade the universe.

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

Anon., 1741, a.

33.

Ever with God.

1 Still, still with thee, my God!
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee:

2 With thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God! in prayer:

3 With thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart:

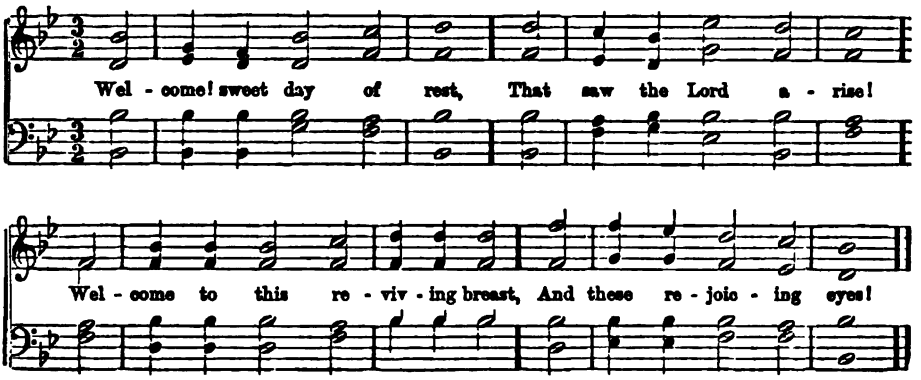
4 With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising, sun
With thee my heart would find.

5 With thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

James Drummond Burns, 1838.

LISBON. S. M. *Daniel Read, 1785.*



34. *The Lord's Day and Public Worship.*

1 WELCOME! sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

35. *Sabbath Enjoyment.*

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord!
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

Harriet Auber, 1829, a.

36. *Lord's Day Evening.*

1 HOLY, delightful day—
Day of divine delight!
We hailed thy gladsome morning ray;
We bless thine evening bright.

2 Hath not the Lord been sought?
Hath not our King been near?
Hath not his grace new wonders wrought?
Hath not his house been dear?

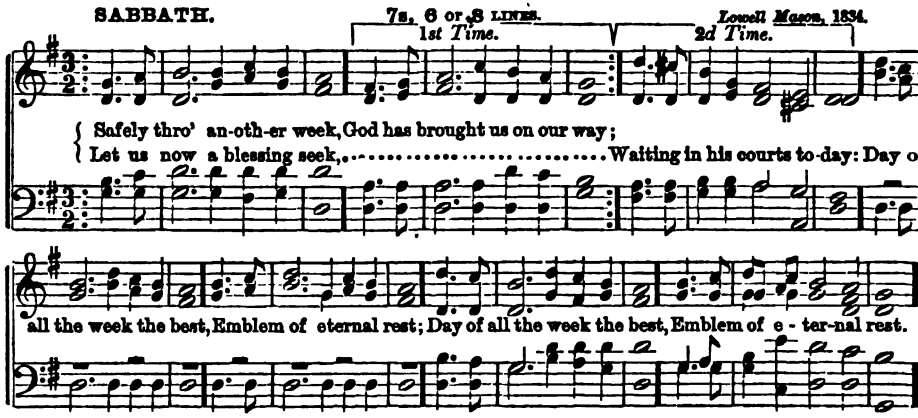
3 Have we not given him there
Our passions and our powers?
Has not the joy of mingled prayer—
Of mingled praise been ours?

4 Was it not sweet to talk
Of thy dear love at home?
Yes, sweet abroad with thee to walk,
And back with thee to come?

5 Dear Lord! the day was bright,
Because the day was thine;
This full, this manifold delight,
Was it not all divine?

6 Repeat the gladness here!
Fulfill the bliss above!
Thy day, the everlasting year,
Th' eternal joy, thy love.

Thomas H. Gill, 1868.



37.

The Sabbath in the Sanctuary.

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
May we feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord! a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

John Newton, 1779, a.

38.

The God of the Sabbath.

1 Great Creator! who this day
From thy perfect work didst rest,
By the souls that own thy sway,
Hallowed be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone.

2 Saviour! who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom:
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to thee!

3 Blessèd Spirit, Comforter!
Sent this day from Christ on high,
Lord! on me thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
All thine influence shed abroad,
Lead me to the truth of God.

Mrs. Julia Anne Elliott, 1836.

39.

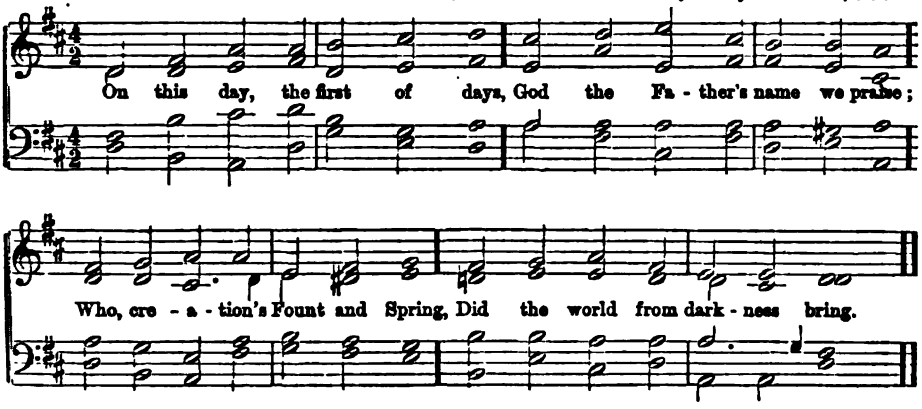
The holy Day of Rest.

1 WELCOME, sacred day of rest!
Sweet repose from worldly care;
Day above all days the best,
When our souls for heaven prepare;
Day, when our Redeemer rose,
Victor o'er the hosts of hell:
Thus he vanquished all our foes;
Let our lips his glory tell.

2 Gracious Lord! we love this day,
When we hear thy holy word;
When we sing thy praise, and pray,
Earth can no such joys afford:
But a better rest remains,
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days,
Rest from sin, and rest from pains,
Endless joys, and endless praise.

William Brown (?), 1822.

LUBECK. 7s. Old German. Arr. by *Hauptl* and *Monk*, 1861.



40.

The Day of Days.

1 On this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise;
Who, creation's Fount and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

2 On this day th' Eternal Son
Over death his triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With his gifts of living flame.

3 Oh! that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the Source of life and light.

4 Father! who didst fashion me
Image of thyself to be,
Fill me with thy love divine,
Let my every thought be thine.

5 Holy Jesus! may I be
Dead and buried here with thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto thee a sacrifice.

6 Thou, who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet Spirit! in my heart;
Best of gifts, thyself bestow;
Make me burn thy love to know.

Tr., *Henry Williams Baker*, 1861.

41.

The Day of Praise.

1 Thou, who art enthroned above,
Thou, by whom we live and move!
Oh! how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound thy praise in song!

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All thy favors to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.

3 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy word, and pay our vows;

4 Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
Fill its courts with joyful praise;
With repeated hymns, proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name!

5 From thy works our joys arise,
O Thou only good and wise!
Who thy wonders can declare?
How profound thy counsels are!

6 Warm our hearts with sacred fire;
Grateful fervors still inspire;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in thy praise unite.

vs. 1, 2, *George Sandys*, 1648.

42.

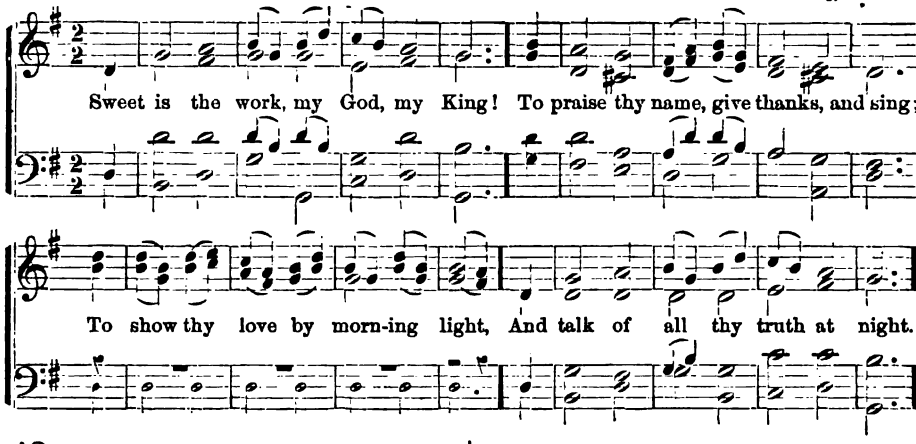
Sabbath Evening.

1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee;
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Samuel F. Smith, 1843.

PORTUGAL. L. M. *Thomas Thorley, 17—.*



43. PSALM 92.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King!
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord! I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

44. *The Morning of the Lord's Day.*

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds,
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 Oh! that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

Joseph Stennett, 1712.

45. *The Lord's Day Morning.*

1 HAIL! morning known among the blest,—
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,—
Of heavenly peace, and holy rest,
Pledge of the endless rest above!

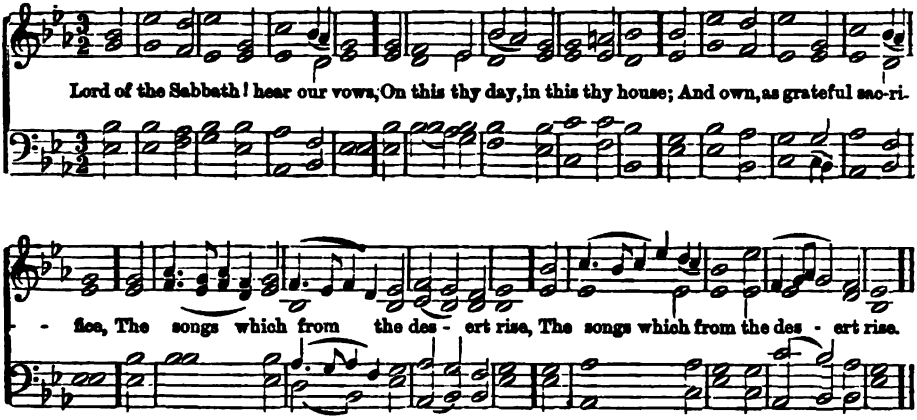
2 Blessed be the Father of our Lord,
Who, from the dead, hath brought his Son;
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.

3 Mercy looked down, with smiling eye,
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith marked his bright ascent on high;
And hope, with gladness, raised her head.

4 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord!
Thy fire to every bosom bring;
Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
And teach our lips God's praise to sing

Ralph Wardlaw, 1803.

SURREY. L. M. *Costellow, abt. 1810.*



46. *The eternal Sabbath.*

1 LORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs, which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord! we love;
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day! begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rise with God.

Philip Doddridge, 1737.

47. *The Lord's Day.*

1 THIS day the Lord hath called his own;
Oh! let us then his praise declare,
Fix our desires on him alone,
And seek his face, with fervent prayer.

2 Lord! in thy love, would we rejoice,
That bids the burdened soul be free;
And, with united heart and voice,
Devote these sacred hours to thee.

3 Now let the world's delusive things
No more our groveling thoughts employ;
But faith be taught to stretch her wings,
In search of heaven's unfailing joy.

4 Oh! let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord!
Be to our lasting welfare blessed;
The purest comfort here afford,
And fit us for eternal rest.

William H. Bathurst, 1831.

48. *The Close of the Sabbath.*

1 ANOTHER day has passed along,
And we are nearer to the tomb,—
Nearer to join the heavenly song,
Or hear the last eternal doom.

2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath-eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there:
For these blest hours, the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

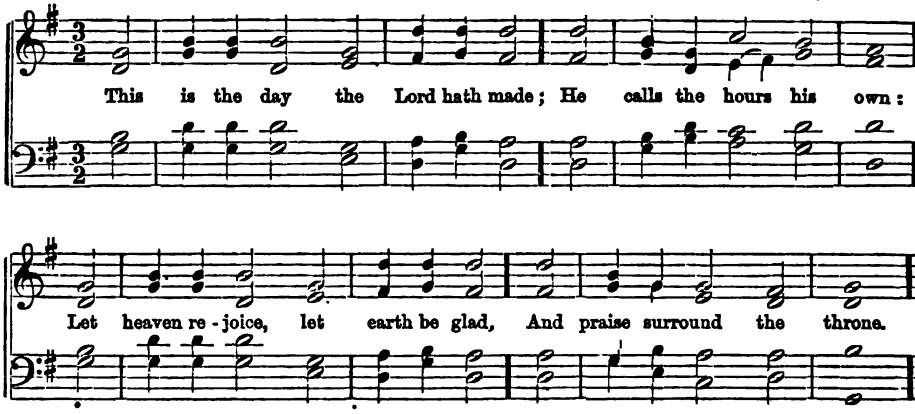
3 The time—how lovely and how still;
Peace shines and smiles on all below,—
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,—
All fair with evening's setting glow.

4 Season of rest! the tranquil soul [love;
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in
And, while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

5 Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,—
The endless Sabbath of our God.

James Edmeston, 1820.

MARLOW. C. M. English Melody. Arr. by *Lowell Mason*, 1832.



49.

PSALM 118.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord! descend, and bring
Salvation from the throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna, in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

50.

PSALM 122.

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God hath called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord! how fair!
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! Oh! deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

51.

Sabbath Morn.

1 How sweetly breaks the Sabbath dawn
Along the eastern skies!
So, when the night of time hath gone,
Eternity shall rise.

2 How softly spreads the Sabbath light!
How soon the gloom hath fled!
So o'er the new-created sight
Celestial bliss is spread.

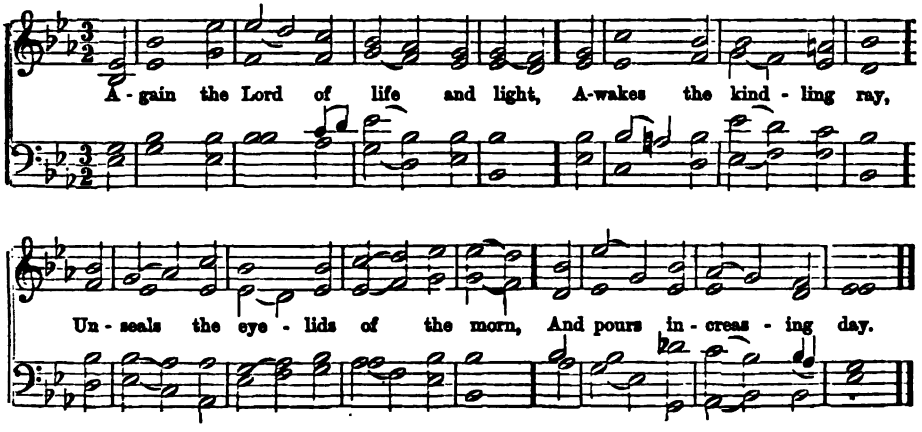
3 What quiet reigns o'er earth and sea,
Through all the stilly air!
So calm may we, this Sabbath, be,
And free from worldly care.

4 Thus let thy peace, O Lord! pervade
Our bosoms, all our days;
And let each passing hour be made
A herald of thy praise.

5 This peace of God—how full! how sweet!
It flows from Jesus' breast;
It makes our bliss on earth complete,
It brings eternal rest.

Edwin F. Hatfield, 1840.

ABRIDGE. C. M. *Isaac Smith, 1770.*



52. *Christ's Triumph over Death.*

1 Again the Lord of life and light,
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom!
Oh! what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
With his expiring breath.

4 And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While, broke beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings, from its wings,
On nations yet unborn.

Mrs. Anna Letitia Barbauld, 1772, a.

53. *The Resurrection of Christ.*

1 The Lord of Sabbaths let us praise,
In concert with the blest;
And joyful, in harmonious lays,
Employ this day of rest.

2 On this blest day, a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

3 He rises, who our souls hath bought
With blood, and pains extreme;
'T was great—to speak the world from naught—
'T was greater—to redeem.

Samuel Wesley, Jr., 1736, a.

54. *The First Day of the Week.*

1 And now another week begins,
This day we call the Lord's;
This day he rose, who bore our sins,—
For so his word records.

2 Hark, how the angels sweetly sing!—
Their voices fill the sky;
They hail their great victorious King,
And welcome him on high.

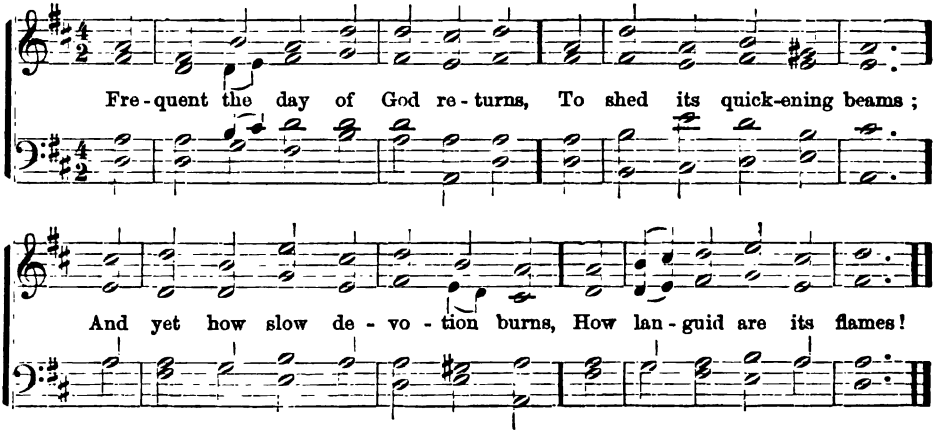
3 We 'll catch the note of lofty praise;
Their joys in part we feel;
With them our thankful song we 'll raise,
And emulate their zeal.

4 Come, then, ye saints! and grateful sing
Of Christ, our risen Lord,—
Of Christ, the everlasting King,—
Of Christ, th' incarnate Word.

5 Hail! mighty Saviour! thee we hail!
Who fillest the throne above;
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We 'll sing thy matchless love.

Thomas Kelly, 1809, a.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. *William Croft*, 1712.



55. *Evening of the Lord's Day.*

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord! forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord! our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er will end:

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
For ever feed on heavenly fare,
And feast on love divine;

5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ,
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

Simon Browne, 1720.

56. *Sabbath Evening Hymn.*

1 WE thank thee, Father! for the day,
That, robed in twilight sweet,
Doth linger, ere it pass away,
And lead us to thy feet.

2 We thank thee for its healing rest
To weary toil and care;
Its praise, within thy temple blest—
Its holy balm of prayer.

3 We thank thee for its living bread,
That did our hunger stay;
The manna, by thine angels shed,
Around our desert way.

4 Oh! grant, that, when this span of life,
In evening shade, shall close,—
And all its vanity and strife
Tend to their long repose,—

5 We, for the sake of him who died,
Our Advocate and Friend,
May share that Sabbath, at thy side,
Which never more shall end.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, 1850.

57. *Lord's Day Evening.*

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus! when shall I
Behold thee all-serene,
Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

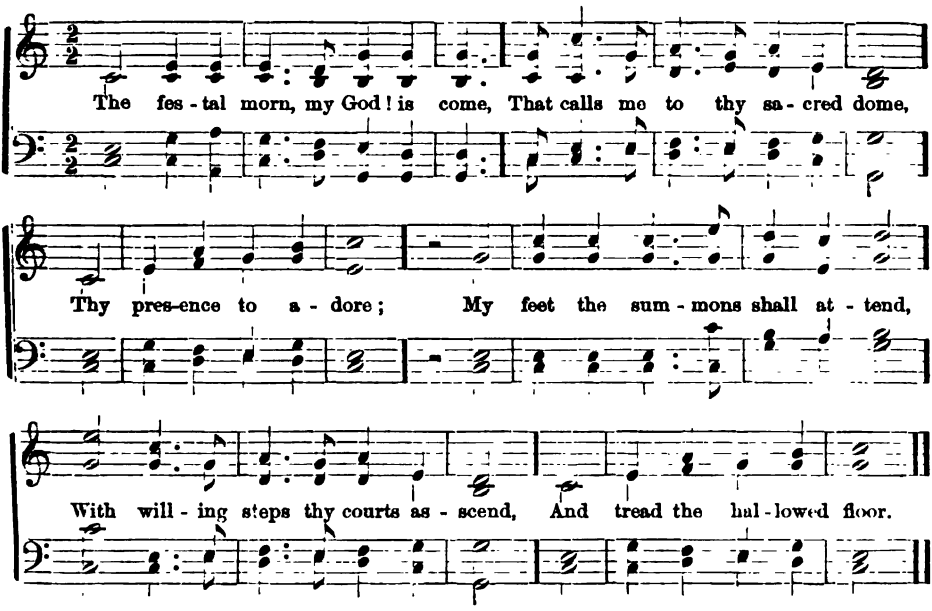
2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Spare me, my God! Oh! spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.

4 Thy Spirit, O my Father! give
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end.

John Cennick 1743.

GANGES. C. P. M. American Melody.



58.

PSALM 122.

1 THE festal morn, my God! is come,
That calls me to thy sacred dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor.

2 With holy joy I hail the day,
That warns my thirsting soul away;
What transports fill my breast;
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest.

3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
Th' angelic forms,—an awful train,
And shine with cloudless day.

4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

James Merrick, 1765, a.

59.

A Sabbath well-spent.

1 WELCOME, sweet day, of days the best!
The time of holy mirth and rest!
To God's own house repair,
To hear his word and see his face,
To learn his will and sing his grace,
To join in praise and prayer.

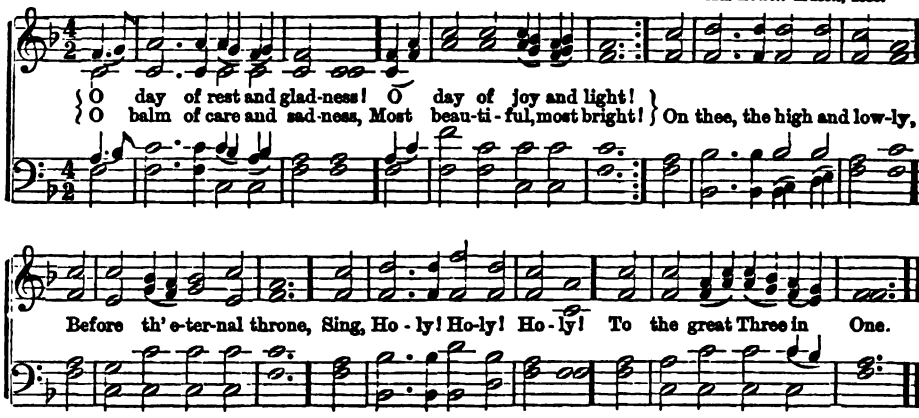
2 This is employment all divine;
My soul! the blest assembly join,
And from the world retire;
Go, bow before thy Maker's throne,
Thy risén Saviour's glories own,
And fan devotion's fire.

3 Forget the trifles here below,
The shining heap, the gaudy show,
Vain mirth and worldly cares;
On wings of strong devotion rise,
Pass every cloud, pass all the skies,
And soar above the stars.

4 To God direct thy steady flight,
Great Fund of bliss, and Source of light,
And there delight thine eyes;
View every shining wonder o'er,
With glad transported heart adore,
And feast in paradise.

Simon Browne, 1720, a.

MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. German Melody, Ad. *Lowell Mason*, 1839.



60.

The Holy Day of Rest.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light!
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee, the high and lowly,
Before th' eternal throne,
Sing Holy! Holy! Holy!
To the great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth:
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land:
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest:
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1858.

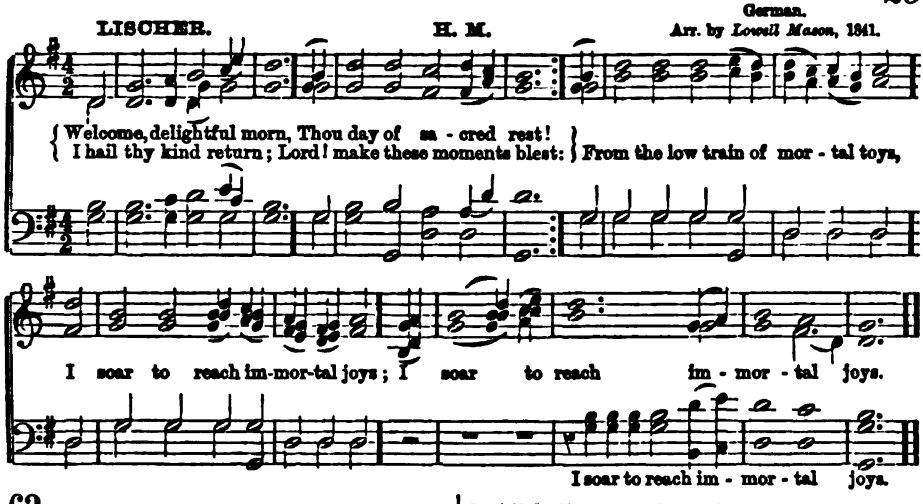
61.

Welcome to the Sabbath.

1 THY holy day's returning,
Our hearts exult to see;
And, with devotion burning,
Ascend, our God! to thee;
To-day, with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
We search for sacred treasure,
We learn thy holy law.

2 We join to sing thy praises,
God of the Sabbath day!
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay;
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Oh! fill us with thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

Ray Palmer, 1865.



62.

The Sabbath welcomed.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return;
Lord! make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace!
Thy sceptre, Lord! extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

Hayward, 1806.

63.

The Wonders of the Sabbath.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls!
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays,
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined:
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And midst their shouts the God ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;
"Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign."

4 Gird on, great God! thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth and love
Maintain the glorious war;
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart;
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

Elizabeth Scott, 1806.

64.

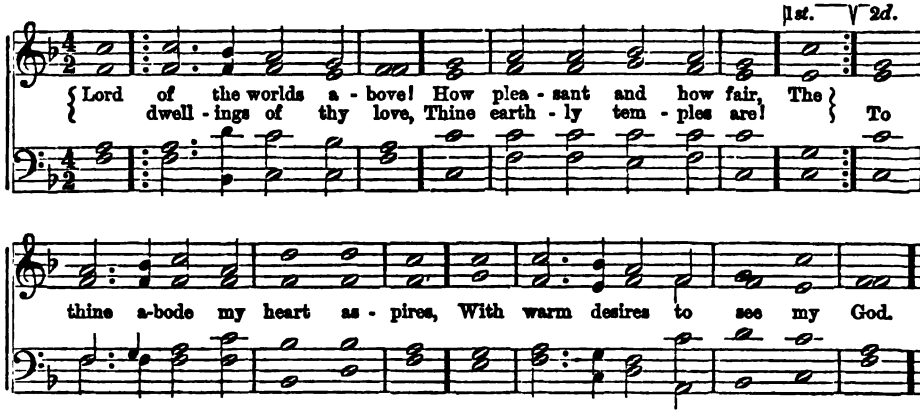
Morning of the Lord's Day.

1 AWAKE, ye saints! awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come, bless the day that God hath blessed,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn,
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

Thomas Cotterill, 1810.

ZEBULON. H. M. *Lowell Mason*, 1830.



65.

PSALM 84.

1 LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant, and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 Oh! happy souls who pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh! happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they,
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
Oh! glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

66.

PSALM 84.

1 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy,
Than thousand days beside;
Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door, than shine in courts.

2 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence;
He shall bestow, on Jacob's race,
Peculiar grace and glory too.

3 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts!
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

67.

PSALM 43.

1 Now, to thy sacred house,
With joy I turn my feet,
Where saints, with morning-vows,
In full assembly meet:
Thy power divine shall there be shown,
And from thy throne thy mercy shine.

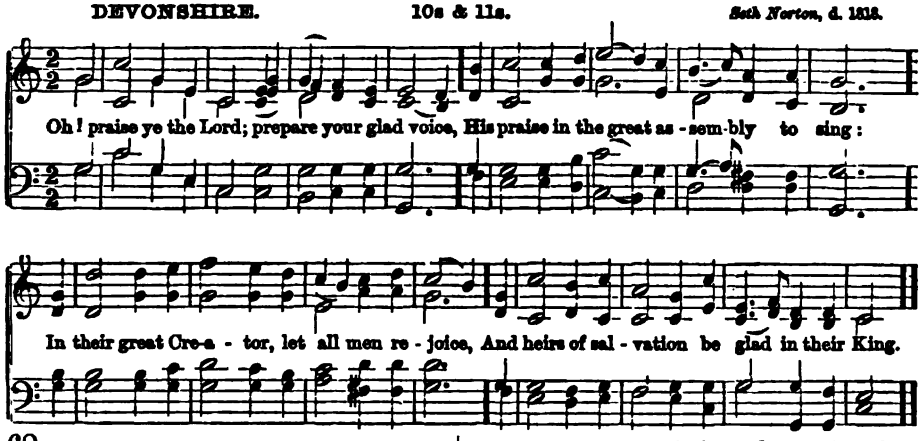
2 Oh! send thy light abroad;
Thy truth, with heavenly ray,
Shall lead my soul to God,
And guide my doubtful way;
I'll hear thy word with faith sincere,
And learn to fear and praise the Lord.

3 Here reach thy bounteous hand,
And all my sorrows heal,
Here health and strength divine,
Oh! make my bosom feel;
Like balmy dew, shall Jesus' voice
My heart rejoice, my strength renew.

4 Now in thy holy hill,
Before thine altar, Lord!
My harp and song shall sound
The glories of thy word:
Henceforth, to thee, O God of grace!
A hymn of praise, my life shall be.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

DEVONSHIRE. 10s & 11s. *Seth Norton, d. 1818.*



68. PSALM 49.

1 OH! praise ye the Lord; prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing:
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name devoutly adore,
In loud-swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

4 Ye angels above! his glories who've sung,
In loftiest notes, now publish his praise:
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue—
Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

69. PSALM 84.

1 How honored, how dear, that sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near their Father [and God!
'Mid worldly commotion, my wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion,—the home of thy saints.

2 Oh! happy the choirs, who praise thee above!
What joy tunes their lyres! their worship is love:
Yet, safe in thy keeping, and happy they be,
In this world of weeping, whose strength is in thee.

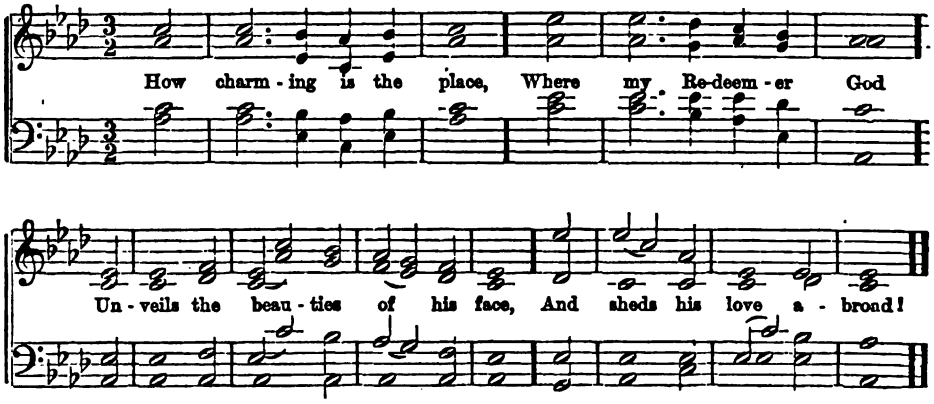
3 Though rugged their way, they drink, as they go,
Of springs that convey new life as they flow:
The God they rely on their strength shall renew,
Till each, brought to Zion, his glory shall view.

4 Thou Hearer of prayer! still grant me a place,
Where Christians repair to the throne of thy grace:
More blest, beyond measure, one day so employed,
Than years of vain pleasure by worldlings enjoyed.

5 The Lord is a sun; the Lord is a shield:
What grace has begun, with glory is sealed:
He hears the distressèd, he succors the just;
And they shall be blessèd, who make him their trust.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

LEIGHTON. S. M. *Henry W. Greatorex, 1849.*



70. *The Pleasure of Social Worship.*

1 How charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him, their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord! a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Samuel Stennett, 1772.

71. *Homage and Devotion.*

1 With joy, we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King!
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

Thomas Jervis, 1795, a.

72. *Need of the Sabbath.*

1 Sing to the Lord, our Might,
With holy fervor sing;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

2 This is his holy house;
And this his festal day,
When he accepts the humblest vows,
That we sincerely pay.

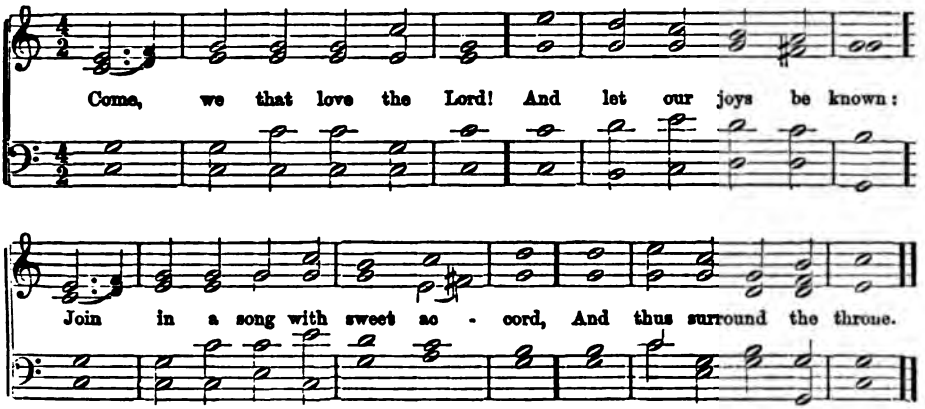
3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

4 We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near his fold,
To pity and to bless.

5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for him to fill;
And he, that Israel then supplied,
Will help his Israel still.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

LABAN. S. M. *Lowell Mason*, 1830.



73. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

1 Come, we that love the Lord!
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We 're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

74. *The Temple of God.*

1 Lord! in this sacred hour
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend!

2 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

4 Lord! may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

Stephen G. Bulfinch, 1832.

75. *Claiming the Promise.*

1 Jesus! we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

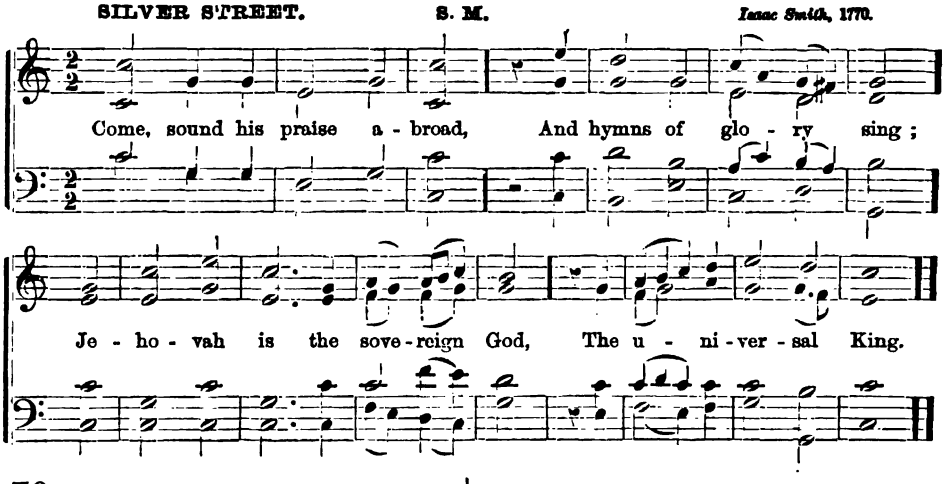
2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

3 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

4 Present we know thou art,
But, Oh! thyself reveal!
Now, Lord! let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.

5 Oh! may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

Charles Wesley, 1740.



76. PSALM 95.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But, if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn [Jews,
That unbelieving race; —

6 The Lord, in vengeance dressed,
Will lift his hand and swear, —
"You, that despised my promised rest,
Shall have no portion there."

Isaac Watts, 1719.

77. *Pleasures of spiritual Worship.*

1 How sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine!

2 These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure, celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.

3 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow,
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace,
Refresh our souls below.

4 But, Oh! the bliss sublime,
When joy shall be complete,
In that unclouded, glorious clime,
Where all thy servants meet!

Anon, 1829.

78. *Close of Worship.*

1 ONCE more, before we part,
Oh! bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

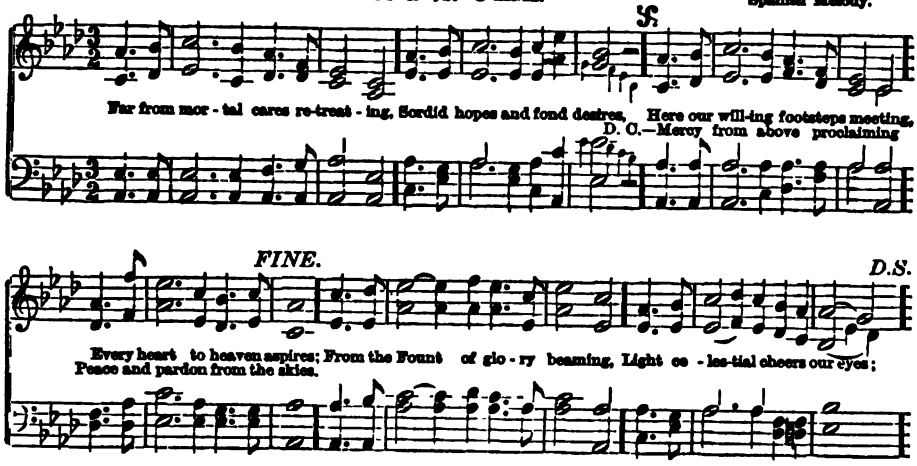
2 Lord! in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed, and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

4 Now, Lord! before we part,
Help us to bless thy name:
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

Joseph Hart, 1762, a.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. 8 LINES. Spanish Melody.



79.

Surrounding the Mercy Seat.

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires;
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?—
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws,
Lord! with favor still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our Sun and Shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

John Taylor, 1760.

80.

The Spirit sought.

1 HOLY GHOST! dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, thou Source of sweetest gladness!
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light:
Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore!
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send:
Author of the new creation!
Come, with unction and with power;
Make our hearts thy habitation;
On our souls thy graces shower.

3 Manifest thy love for ever;
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our Reliever;
Guard and teach, support and guide:
Hear, Oh! hear our supplication,
Loving Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With the fullness of thy grace!

Ger., *Paul Gerhard*, 1653.
Tr., *John Christian Jacobi*, 1725.
Tr., *Augustus M. Toplady*, 1776, a.

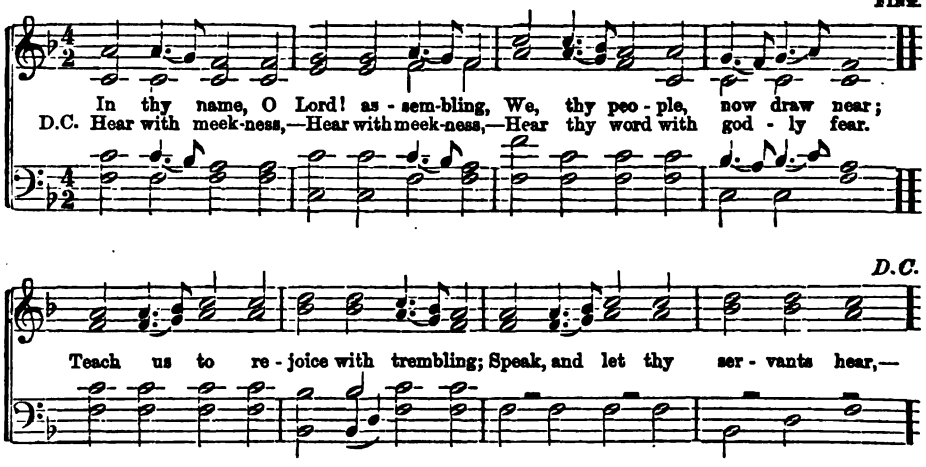
81.

A Benediction implored.

1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton, 1779.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s. From *Jean Jacques Rousseau*, 1750. Adapted by *J. C. Cramer*.



82.

Waiting for the Word.

1 In thy name, O Lord! assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear, —
Hear with meekness, —
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord! to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

83.

A present God.

1 God is in his holy temple;
All the earth! keep silence here;
Worship him in truth and spirit,
Reverence him with godly fear!
Holy, holy
Lord of hosts, our Lord! appear.

2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat:
Saints! rejoice; and, sinners! tremble.
Each prepare his God to meet:
Lowly, lowly,
Bow adoring at his feet.

3 Hail him here with songs of praises;
Him with prayers of faith surround;
Hearken to his glorious gospel,
While the preacher's lips expound;
Blessed, blessed,
They who know the joyful sound!

James Montgomery, 1853.

84.

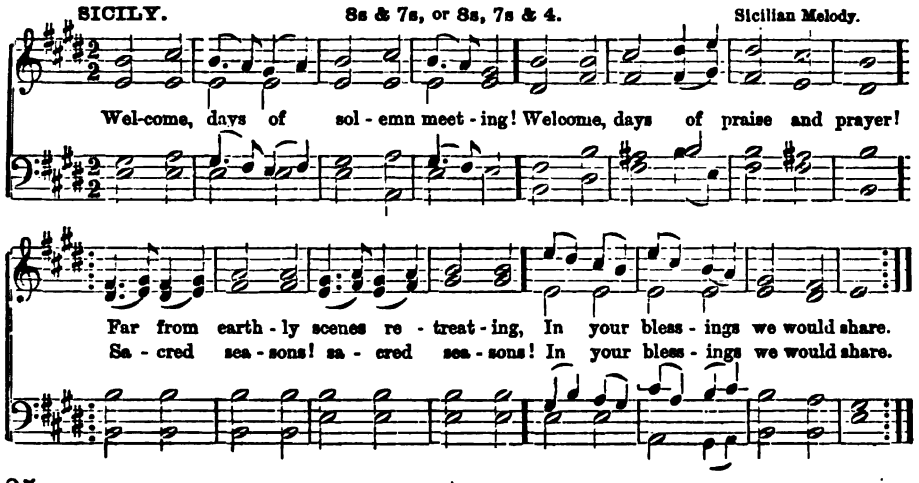
A parting Blessing implored.

1 Lord! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us, evermore, be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Walter Shirley, 1774.



85. *Seasons of Worship.*

1 WELCOME, days of solemn meeting!
Welcome, days of praise and prayer!
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share;
Sacred seasons!
In your blessings we would share.

2 Be thou near us, blesséd Saviour!
Still at morn and eve the same;
Give us faith that cannot waver;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame;
Blesséd Saviour!
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3 When the fervent heart is glowing,
Holy Spirit! hear that prayer:
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear;
Holy Spirit!
Let that song thine impress bear.

Anon., 1853.

86. *The Spirit and the Word.*

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit!
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel,
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Oh! may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word 's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

Jonathan Evans, 1784.

87. *Close of Worship.*

1 GOD of our salvation! hear us;
Bless, Oh! bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.
Saviour! keep us;
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 May we live in view of heaven,
Where we hope to see thy face;
Save us from unhallowed leaven,
All that might obscure thy grace;
Keep us walking
Each in his appointed place.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our endless blissful home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

Thomas Kelly, 1809, a.

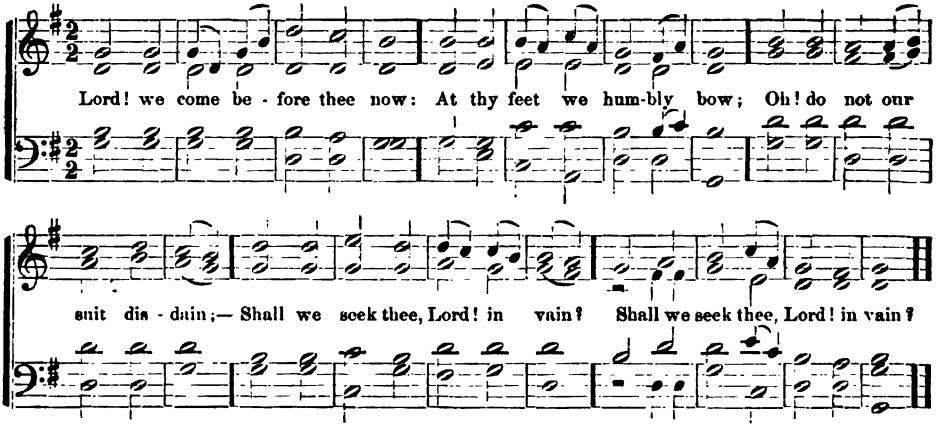
88. *A parting Blessing.*

1 LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us all depart in peace;
Still on gospel manna feeding,
Pure seraphic joys increase.

2 Fill our hearts with consolation;
Unto thee our voices raise;
When we reach that blissful station,
We will give thee nobler praise.

Edward Smyth, 1774.

HENDON. 7s. *Oscar Malan, 1830.*



89.

A Blessing humbly requested.

1 LORD! we come before thee now:
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain;—
Shall we seek thee, Lord! in vain?

2 Lord! on thee our souls depend,
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord! we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message, from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those, that are cast down, lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

6 Grant, that those who seek may find
Thee, a God sincere and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond, 1745.

90.

A Day in the Lord's Courts.

1 To thy temple I repair,
Lord! I love to worship there,
When, within the veil, I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love! to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from the sky.

5 From thy house, when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

James Montgomery, 1812.

91.

The House of God.

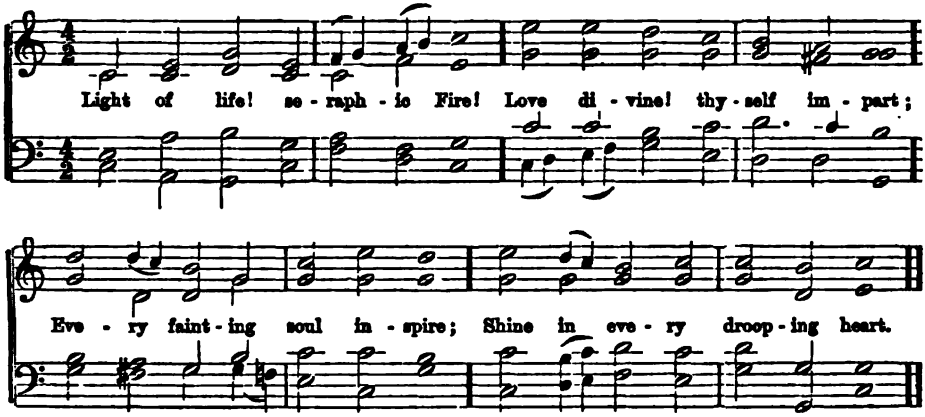
1 SWEET and holy is the place, [heaven,
Where the light, that beams from
Shows the Saviour's smiling face,
With the joy of sin forgiven.

2 There, with one accord, we meet,
All the words of life to hear;
Bending low at Jesus' feet,
Worshiping with godly fear.

3 Let the world and all its cares
Now retire from every breast;
Let the tempter and his snares
Cease to hinder or molest.

Thomas Hastings, 1834.

MONKLAND. 7s. Arranged by John B. Wilkes, 1861.



92. *God's Presence.*

1 LIGHT of life! seraphic Fire!
Love divine! thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart.

2 Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God! appear, appear,
To thy human temples come.

3 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin.

4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

93. *Close of Worship.*

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus! hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength, may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.

John Newton, 1779.

94. *Close of Worship.*

1 FOR the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

James Montgomery, 1853.

95. *Peace through the Blood of Christ.*

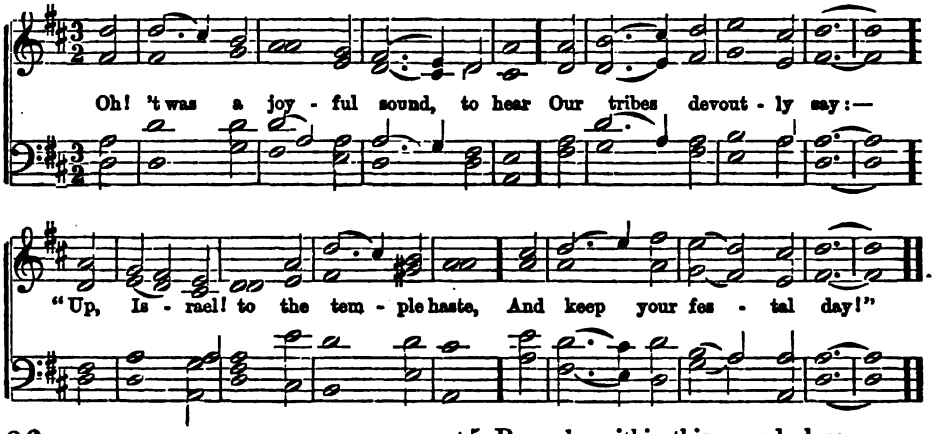
1 NOW may He, who, from the dead,
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep!

2 May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night!

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

John Newton, 1779.

COLCHESTER. C. M. From *Aaron Williams' Coll.*, ab. 1760.



96.

PSALM 122.

1 OH! 't was a joyful sound, to hear
Our tribes devoutly say:—
"Up, Israel! to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day!"

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

3 Oh! ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God!
Who bear true love to thee.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

97.

PSALM 122.

1 How did my heart rejoice, to hear
My friends devoutly say,—
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

Isaac Watts, 1719

98.

God's Presence in the Sanctuary.

1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And in thy courts appear;
Again, with joyful feet, we come
To meet our Saviour here.

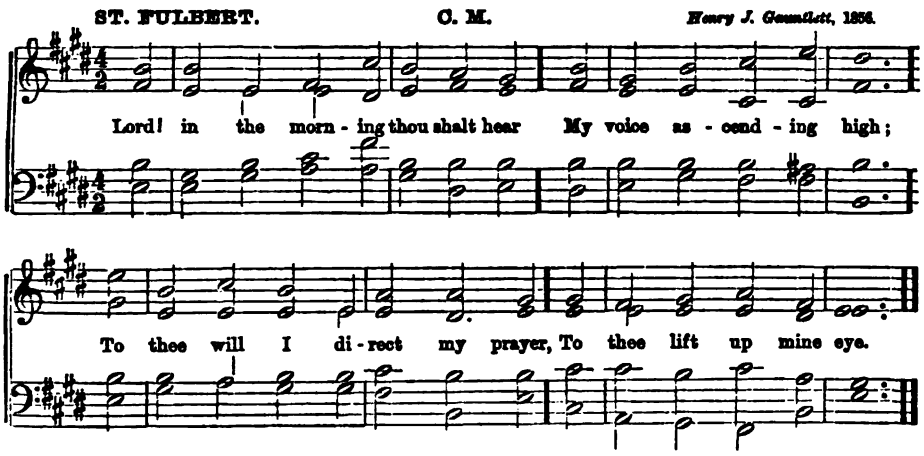
2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise:
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

John Newton, 1779. a.



99.

PSALM 5.

1 LORD! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;—

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting, at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh! may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

100.

PSALM 84.

1 O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord!
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthroned in glory, showest
The brightness of thy face!

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead.

4 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

5 O Lord of hosts, my King and God!
How highly blessed are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

Nahum Tate, 1696.

101.

The Spirit sought.

1 IN thy great name, O Lord! we come,
To worship at thy feet;
Oh! pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

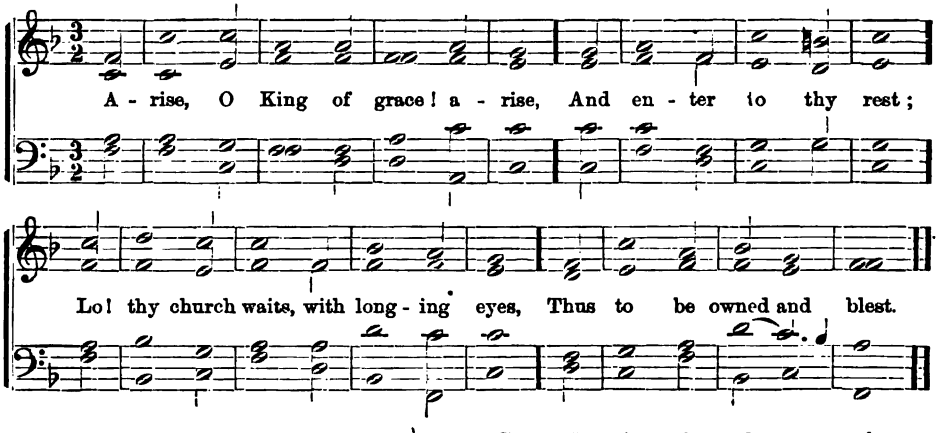
2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice:
Thy face and favor, Lord! we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners, Lord! thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

Joseph Hoskins, 1782.

MEAR. C. M. Welsh Air. *Aaron Williams' Coll.*, circ. 1760.



102. PSALM 132.

1 ARISE, O King of grace! arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread:
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

103. *Asking the Presence of Christ.*

1 COME, thou Desire of all thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord! thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Dear Saviour! let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,—
Come, great Redeemer! come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

Anne Steele, 1760.

104. *The Joys of Heaven.*

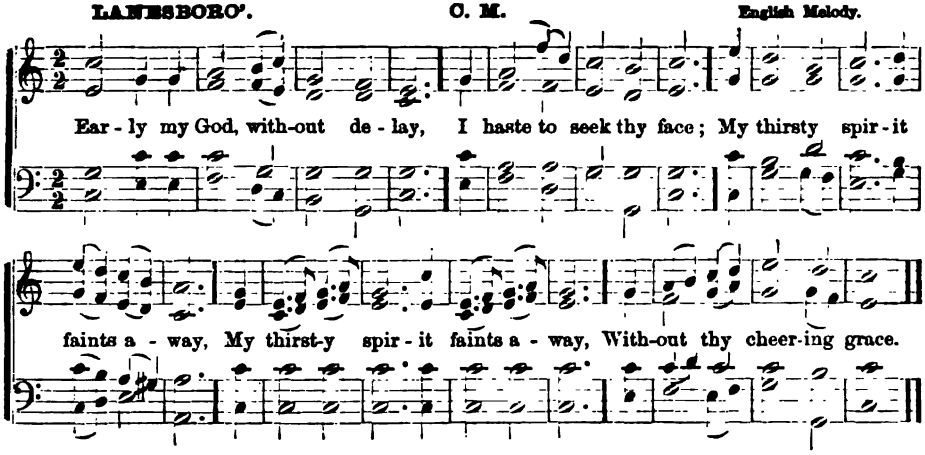
1 COME, Lord! and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue,
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Then, to the shining seats of bliss,
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of paradise
Our raptured thoughts explore.

3 There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

4 Lord! tune our hearts to praise and love
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join the heavenly choir.

Anne Steele, 1760.



105.

PSALM 63.

1 EARLY, my God! without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God! repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

106.

PSALM 84.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair,
O Lord of hosts! how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!

2 My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts, O Lord! to see;
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God! for thee.

3 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise;
Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.

4 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

John Milton, 1648.

107.

The Influences of the Spirit desired.

1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift!
Behold, thy servants wait;
With longing eyes, and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

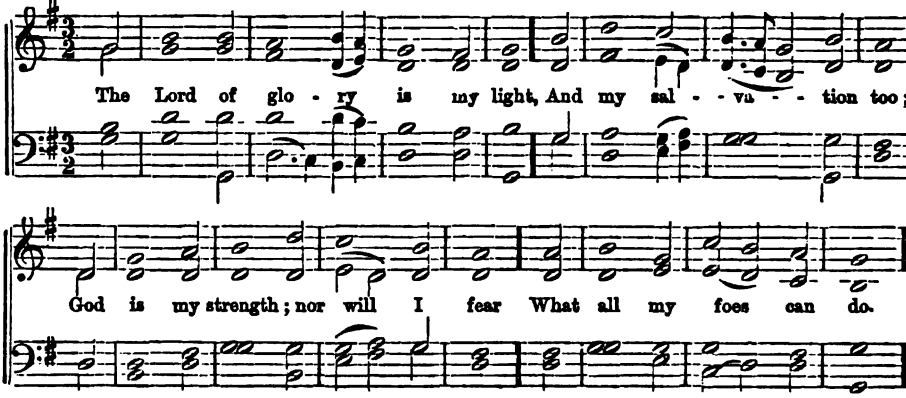
2 Oh! shed abroad that royal gift,—
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest Earnest of eternal joy!
Declare our sins forgiven;
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

4 Diffuse, O God! the copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change this barren wilderness,
To Carmel's flowery field.

Philip Doddridge, 1736.

BARBY. C. M. *William Tansur, 1735.*



108.

PSALM 27.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
Oh! grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

109.

Prayer for the promised Spirit.

1 ENTHRONED on high, almighty Lord!
Thy Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though, on our heads, no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour! what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love!
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls—born from above—
In Christ, that we may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us, where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,—
Life's ever-springing well,—
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

Thomas Hawels, 1792.

110.

Before Public Worship.

1 LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

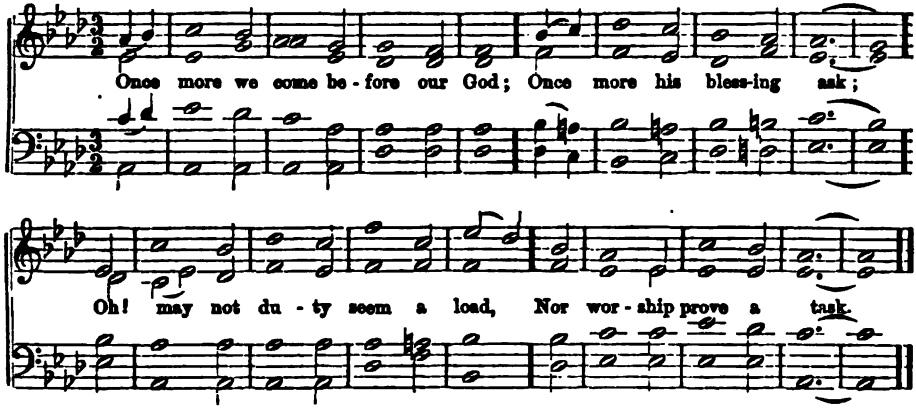
2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from thee,
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts — 't is goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle, 1805.

MANOAH. C. M. From *Rossini*, 1792-1868.



111.

Before the Sermon.

1 Once more we come before our God;
Once more his blessing ask;
Oh! may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father! thy quickening Spirit send,
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce a copious fruit.

5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake;
Say to the south wind, — Blow!
Let every plant the power partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parched with heavenly show-
The cold with warmth divine; [ers,
And, as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

Joseph Hart, 1762.

112.

Evening Worship.

1 O Lord! another day is flown;
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 Oh! let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

4 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of righteouness shall shine
In glory on our head.

5 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

113.

Henry Kirke White, 1803.

Evening Worship.

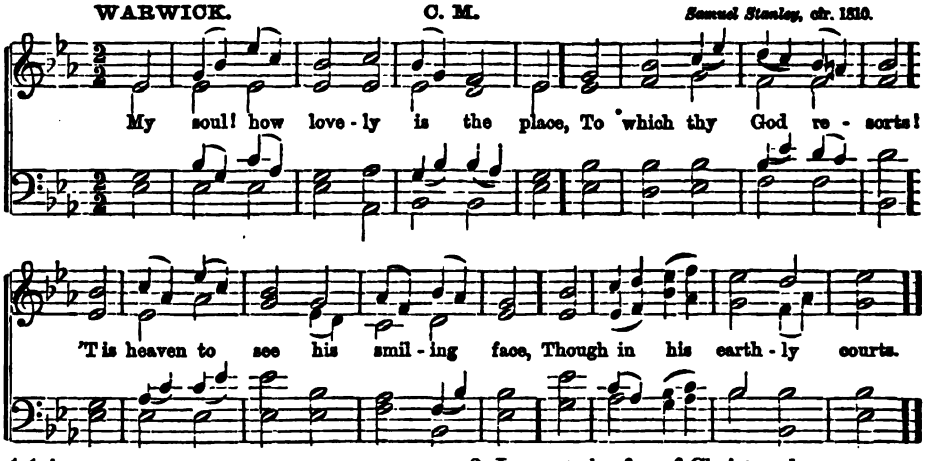
1 God of the sunlight hours! how sad
Would evening shadows be,
Or night, in deeper sable clad,—
If aught were dark to thee!

2 How mournfully that golden gleam
Would touch the thoughtful heart,
If, with its soft, retiring beam,
We saw thy love depart!

3 But, tho' the gathering gloom may hide
Those gentle rays awhile,
Yet they, who in thy house abide,
Shall ever share thy smile.

4 Then let creation's volume close,
Though every page be bright;
On thine, still open, we repose
With more intense delight.

Anon., 1846, a.



114.

PSALM 84.

1 My soul! how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts, the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God! thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

5 Lord! at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

6 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

115.

The precious Seed.

1 ALMIGHTY God! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Oh! may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in praying souls,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But may it, in converted minds,
Produce the fruits of joy.

4 Let not thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

5 Great God! come down, and on thy word,
Thy mighty power bestow,
That all, who hear the joyful sound,
Thy saving grace may know.

John Cawood, 1825.

116.

Benediction.

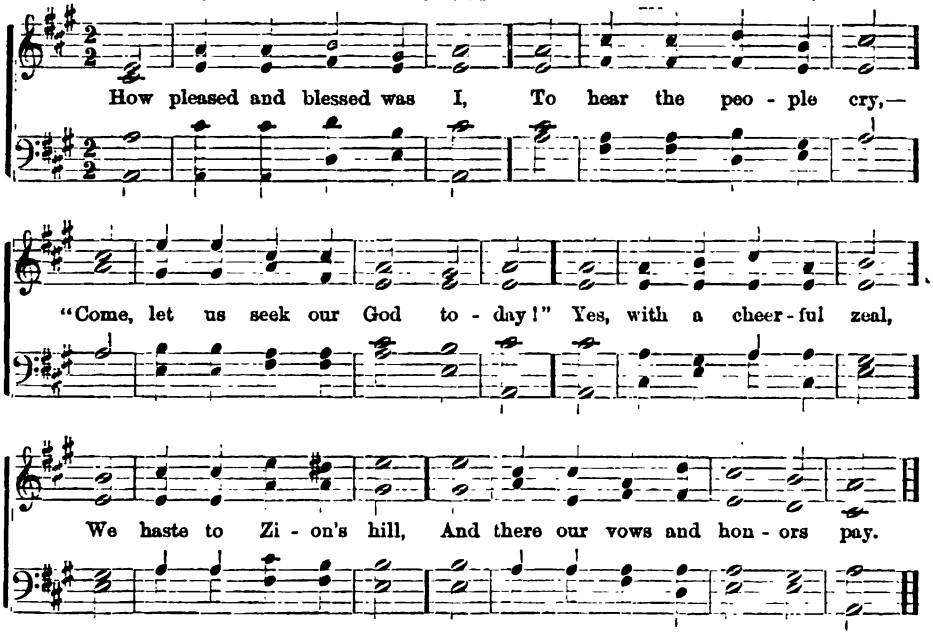
1 THE God of peace, who, from the dead,
Hath raised our dying Lord,
And, through the covenant in his blood,
Our souls to peace restored; —

2 Confirm our hearts, in each good work,
To do his perfect will;
That, made well-pleasing in his sight,
Our course with joy we fill.

3 So shall we, in his heavenly courts,
Hereafter, ever live;
And to his name, through Jesus Christ,
Eternal glory give.

Eleanor T. Fitch, 1845.

DALSTON. S. P. M. *Aaron Williams, 1760.*



117.

PSALM 122.

1 How pleased and blessed was I,
To hear the people cry,—
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion! thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace, [round;
And walls of strength embrace thee
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest!
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,—
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows;—
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell:
And, since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

118.

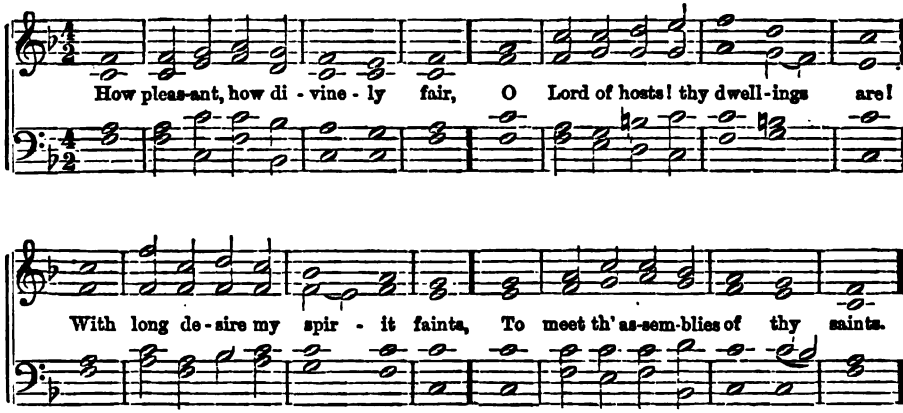
PSALM 93.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new, [move;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er re-
Thy saints with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. *Lowell Mason, 1830.*



119. PSALM 84.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts! thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys, and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls, who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Blest are the men, whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and through the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

120. PSALM 84.

1 GREAT God! attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and witholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King! whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

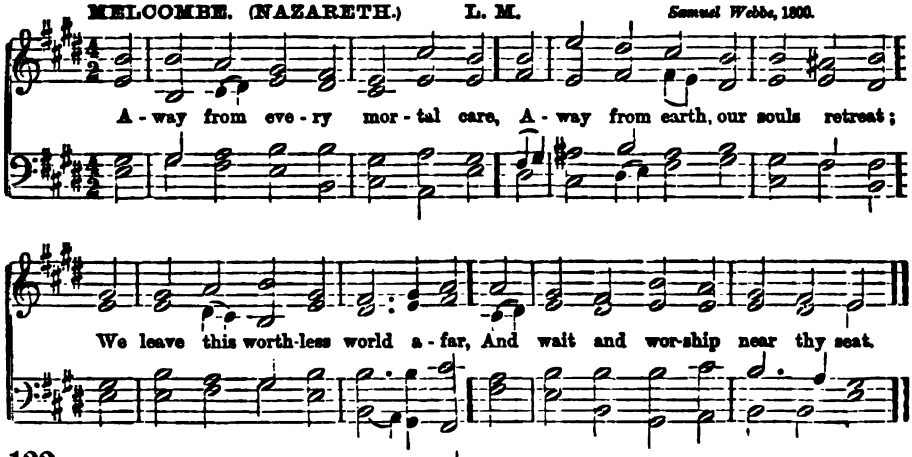
121. *The Presence of Christ.*

1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour! on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;—
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 Chief of ten thousand! now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face.
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.



122. *The Benefit of public Ordinances.*

1 AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord! in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayer brings down a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

4 If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel armor on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or, if our spirit faints and dies, —
Our conscience galled with inward stings, —
Here doth the righteous Sun arise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.

6 Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But, if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

123. PSALM 63.

1 GREAT God! indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise!
Thou art my Father, and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties, —
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travélers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 With early feet, I love t' appear
Among thy saints and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'T would but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from the Lord.

6 I 'll lift my hands, I 'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

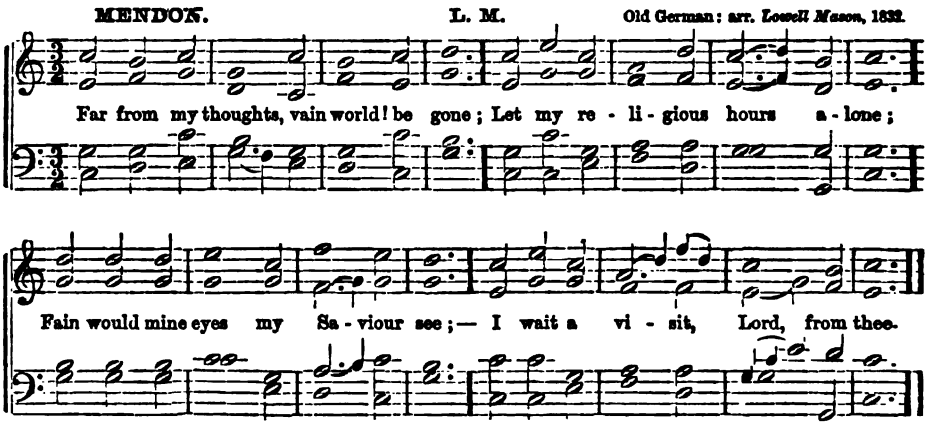
Isaac Watts, 1719.

124. PSALM 117.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.



125. *The Enjoyment of Christ.*

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world! be gone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;—
I wait a visit, Lord! from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blessed Jesus! what delicious fare —
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

Isaac Watts, 1707.

126. *Before Sermon.*

1 THY presence, gracious God! afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father! in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

John Fawcett, 1782.

127. *The ever-present Saviour.*

1 Jesus! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper, 1769.

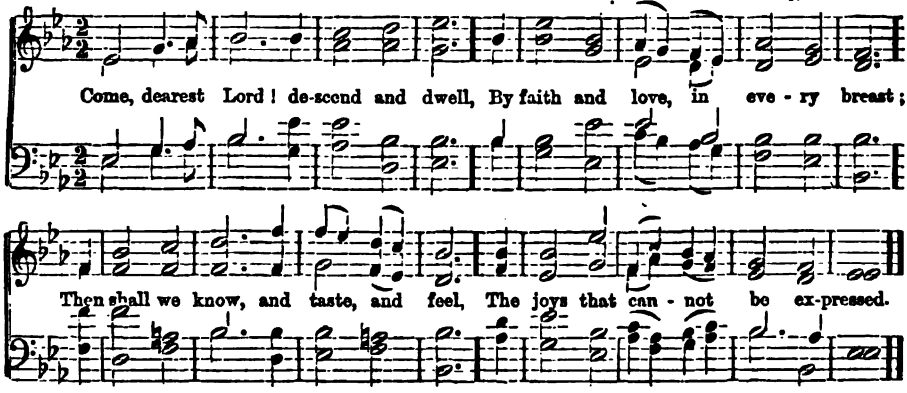
128. *Benediction.*

1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts:

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here.

John Newton, 1779

TRURO. L. M. *Charles Burney, ctr. 1760.*



129. *Love of Christ in the Heart.*

1 Come, dearest Lord! descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargéd souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine immeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ, his Son.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

130. *Hosanna.*

1 Hosanna to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing;—

2 "Hosanna! Lord!" thine angels cry;
"Hosanna! Lord!" thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer,
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim.

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Reginald Heber, 1811.

131. *Psalm 100.*

1 With one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise,
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:

2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 Oh! enter, then, his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

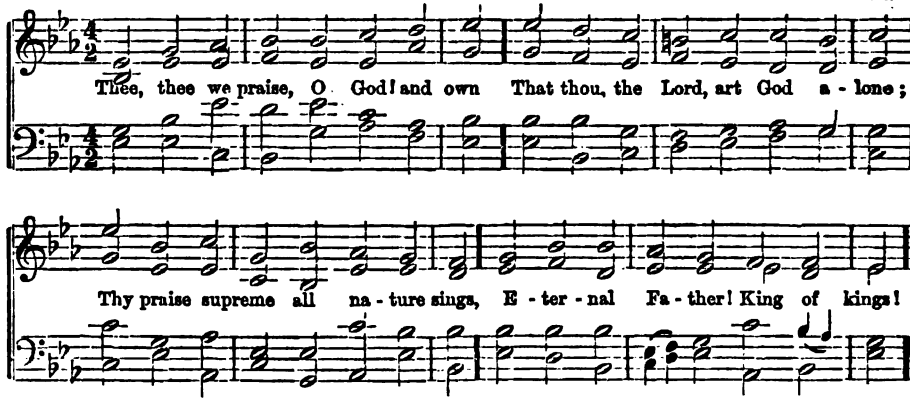
132. *Dismission.*

1 Dismiss us, with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;—
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

Joseph Hart, 1762.

ZWINGLE. L. M. Lutheran.



133.

"Te Deum laudamus."

1 THEE, thee we praise, O God! and own
That thou, the Lord, art God alone;
Thy praise supreme all nature sings,
Eternal Father! King of kings!

2 All angels and the cherubim,—
The heavenly host,—the seraphim,—
Cease not to cry,—"Be thou adored,
O holy, holy, holy Lord!"

3 The heavens and earth are full of thee,—
Thy glory, power, and majesty;
Th' apostles, prophets, martyrs, raise
To thee their loudest songs of praise.

4 Thy holy church, o'er all the earth,
Exulting owns, with hallowed mirth,—
Infinite majesty is thine,
Father eternal! Power divine!

5 Thee, too, O Christ! they all confess,—
Thee, King of glory!—thee they bless;
The Father's Son thou art alone,—
Partaker of th' eternal throne.

6 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Thy saints, with all the heavenly host,
Confess, proclaim, extol, adore,
From day to day, for evermore.

Latin, *Ambrose (?)*, 390.
Tr., *Edwin F. Hatfield*, 1871.

134.

The Triune God.

1 O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
For ever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim!

2 O Jesus! Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,—
Thine be the hymn, that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day!

3 O Holy Spirit! from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven!

4 O God Triune! to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue!

James Wallis Eastburn, 1819.

135.

A Song of Praise to the Trinity.

1 BLESSED be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

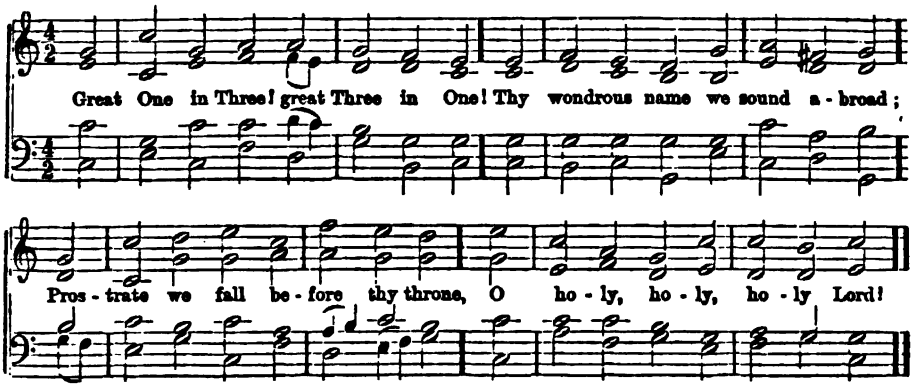
2 Glory to thee, great Son of God!
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood —
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God, the Father,—God, the Son,—
And God, the Spirit, we adore;—
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom, or a shore.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

WINCHESTER. L. M. German, *Anon.*, 1690.



136. *Confessing the Trinity.*

1 GREAT One in Three! great Three in One!
Thy wondrous name we sound abroad;
Prostrate we fall before thy throne,
O holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Thee, Holy Father! we confess;
Thee, Holy Saviour! we adore;
And thee, O Holy Ghost! we bless
And praise and worship evermore.

3 Thou art by heaven and earth adored;
Thy universe is full of thee,
O holy, holy, holy Lord!
Great Three in One! great One in Three! *Anon*, 1856.

137. *Prayer to the Trinity.*

1 FATHER of heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,—
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.

2 Almighty Son — incarnate Word —
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,—
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! — Father, Spirit, Son! —
Mysterious Godhead — Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

J. Cooper, (?) 1810.

138. *Adoration of the Trinity.*

1 BLEST Trinity! from mortal sight
Veiled in thine own eternal light!
We thee confess, in thee believe;
To thee with loving hearts we cleave.

2 O Father! thou Most Holy One!
O God of God! Eternal Son!
O Holy Ghost! thou Love Divine!
To join them both is ever thine.

3 The Father is in God, the Son;
And with the Father he is one;
In both, the Spirit doth abide,
And with them both is glorified.

4 Eternal Father! thee we praise;
To thee, O Son! our hymns we raise.
O Holy Ghost! we thee adore!
One mighty God for evermore.

Lat., *Santolius Maglorianus*, 1680.
Tr., *Henry Williams Baker*, 1861.

139. *Rejoicing in the Trinity.*

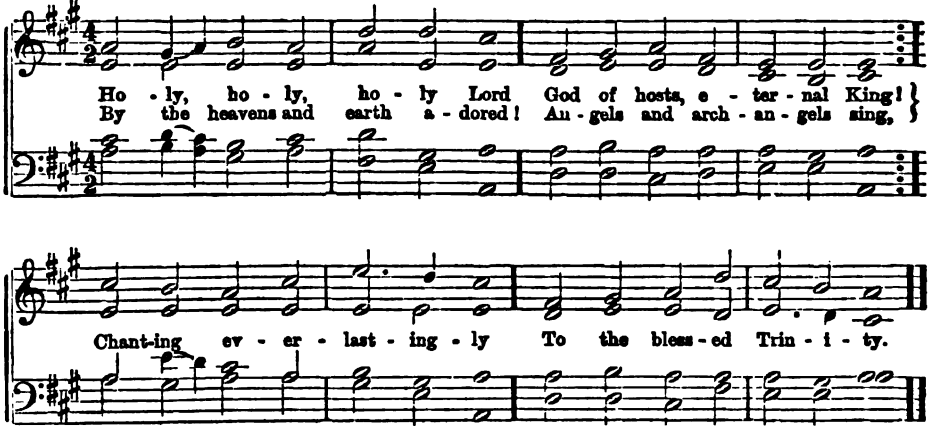
1 All ye who owe to God your birth!
In praise your every hour employ;
Jehovah reigns; be glad, O earth!
And shout, ye morning stars! for joy

2 Blessing and honor, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three!
In earth below, in heaven above,
By all thy works be paid to thee!

3 Thrice holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine:
And, when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

John Wesley, 1742.

DIX. 7s. 6 LINES. German. Arr., Wm. H. Monk, 1861.



140. *The blessed Trinity.*

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord
God of hosts, eternal King!
By the heavens and earth adored!—
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

2 Since by thee were all things made,
And in thee do all things live,
Be to thee all honor paid;
Praise to thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before the throne,
Speeding thence at thy command;
And, when thy commands are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee;
Thee, the church in every land,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

6 Hallelujah! Lord! to thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Godhead one, and Persons three!
Join with us the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1865.

141. *The Triune Name.*

1 To the name of God on high,
God of might and majesty,
God of heaven and earth and sea,
Blessing, praise, and glory be.

2 To the name of Christ, the Lord,
Son of God, incarnate Word,
Christ, by whom all things were made,
Be an endless honor paid.

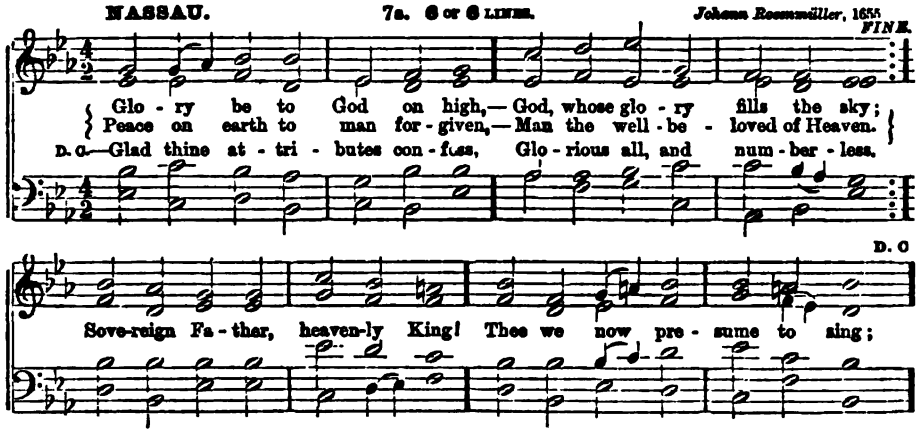
3 To the Holy Spirit be
Equal praise eternally,
With the Father and the Son,
One in name, in glory one.

Horatius Bonar, 1866.

142. *Doxology.*

1 Hallelujah! joyful raise
Heart and voice, our God to praise;
Praise the Father; praise the Son;
Praise the Spirit; three in one:
Triune God! to thee be given
Praise on earth, and praise in heaven.

Neuman Hall, 1851.



143. *Glory to the Triune God.*

1 Glory be to God on high,—
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,—
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King!
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,—
God of power, and God of love!

4 Christ our Lord and God we own,—
Christ the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Jesus! in thy name we pray,
Take, Oh! take our sins away!
Powerful Advocate with God!
Justify us by thy blood.

6 Hear, for thou, O Christ! alone,
Art with thy great Father one;
One the Holy Ghost with thee;—
One supreme eternal Three.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

144. *Prayer to the Trinity.*

1 Holy Father! hear my cry;
Holy Saviour! bend thine ear;
Holy Spirit! come thou nigh;
Father! Saviour! Spirit! hear.

2 Father! save me from my sin;
Saviour! I thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit! make me clean:
Father! Son! and Spirit! save.

3 Father! let me taste thy love;
Saviour! fill my soul with peace;
Spirit! come my heart to move:
Father! Son! and Spirit! bless.

4 Father! Son! and Spirit!—thou
One Jehovah! shed abroad
All thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

Horatius Bonar, 1861.

145. *Worship of the Trinity.*

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Self-existent Deity!
By the hosts of heaven adored,
Teach us how to worship thee:

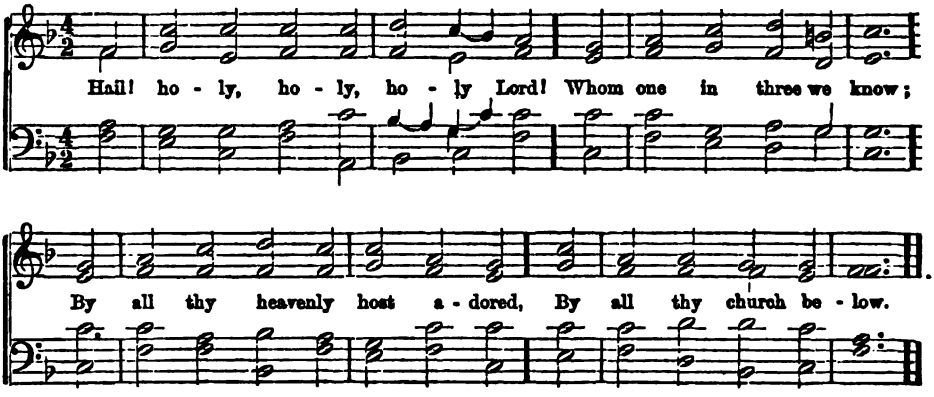
2 Only uncreated Mind,
Wonders in thy nature meet:
Perfect unity combined
With society complete.

3 All perfection dwells in thee,
Now to us obscurely known,
Three in one, and one in three,
Great Jehovah, God alone!

4 Be our all, O Lord divine!
Father! Saviour! Vital Breath!
Body, spirit, soul be thine,
Now, and at, and after death.

John Ryland, 1789.

LUTZEN. C. M. *Nicolaus Hermann, 1544.*



146. *The Trinity confessed.*

1 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom one in three we know;
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy church below.

2 One undivided Trinity,
With triumph, we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father! we confess;
Thee, holy Son! adore:
And thee, the Holy Ghost! we bless,
We worship evermore.

4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God! receive,—
Which angel choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied give.

5 Three persons equally divine
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs ere long shall join
To sing thy praise above.

6 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord!—
Our heavenly song shall be,—
Supreme, essential One! adored
In co-eternal Three!

Charles Wesley, 1767, a.

147. *Praise to the Trinity.*

1 Father of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease:
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thine almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given;
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honors and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

Isaac Watts, 1720.

148. *Praise for Creation and Redemption.*

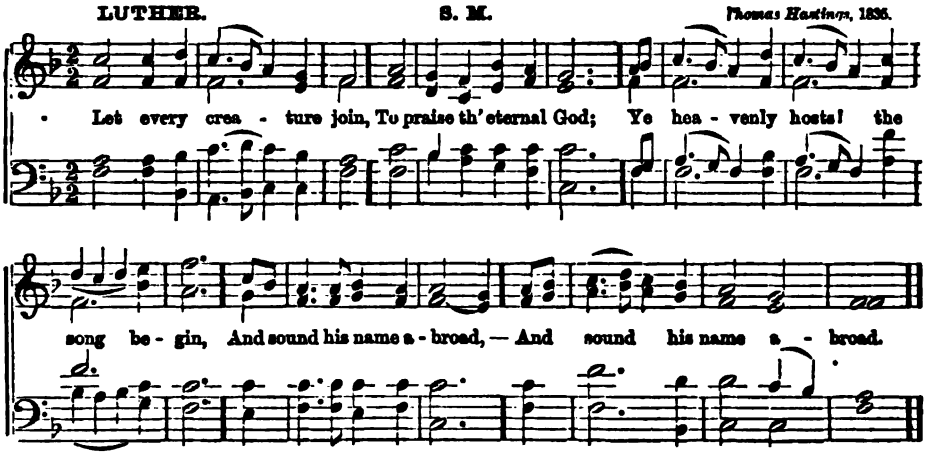
1 Let them neglect thy glory, Lord!
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God! to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,—
The undivided One.

3 'T was he—and we'll adore his name—
That formed us by a word;
'T is he restores our ruined frame:—
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

Isaac Watts, 1707.



149. PSALM 148.

1 LET every creature join,
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts! the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun, with golden beams!
And moon, with paler rays!
Ye starry lights! ye twinkling flames!
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 By all his works above,
His honors be expressed;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

5 Father of lights above!
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thine eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

150. *A Song of Praise to the Trinity.*

1 LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints! employ your breath
In honor to the Son,
Who bought your souls, from hell and death,
By offering up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light and power and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.

4 To the great One and Three,
That seal this grace in heaven,—
The Father, Son, and Spirit,—be
Eternal glory given.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

151. *Creating and redeeming Love.*

1 FATHER! in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.

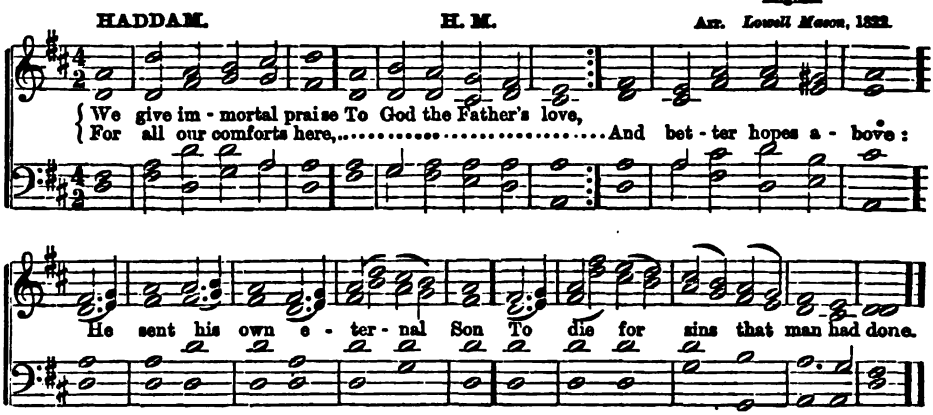
2 Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.

3 Incarnate Deity!
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

4 Spirit of holiness!
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

5 Eternal triune Lord!
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record
And dwell upon thy love.

Charles Wesley, 1746.



152.

Song of Praise to the Trinity.

1 We give immortal praise
To God, the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God, the Son, belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God, the Spirit's name,
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honors done,—
Tho undivided Three,
The great, mysterious One!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

153.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 To him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curse,
To save rebellious man,
To him that formed our hearts anew,
Are endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God, the Son,
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address the Spirit's name,
With equal praise, and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One.
Thus heaven shall raise his honors high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

154.

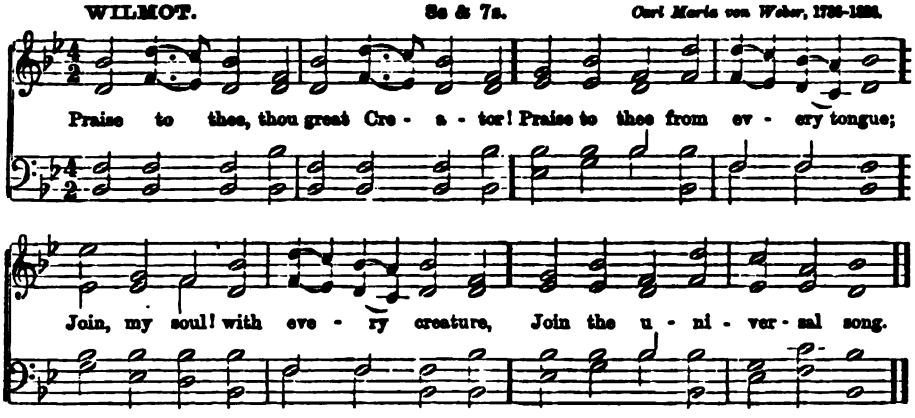
PSALM 134.

1 Come, bless Jehovah's name,
Ye servants of the Lord!
Who, day and night proclaim
His grace, with glad accord;
Within his house, lift up your song,
And swell his praises loud and long.

2 Lift up your hands, and bless
The Lord who ever lives;
And, in his courts, express
The joy his presence gives;
The God of Zion, from above,
Will make your bosoms glow with love.

3 Your hallelujahs raise,
To Father, Spirit, Son;
Extol, in loftiest praise,
The great eternal One;
Within his house, lift up your song,
And swell his praises loud and long.

Edwin F. Hatfield, 1831.



155. *Praise to the Creator.*

1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul! with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, Source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

5 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature!
Earth and heaven's united host!

John Fawcett, 1782, a.

156. *Glory to the Triune God.*

1 Glory to th' Almighty Father,
Fountain of eternal love.
Who, his wandering sheep to gather,
Sent a Saviour from above.

2 To the Son all praise be given,
Who, with love unknown before,
Left the bright abode of heaven,
And our sin and sorrows bore.

3 Equal strains of warm devotion
Let the Spirit's praise employ;—
Author of each pure emotion;
Source of wisdom, peace, and joy.

4 Thus, while our glad hearts, ascending,
Glorify Jehovah's name,
Heavenly songs with ours are blending;
There the theme is still the same.

5 Praise and glory to the Father,
Praise and glory to the Son,
Praise and glory to the Spirit,—
Ever Three and ever One.

William H. Bathurst, 1831.

157. *"Make a joyful Noise."*

1 Music! bring thy sweetest treasures,
Dulcet melody and chord,
Link the notes with loveliest measures,
To the glory of the Lord.

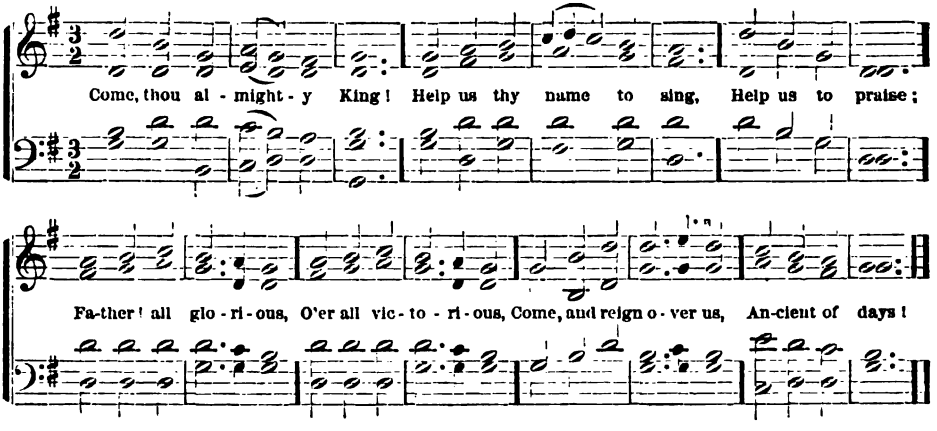
2 Wing the praise from every nation,
Sweetest instruments employ,
Raise the chorus of creation,
Swell the universal joy.

3 Far away be gloom and sadness;
Spirits with seraphic fire!
Tongues with hymns, and hearts with gladness!
Higher sound the chords, and higher.

4 To the Father, to the Saviour,
To the Spirit, Source of light,
As it was, is now and ever,
Praise in heaven's supremest height.

James Edmeston, 18[illegible]

ITALY. (ITALIAN HYMN.) 6s & 4s. *Felice Giardini, 1760.*



158.

The glorious Trinity.

1 COME, thou almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word!
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley, 1757.

159.

Praise to the Three in One.

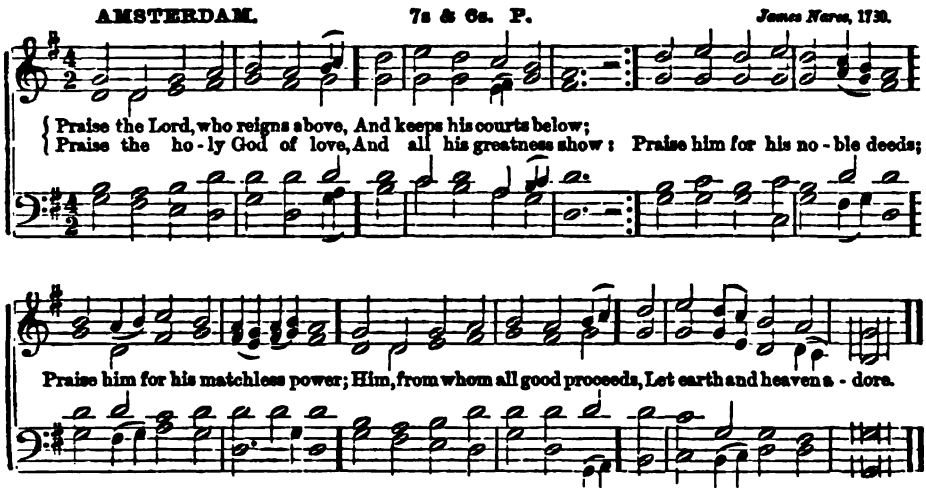
1 FATHER of heaven above,
Dwelling in light and love,
Ancient of days,
Light unapproachable,
Love inexpressible!
Thee, the invisible,
Laud we and praise.

2 Christ, the eternal Word,
Christ, the incarnate Lord,
Saviour of all,
High throned above all light,
God of God, Light of Light,
Increate, infinite!
On thee we call.

3 O God, the Holy Ghost!
Whose fires of pentecost
Burn evermore,
In this far wilderness,
Leave us not comfortless,
Thee we love, thee we bless,
Thee we adore.

4 Strike your harps, heavenly powers!
With your glad chants shall ours
Trembling ascend:
All praise, O God! to thee,
Three in one, one in three,
Praise everlastingly,
World without end.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1871.



160.

PSALM 150.

1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below;
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness show:
Praise him for his noble deeds;
Praise him for his matchless power;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread, to all around
The great Immanuel's name;
Let the trumpet's martial sound
Him, Lord of Hosts, proclaim!
Praise him, every tuneful string!
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the powers of music bring,—
The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing;
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King:
Hallowed be his name beneath;
As in heaven, on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath;
Let all things praise the Lord.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759.

161.

Universal Praise to the Trinity.

1 MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,—
The God of truth and grace:
Join we, then, with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join·
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Eternal praise be thine.

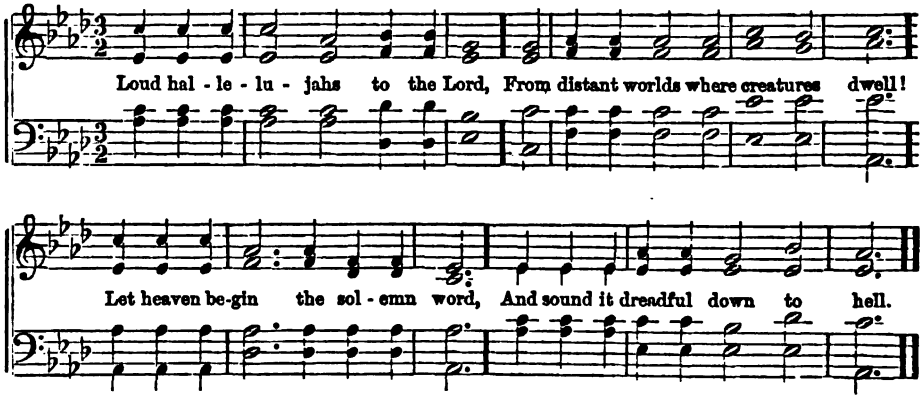
2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease:
Angels, and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One:
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall,
O'erwhelmed before thy throne.

3 Vying with the heavenly choir
Who chant thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire —
The wings of faith and love:
Thee they sing with glory crowned;
We extol the slaughtered Lamb:
Lower if our voices sound,
Our theme is still the same.

4 Father, God! thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die:
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify:
Spirit, Comforter Divine!
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. *Charles Zeuner*, 1832.



162.

PSALM 148.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord, [dwell!
From distant worlds where creatures
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 Mortals! can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
Oh! for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!

3 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known:
Loud as his thunder, shout his praise,
And sound it lofty, as his throne.

4 Jehovah! —'t is a glorious word;
Oh! may it dwell on every tongue;
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

5 Speak of the wonders of that love,
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

163.

PSALM 95.

1 OH! come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King!
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 Oh! let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there!
Down on our knees, devoutly, all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

164.

PSALM 136.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;—
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong;—
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure, [more.
When lords and kings are known no

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;—
Repeat his mercies in your song.

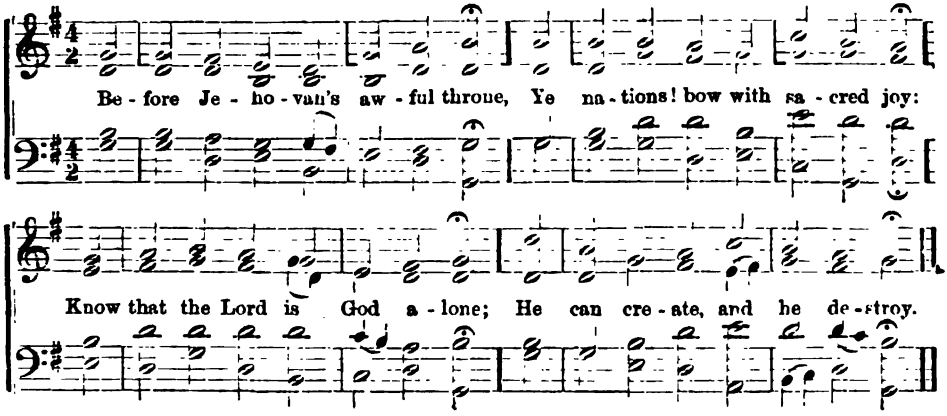
4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure, [more.
When suns and moons shall shine no

5 He sent his Son, with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;—
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat; [feet,
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M. *Guillaume Franc, 1543.*



165.

PSALM 100.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations! bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name?

4 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity, thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1719, a.

166.

PSALM 100.

1 ALL people, that on earth do dwell!
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep, he doth us take.

3 Oh! enter, then, his gates with praise;
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord, our God, is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe, 1562.

167.

PSALM 93.

1 THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of majesty arrayed;
His rule omnipotence sustains, [made.
And guides the worlds his hands have

2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heavens were stretched abroad,
Thine awful throne was fixed above;
From everlasting thou art God.

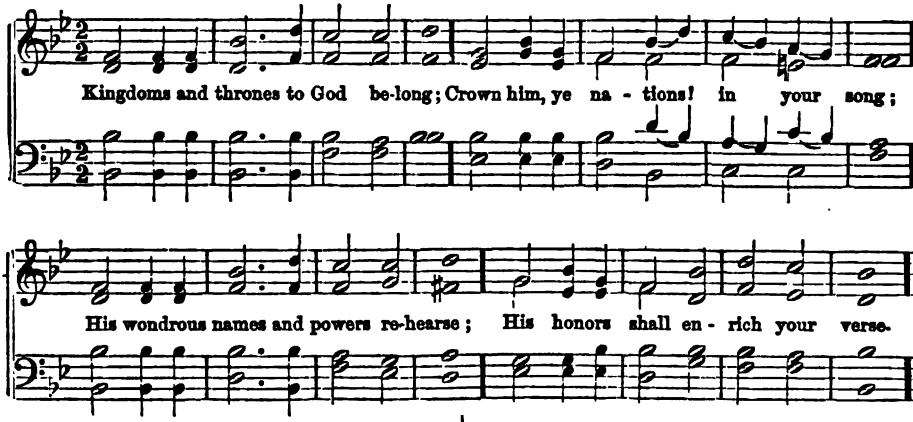
3 The swelling floods tumultous rise—
Aloud the angry tempests roar,
Lift their proud billows to the skies,
And foam and lash the trembling shore.

4 The Lord, the mighty God on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas;
He speaks!—and noise and tempest fly;
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure;
Eternal holiness is thine;
And, Lord! thy people should be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

WELTON. L. M. *Caesar Malan, 1839.*



168.

PSALM 68.

1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations! in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He rides, and thunders through the sky,
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace!
Ye saints! rejoice before his face.

3 Proclaim him King; pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

169.

God's Condescension.

1 UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 God, who must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.

3 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

4 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

5 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

6 Oh! could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

170.

The Immutability of God.

1 GREAT Former of this various frame!
Our souls adore thine awful name;
And bow and tremble, while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

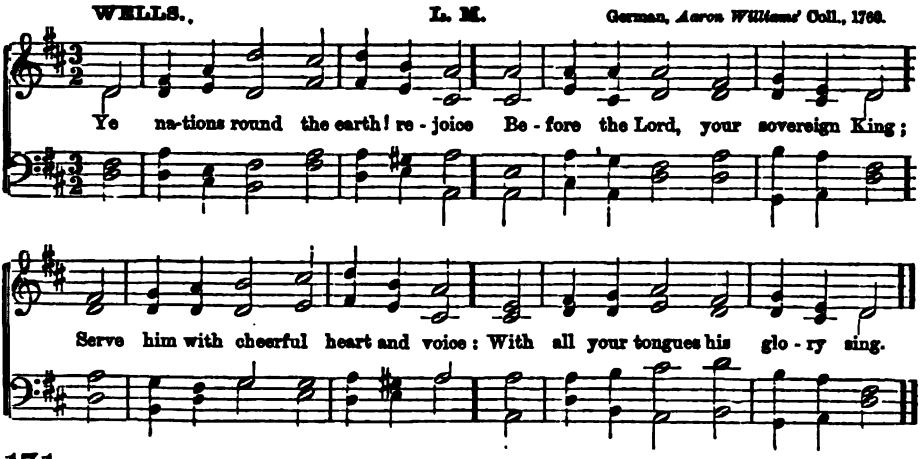
2 Thou, Lord! with unsurprised survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday;
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

4 But, let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise.
And melt the arches of the skies:

5 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

Philip Doddridge, 1737.



171.

PSALM 100.

1 YE nations round the earth! rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 't is he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

172.

The Unity of God. *Isaac Watts, 1719.*

1 ETERNAL God! almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed,
Controlled by none are thy commands,
Thou from thyself alone art blessed.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 Spread thy great name through heathen lands;
Their idle deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy command;
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

Simon Browne, 1720.

173.

The Lord God Omnipotent.

1 THE Lord is King; child of the dust!
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.

2 The Lord is King; lift up thy voice,
O earth! and, all ye heavens! rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring,—
The Lord omnipotent is King.

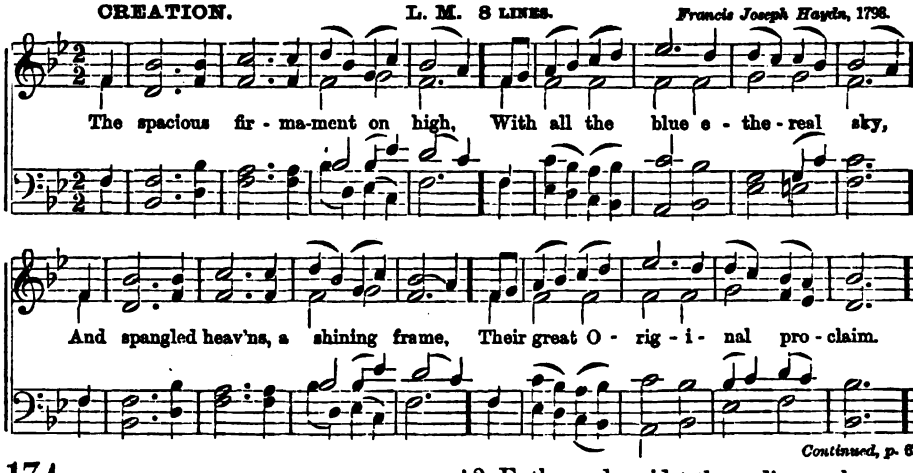
3 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?

4 Oh! when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,—
The Lord omnipotent is King.

5 Alike pervaded by his eye,
All parts of his dominion lie;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.

6 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns,—and life and death are yours;
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,—
The Lord omnipotent is King.

Josiah Conder, 1836. a.



Continued, p. 67.

174. PSALM 19.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:—

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?—

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison, 1728.

175. *The Majesty of God.*

1 COME, O my soul! in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise;
But Oh! what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory, like a garment, wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul! his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening words applaud the song.

Thomas Blacklock, 1754.

176. *The Wisdom and Knowledge of God.*

1 AWAKE, my tongue! thy tribute bring
To him, who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him, who is all praise above,—
The source of light, of truth, and love.

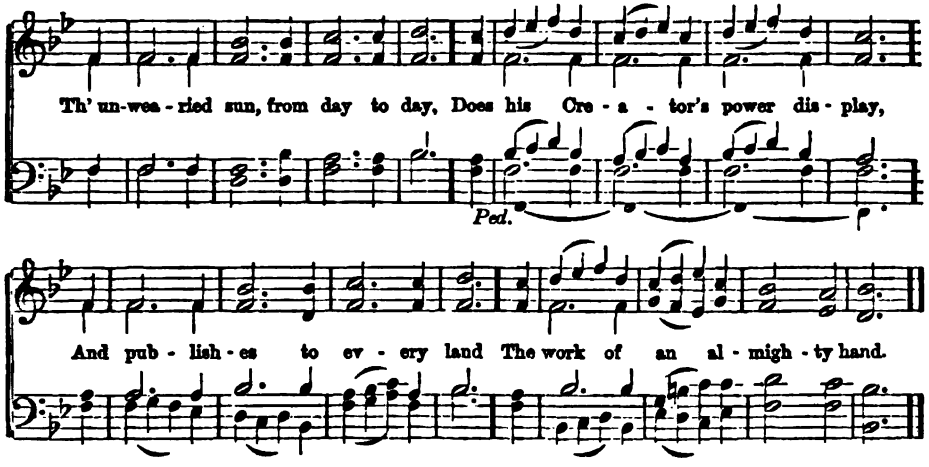
2 How vast his knowledge—how profound!
A depth, where all our thoughts are drowned;
The stars he numbers;—and their names
He gives to all these heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all-divine.

4 But, in redemption, Oh! what grace!—
Its wonders, Oh! what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines for ever bright:—
Praise him, my soul! with sweet delight.

vs. 1-3, *John Needham, 1768.*

CREATION. L. M. 8 LINES. Continued.



177.

PSALM 145.

1 MY God! my King! thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim:
Thy bounty flows an endless stream,
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm, with joy, proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,—
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

178.

PSALM 93.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But, ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,—
Thyself, the ever-living God.

3 Like floods, the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies:
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!—
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure,
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

179.

The Divine Perfections.

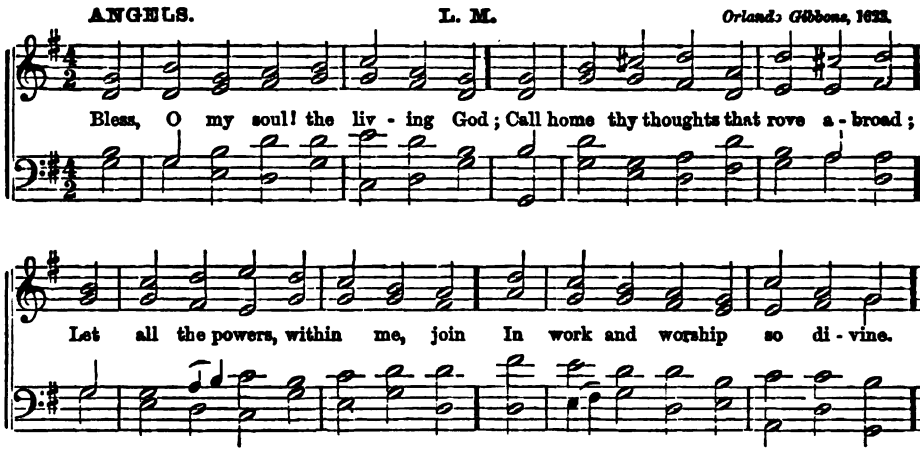
1 JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

Isaac Watts, 1709.



180.

PSALM 103.

1 BLESS, O my soul! the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers, within me, join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3 'T is he, my soul! that sent his Son,
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace:
The Gentile with the Jew shall join,
In work and worship so divine.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

181.

The Promises of God.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him, that earth's foundations laid:
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation, as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

3 Whence, then, should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

4 Oh! for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own!

5 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more,
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

182.

Life-long Praise.

1 GOD of my life! through all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

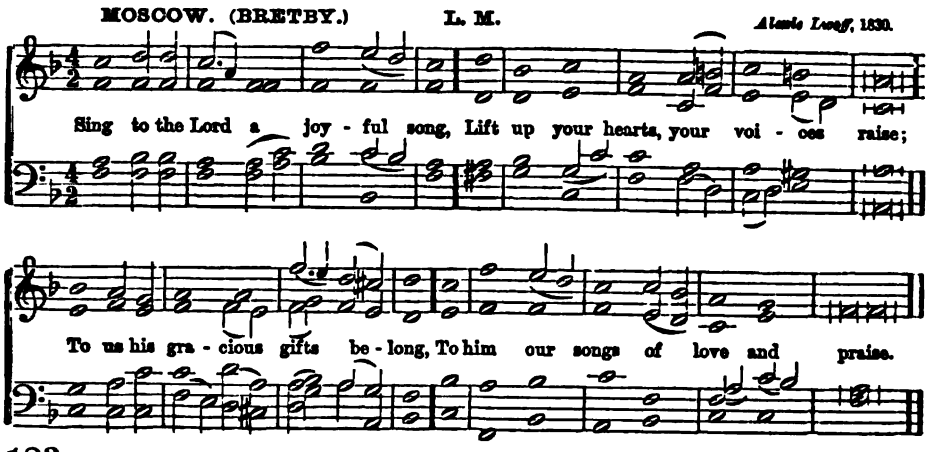
2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail;
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But, Oh! when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,—
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies.

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.



183.

The blessed Name.

1 Sing to the Lord a joyful song;
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;
To us his gracious gifts belong,
To him our songs of love and praise.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for he is good,
And praise his name, for it is fair:

3 For strength to those who on him wait,
His truth to prove, his will to do,
Praise ye our God, for he is great,
Trust in his name, for it is true:

4 For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love his sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for he is love,
Exalt his name, for it is joy:

5 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

184.

The Divine Wonders.

1 Ye sons of men! with joy, record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound,
Through all your tribes, the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,—
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

3 But, Oh! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love:—
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made.

4 Thither, my soul! with rapture soar;
There, in the land of praise, adore:
This theme demands an angel's lay—
Demands an undeclining day.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

185.

Psalm 113.

1 Ye servants of th' almighty King!
In every age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

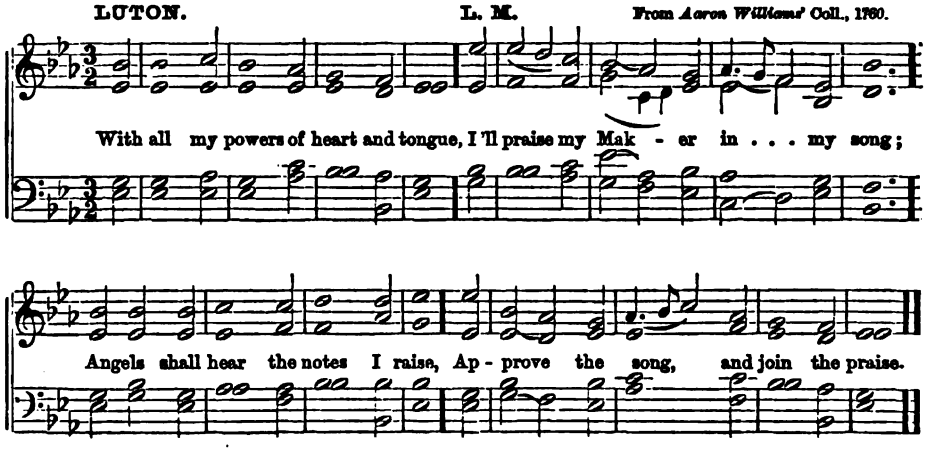
2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor time nor place his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories—how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love! he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends, yet more, to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust, and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor,
Gives them the honor of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

Isaac Watts, 1719.



186. Psalm 138.

1 With all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;—
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord!
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

187. Psalm 103.

1 The Lord,—how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high, his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,—
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far, hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And, if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age, his truth shall reign;
Nor children's children hope in vain.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

188. *Omnipresence.*

1 Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere!
Yet to each loving heart how near!

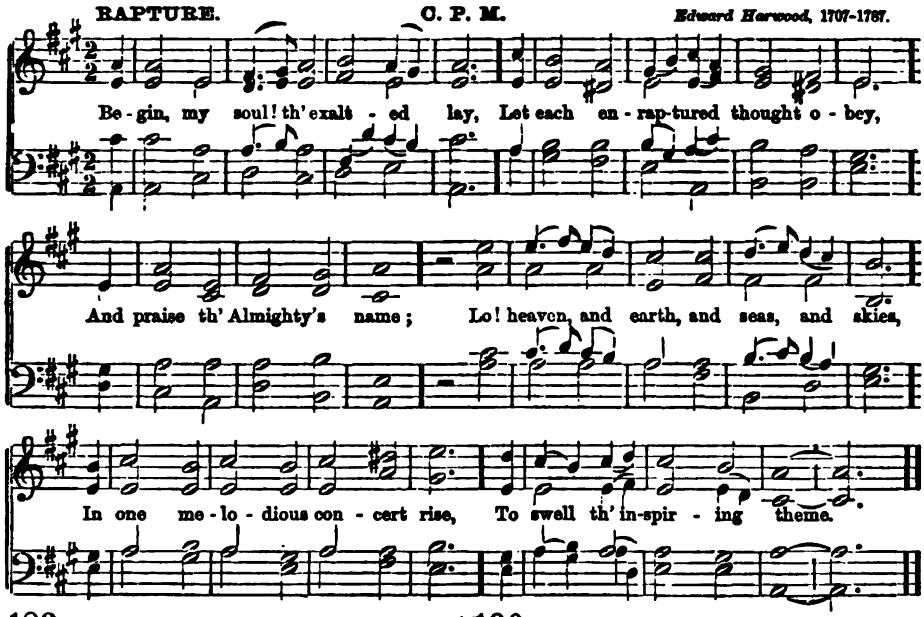
2 Sun of our life! thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above!
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thine ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1848.



189.

PSALM 148.

1 BEGIN, my soul! th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name;
Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels! catch the thrilling sound,
While all th' adoring thrones around,
His boundless mercy sing:
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

3 Let every element rejoice;
Ye thunders! burst, with awful voice,
To him who bids you roll:
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air!
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

John Ogilvie, 1749.

190.

The Love of God.

1 MY God! thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne,
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

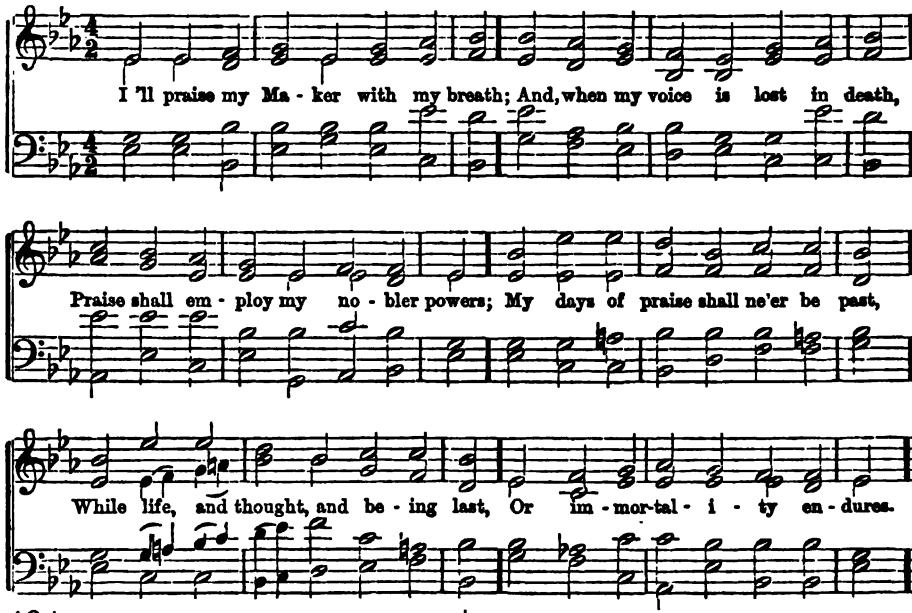
2 'T is love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distill;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3 But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There, faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

4 Then let the love, that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend!
My soul's eternal good.

Henry Moore, 1810.

CALVIN. (Old 113th.) L. P. M. Genevan Psalter, 1562.



191.

Psalm 146.

1 I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God;—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 He loves his saints,—he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;—
Thy God! O Zion! ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

192.

Psalm 96.

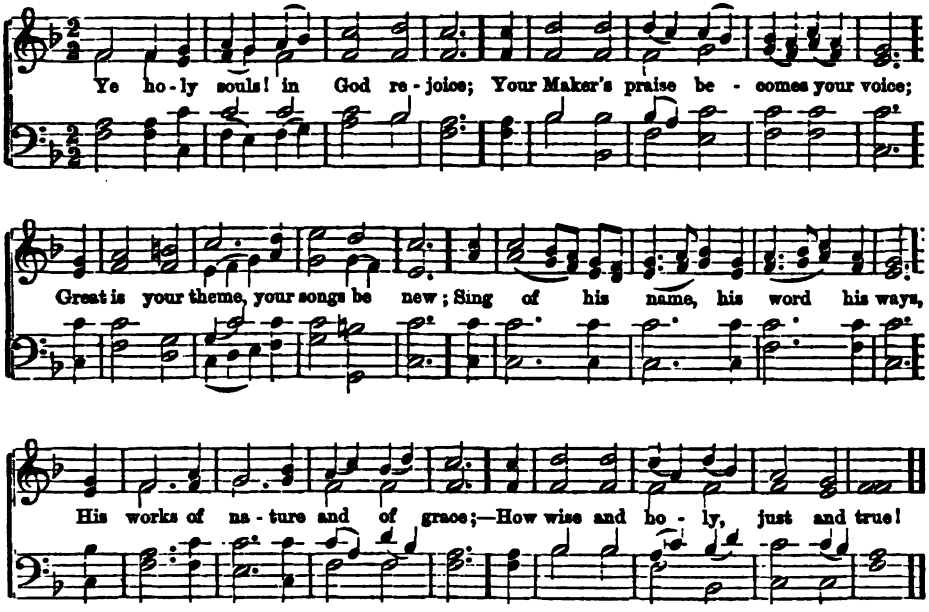
1 Let all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties,—how divinely bright!
His temple,—how divinely fair!

3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barb'rous nations fear his name!
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And, in his courts, his grace proclaim.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

NEWCOURT. L. P. M. *Hugh Bond, 1780.*



193.

PSALM 33.

1 YE holy souls! in God rejoice;
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace;—
How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice and truth he ever loves;
And the whole earth his goodness proves;
His word the heavenly arches spread;
How wide they shine from north to south!
And, by the spirit of his mouth,
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide-flowing seas,—
Those watery treasures know their place,—
In the vast storehouse of the deep;
He spake—and gave all nature birth;
And fires and seas, and heaven and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands;
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

194.

PSALM 113.

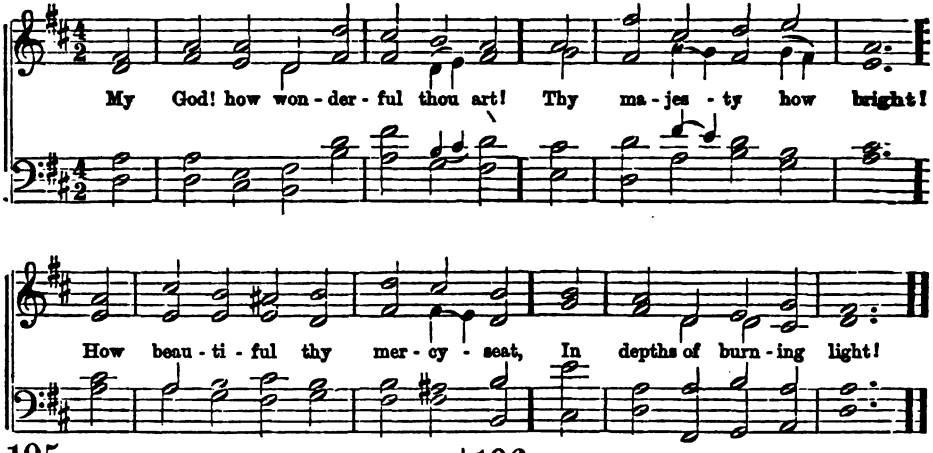
1 YE that delight to serve the Lord!
The honors of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heavens are far below his height;
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Armed with his uncreated might.

3 He bows his glorious head, to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things:
His sovereign hand exalts the poor;
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

WESTMINSTER. C. M. *James Turle, 1868.*



195.

Our Heavenly Father.

1 My God! how wonderful thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.

3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4 Oh! how I fear thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord!
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of this poor heart.

6 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

7 Father of Jesus, love's Reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on thee.

Frederick Wm. Faber, 1849.

196.

The Holiness of God.

1 Holy and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
"Thrice holy Lord!" the angels cry;
"Thrice holy!" let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
My soul! pay to thy God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart,
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

John Needham, 1768.

197.

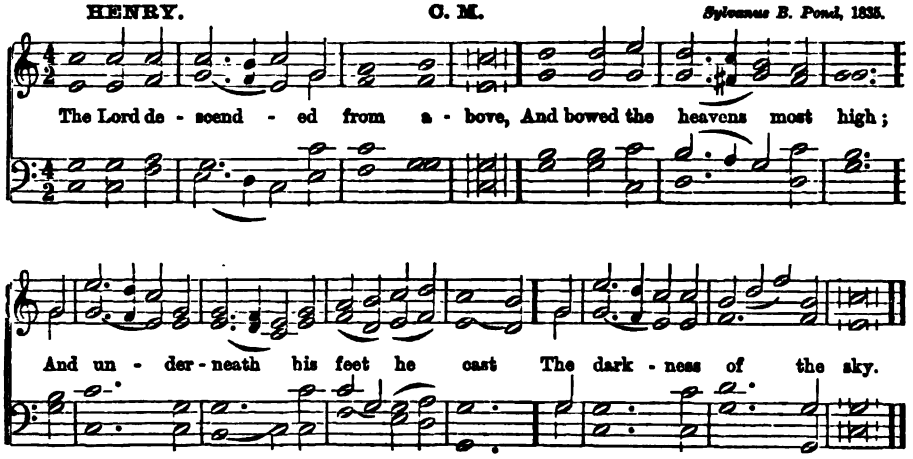
Praise to God from all Creatures.

1 The glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'T was his right hand that shaped our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But, from his own immediate breath,
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues:
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

Isaac Watts, 1707.



198.

PSALM 18.

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim,
Full royally he rode,
And, on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

Thomas Sternhold, 1549, a.

199.

The Divine Glories above our Reason.

1 How wondrous great, how glorious bright
Must our Creator be,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!

2 Our soaring spirits upward rise
Tow'rd the celestial throne,
Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the almighty One.

3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies:
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our groveling reason lies!

4 Lord! here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore;
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can stretch a thought no more.

5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our laboring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.

6 In humble notes, our faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep th' immortal string.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

200.

Creating Wisdom.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With thy loved name, rocks, hills and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

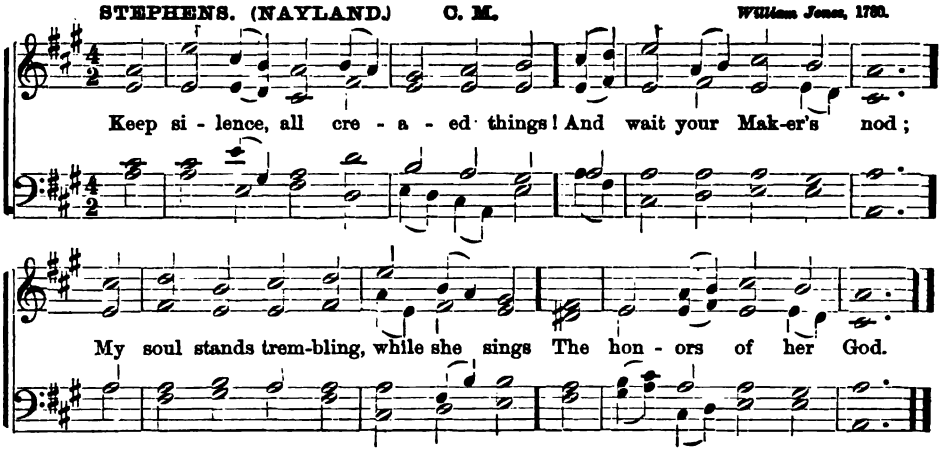
2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder — God.

5 But the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine, in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

Isaac Watts, 1705.



201.

Sovereignty and Dominion of God.

1 KEEP silence, all created things!
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Chained to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

5 My God! I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise:

6 In thy fair book of life and grace,
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1706, a.

202.

God, holy, just, and sovereign.

1 How should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 Mountains, by his almighty wrath,
From their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth, from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

3 He bids the sun forbear to rise—
Th' obedient sun forbears:
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

4 He walks upon the stormy sea,
Flies on the stormy wind:
There 's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

203.

God, the Thunderer.

1 SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts!
And thou, O earth! adore;
Let death and hell, through all their coasts,
Stand trembling at his power.

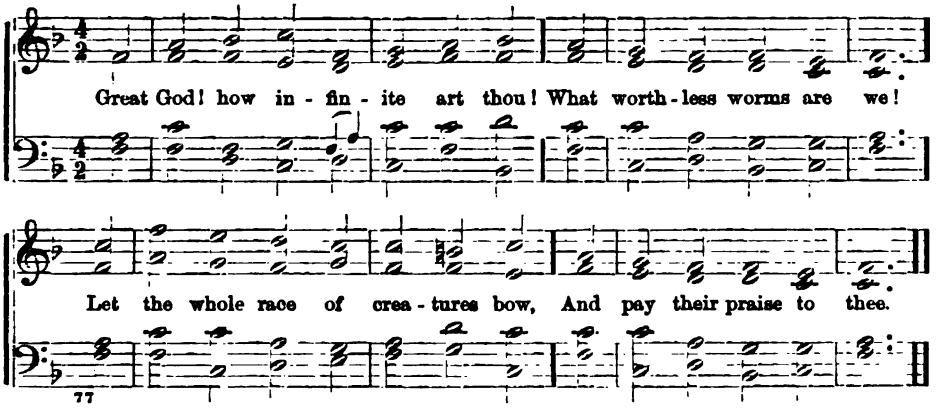
2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.

3 Think, O my soul! the dreadful day,
When this incensèd God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad.

4 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defied the Lord;
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.

Isaac Watts, Aug. 20, 1697.

DUNDEE. (FRENCH.) C. M. *Andre Hart's "Psalter," 1615.*



204. *God's eternal Dominion.*

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Isaac Watts, 1707

205. *Sovereignty and Grace.*

1 THE Lord! how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

2 Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light, his awful robe;
Whilst with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

3 A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as he please.

4 On angels, with unveiléd face
His glory beams above;
On men, he looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love.

Isaac Watts, 1706, a.

206. *Almighty Power and Majesty of God.*

1 THE Lord, our God, is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks,—and in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

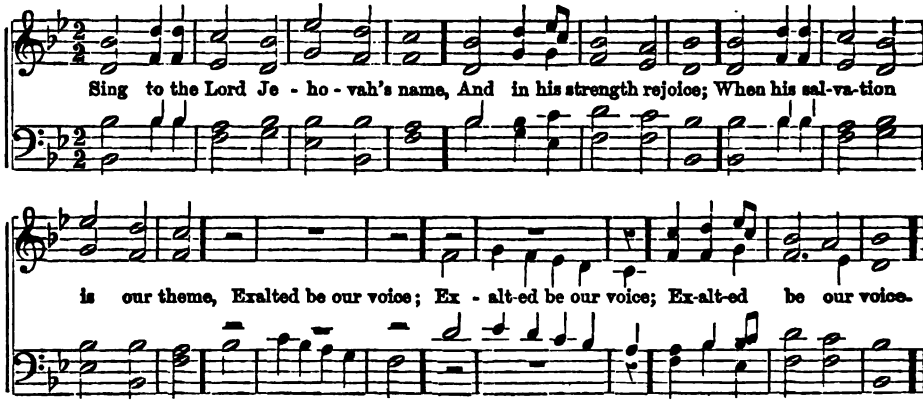
3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations! bend, in reverence bend,
Ye monarchs! wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

Henry Kirke White, 1806.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. *John Randall, 1790.*



207.

PSALM 95.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks, approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,—
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face:
Oh! may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

4 Now is the time;—he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

Isaac Watts, 1719.

208.

PSALM 148.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choirs!
That fill the realms above;
Sing, for he formed you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies!
The floor of his abode;
Or veil your twinkling myriad eyes,
Before your brighter God.

3 Thou restless globe of golden light!
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.

4 Thunder and lightning, fires and storms!—
The troops of his command,—
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

5 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas!
In your eternal roar,
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

6 Thus while inferior creatures sing,
Ye men! with sweeter sound,
Echo the glories of your King,
Through all the nations round.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

209.

The Gentleness of God.

1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame!
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

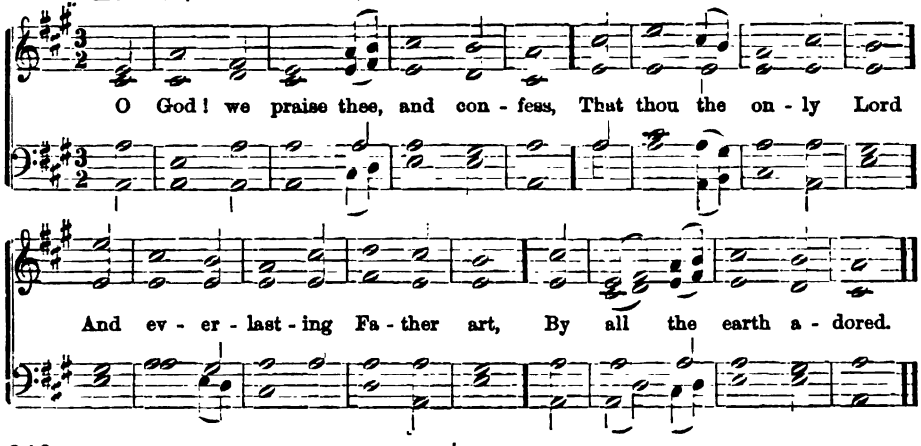
2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek thy face,
And mingles, with the tempest's roar,
The whispers of thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease:
And gales of paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

AVON. (MARTYRDOM.) C. M. Hugh Wilson, 17—



210. "*Te Deum laudamus.*"

1 O God! we praise thee, and confess,
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee, all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway!

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord! confesses thee,
That thou th' eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

Tate and Brady, 1703.

211. Psalm 89.

1 With reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee?
Or truth compared with thine?

3 Thy words the raging wind control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou makest the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

4 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

212. Psalm 102.

1 Through endless years, thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

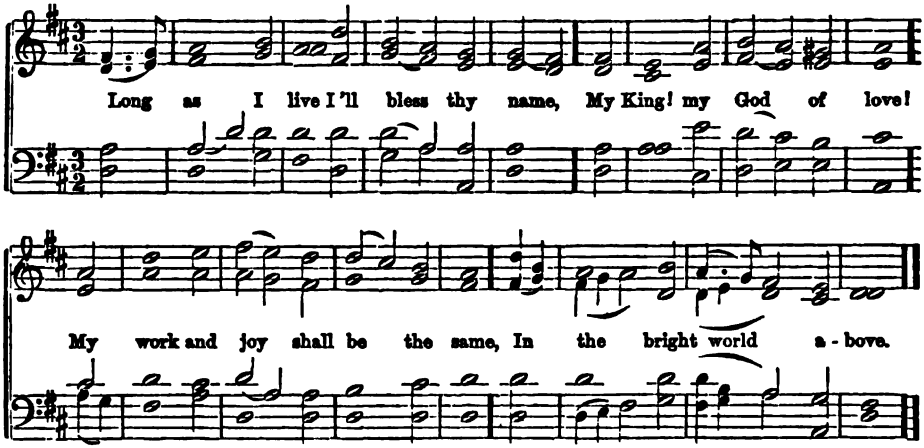
3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

5 Our children's children, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God;
To latest times thy favor share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

Cento, from *Tate* and *Watts*.

HOWARD. C. M. *Mrs. Cuthbert.*



213.

PSALM 145.

1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King! my God of love!
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord—his power unknown;
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men, that hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 The world is managed by thy hands;
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

214.

Endless Praise.

1 YES—I will bless thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God:
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes:
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay:
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1768, *a.*

215.

Creation and Providence.

1 LORD! when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

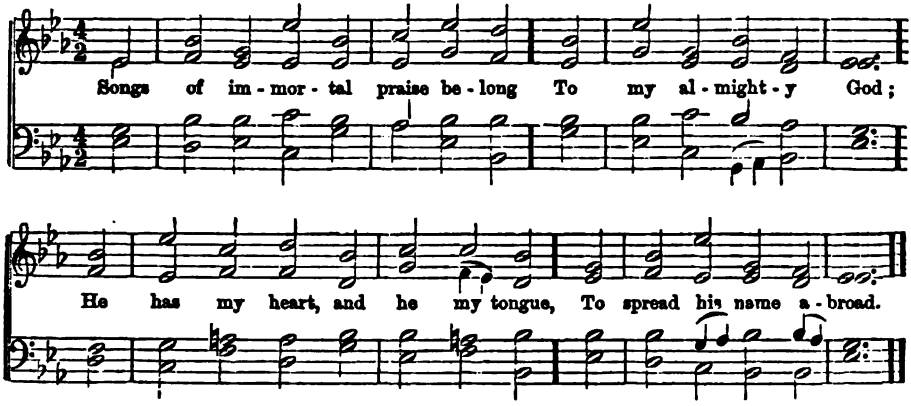
3 From thee, the breath of life I drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
My brittle frame sustains.

4 On me thy providence has shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
Oh! let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

5 All-bounteous Lord! thy grace impart;
Oh! teach me to improve
Thy gifts, with ever-grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

Anne Steele, 1760.

LONDON, NEW. C. M. *Andrew Hart's "Psalter," 1615.*



216.

PSALM 111.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme,
That his first thoughts designed.

4 When he redeemed his chosen sons,
He fixed his covenant sure;
The orders, that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

217.

PSALM 33.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous! in the Lord;
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word;
How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy, and his righteousness,
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And, by the Spirit of the Lord,
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

218.

PSALM 145.

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all!
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou givest the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his servants feel;
He hears his children cry;
And, their best wishes to fulfill,
His grace is ever nigh.

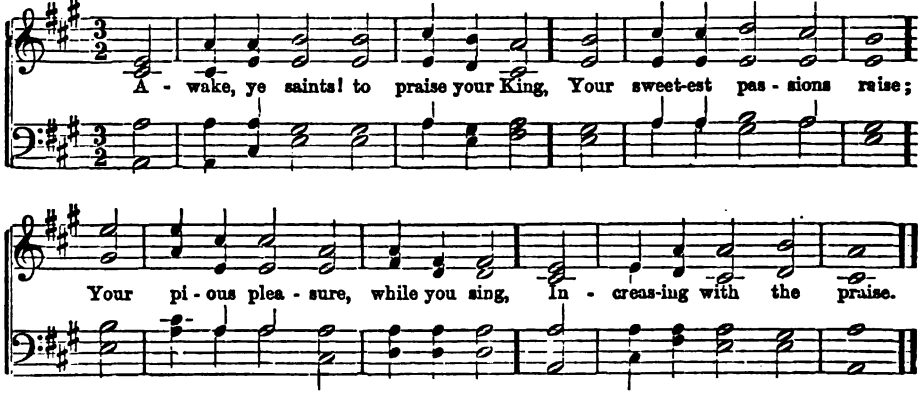
5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls, whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

6 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

AZMON. (DENFIELD.) C. M.

Carl Gotthelf Gläser, 1828.
arr., *Lowell Mason*, 1839.



219.

PSALM 135.

1 AWAKE, ye saints! to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord,—and works unknown
Are his divine employ:
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heaven, earth and sea confess his hand;
He bids the vapors rise;
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

4 Ye saints! adore the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honors there.

Isaac Watts, 1719; v. 4, *a*.

220.

PSALM 89.

1 MY never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And, if he speaks a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies:
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts! thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thine unchanging love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

221.

PSALM 89.

1 THE mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue:
Oh! happy they who, while they sing
Those mercies, share them too!

2 As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age, thy word shall run,
And chance and change defy.

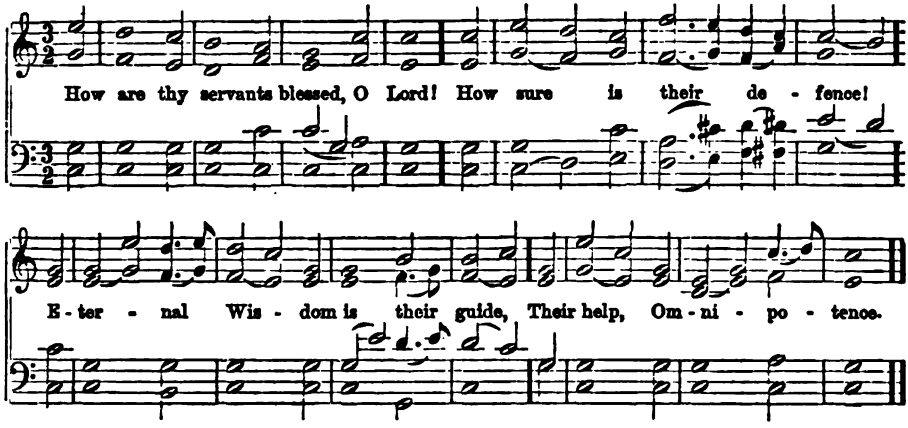
3 The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand for ever sure;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.

4 Thine is the earth, and thine the skies,
Created at thy will:
The waves at thy command arise,
At thy command are still.

5 In earth below, in heaven above,
Who, who is Lord like thee?
Oh! spread the gospel of thy love,
Till all thy glories see!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

BEMERTON. C. M. *Henry W. Greatorex, 1849.*



222.

PSALM 107.

1 How are thy servants blessed, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we 'll adore;
We 'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

Joseph Addison, 1712, a.

223.

PSALM 111.

1 GREAT is the Lord;—his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure;
Holy and reverend is his name;
His ways are just and pure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

224.

PSALM 34.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all, that are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

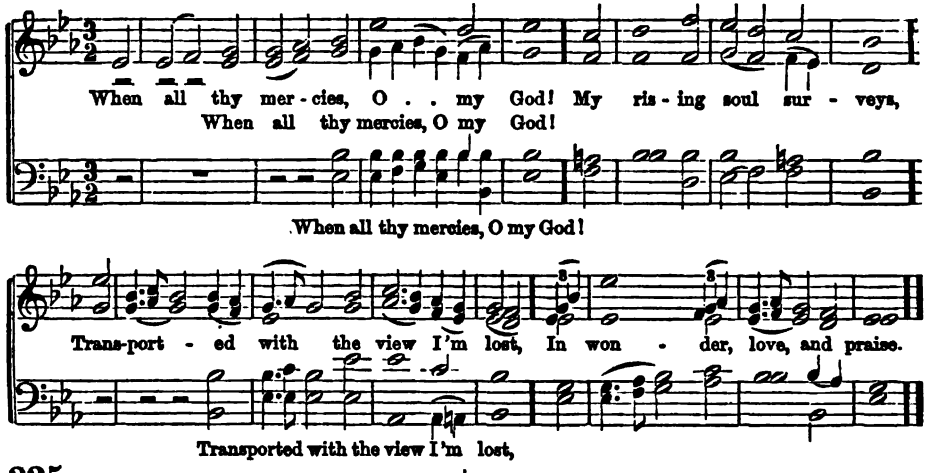
3 Oh! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 Oh! make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,—
Your wants shall be his care.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

GENEVA. C. M. *John Cole, 1806.*



225. *Thanks for providential Favors.*

1 When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts, to my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For, Oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

Joseph Addison, 1712.

226. *The Goodness of God in his Works.*

1 Hail! great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And, while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever-new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star,
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn,
With rays of cheerful light.

4 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
Thy varied love we see;
Oh! may our hearts, great God! be led
Through all thy works to thee.

Anon., 1795.

227. Psalm 66.

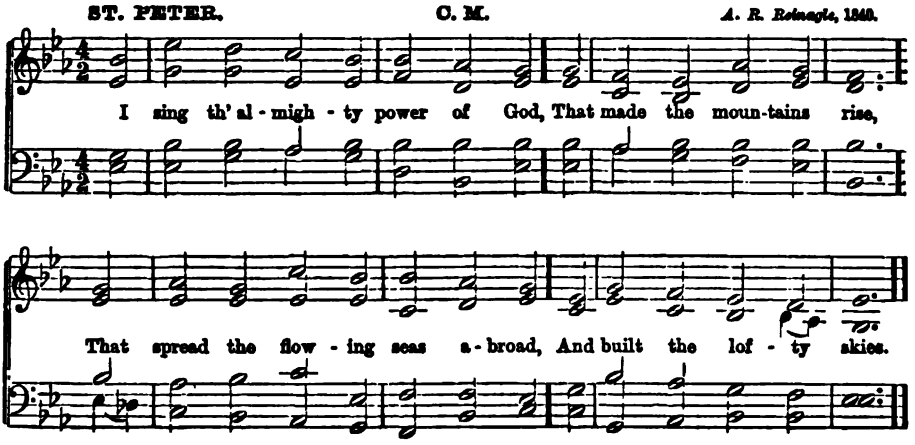
1 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud, and more loud, the anthem raise
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son,-our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray, [death,
Which lights, through darkest shades of
To realms of endless day.

Ralph Wardlaw, 1803.



228. *Creation and Providence.*

1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom, that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord! how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5 There 's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

Isaac Watts, 1715.

229. PSALM 71.

1 MY Saviour! my almighty Friend!
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And, since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I 'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

230. *God is Love.*

1 AMID the splendors of thy state,
My God! thy love appears,
With the soft radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.

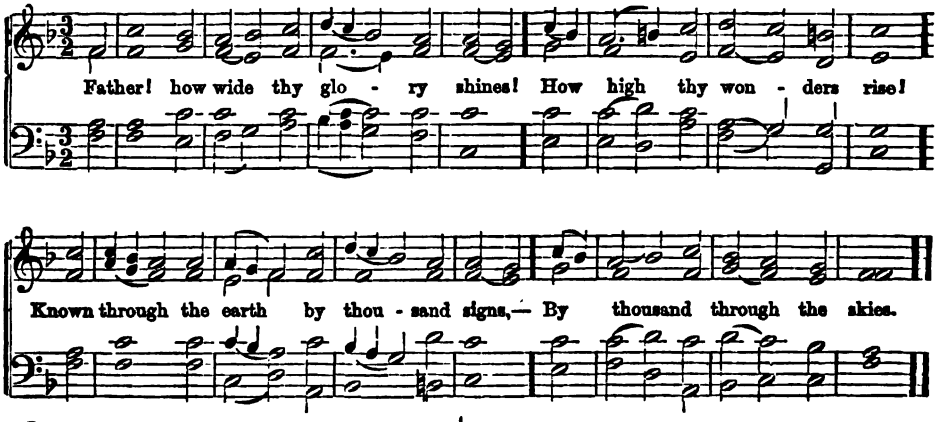
2 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name!
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.

3 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In every work thy hands have framed,
Thy love supremely shines.

4 Angels and men! the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,—
The joyful and transporting news,—
That God, the Lord, is love.

Anon., 1800.

ST. JOHN'S. C. M. *Aaron Williams, cir. 1760.*



231. *The Glories of Redemption.*

1 FATHER! how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise! [signs,—
Known through the earth by thousand
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And, on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

3 But, when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—

4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess,—
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 Oh! may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

232. *The Wonders of God's Love.*

1 YE humble souls! approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'T is here he makes his goodness known
In its divinest forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord! we come,
'T is here our hope relies;—
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

Anne Steele, 1760.

233. PSALM 108.

1 AWAKE, my soul! to sound his praise,
Awake, my harp! to sing;
Join, all my powers! the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

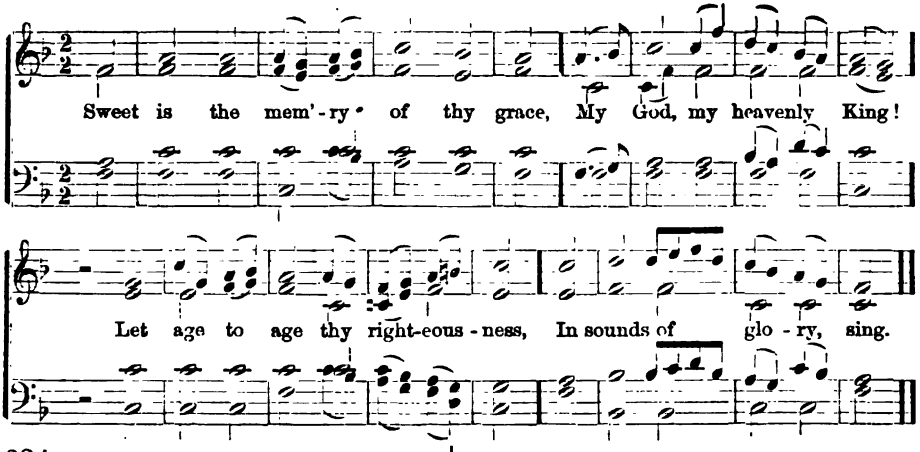
2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the starry train;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy reign.

4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above;
While sinners hear thy pard'ning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

Joel Barlow, 1786.

CLARENDON. C. M. *Isaac Tucker, 1800.*



234.

PSALM 145.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness,
In sounds of glory, sing.

2 God reigns on high,—but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes, thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

235.

Rejoicing in God, our Father.

1 COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

3 My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

4 Thanks to my God for every gift,
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love,
Whence all those comforts flow.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1768.

236.

The Love of God.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord!
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that — God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the Gift of gifts, appears,
To show that — God is love.

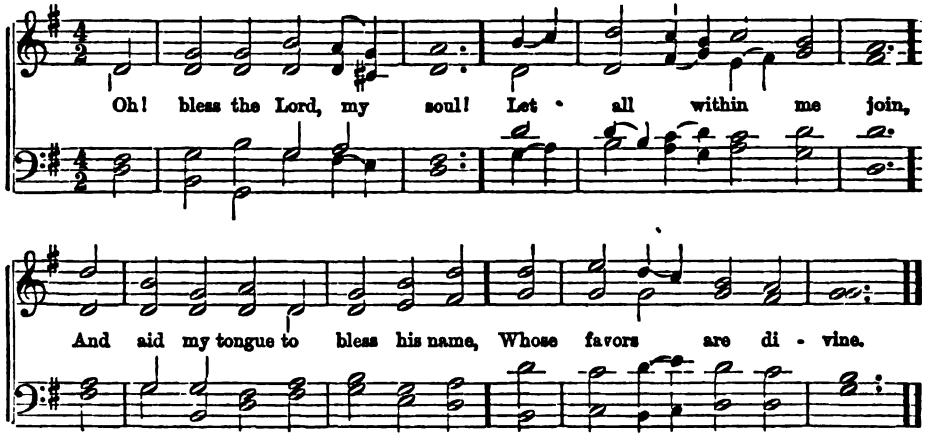
3 Behold his patience lengthened out
To those who from him rove,
And calls effectual reach their hearts,
To teach them — God is love.

4 The work begun is carried on,
By power from heaven above;
And every step, from first to last,
Declares that — God is love.

5 Oh! may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that — God is love.

George Burder, 1784.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. *William Tansur, 1768.*



237.

PSALM 103.

1 OH! bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'T is he forgives thy sins,
'T is he relieves thy pain,
'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

238.

Sincere Praise.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories, how diffused abroad,
Through the creation's frame!

2 Nature, in every dress,
Her humble homage pays;
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator, too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

4 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

Isaac Watts, 1708.

239.

God, my Creator and Benefactor.

1 MY Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
Whence all my blessings flow.

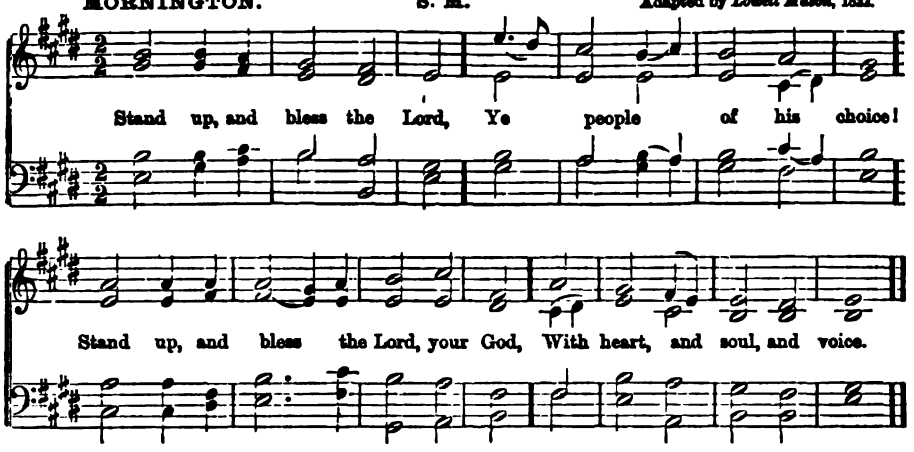
2 The creature of thy hand,—
On thee alone I live;
My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

3 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord! form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

4 Oh! let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

MORNINGTON. S. M. *Earl of Mornington, 1760. Adapted by Lowell Mason, 1832.*



240.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice!
Stand up, and bless the Lord, your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh! for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours:
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,—
The Lord, your God, adore,
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery, 1825.

241.

God present every where.

1 GOD of almighty power!
How glorious are thy ways!
Angels thy majesty adore,
All creatures speak thy praise.

2 Wherever earth is fair,
Or brighter worlds extend,
Almighty Sovereign! thou art there,—
Creation's Lord and Friend.

3 Heaven is thy glorious throne,
Earth does thy footstool seem;
But souls redeemed thou lov'st to own
Thy richer diadem.

4 And, while they bless thy name,
Hell trembles at thy rod: [claim;
Earth, heaven, and hell thy power pro-
All things proclaim thee GOD!

Anon., 1858.

242.

PSALM 8.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King!
Thy name is all-divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

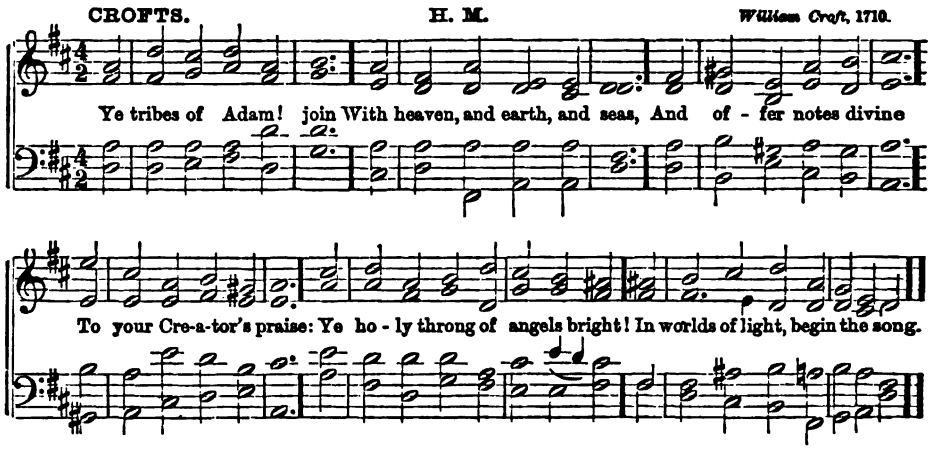
2 When, to thy works on high,
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies;—

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,—
Lord! what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord! what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways;
Of dust and worms, thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.



243.

PSALM 148.

1 YE tribes of Adam! join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:
Ye holy throng of angels bright!
In worlds of light, begin the song.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays!
And moon that rulest the night!
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light:
His power declare, ye floods on high!
And clouds that fly in empty air!

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command:
He spake the word, and all their frame,
From nothing came to praise the Lord.

4 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise his honors high.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

244.

PSALM 148.

1 YE boundless realms of joy!
Exalt your Maker's name;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise, ye cherubim
And seraphim! to sing his praise.

2 Let all adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last, from changes free;
His firm decree stands ever fast.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

245.

PSALM 136.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord.—
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace adored:
His power and grace are still the same;
And let his name have endless praise.

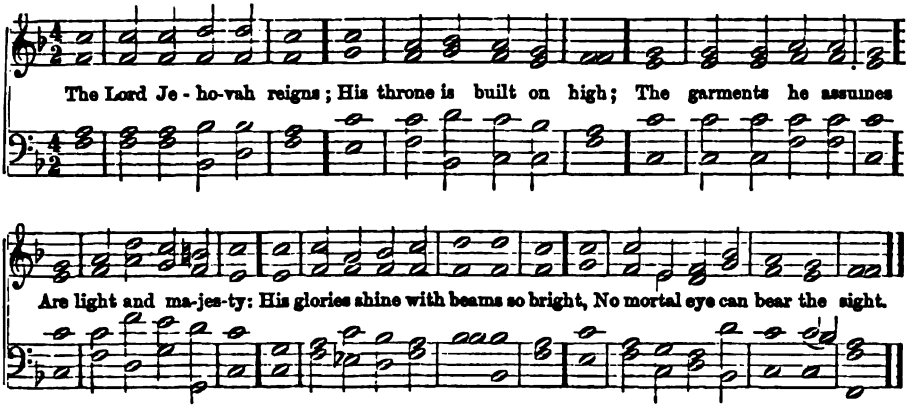
2 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin;
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in:
Thy mercy, Lord! shall still endure;
And ever sure abides thy word.

3 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe:
His power and grace are still the same;
And let his name have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God, the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing:
Thy mercy, Lord! shall still endure;
And ever sure abides thy word.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

HARWICH. H. M. *Johann Crüger, 1649. Adapted by Lowell Mason, 1822.*



246.

PSALM 97.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law:
And, where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works,
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs:
Strong is his arm—and shall fulfill
His great decrees—his sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,—
And will he write his name,—
"My Father and my Friend?"
I love his name,—I love his word;
Join, all my powers! and praise the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

247.

Praise from all Creation.

1 ANGELS! assist to sing
The honors of your God;
Touch every tuneful string,
And sound his name abroad:
Come, pour the trembling notes along,
And swell the grand immortal song.

2 And, ye of meaner birth!
Your joyful voices raise;
Inhabitants of earth!
Your great Creator praise:
Let your hosannas joyful rise,
And shake the earth and pierce the skies.

Anon., 1830.

248.

Universal Adoration.

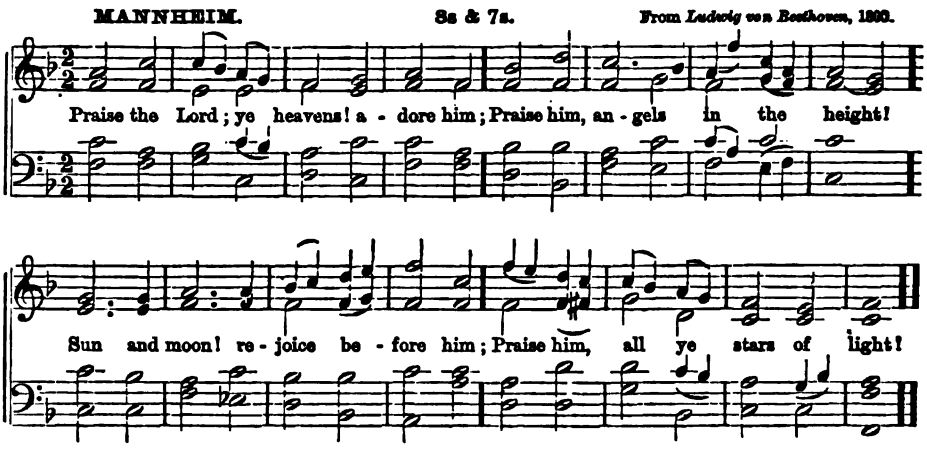
1 To your Creator, God,
Your great Preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand!
Your highest notes of praise:
Let every voice proclaim his power,
His name adore, and loud rejoice.

2 Let every creature join
To celebrate his name,
And all their various powers
Assist th' exalted theme:
Let nature raise, from every tongue,
A general song of grateful praise.

3 But, Oh! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow;
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise, ye highly blest!
Above the rest declare his praise.

4 Assist me, gracious God!
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I grateful join
The universal choir:
Thy grace can raise my heart, my tongue,
And tune my song to lively praise.

Anne Steele, 1760.



249.

PSALM 148.

1 PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens! adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height!
Sun and moon! rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high! his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation!
Laud and magnify his name.

John Kempthorne, 1810.

250.

Praise for Grace.

1 LORD! with glowing heart I'll praise
For the bliss thy love bestows; [thee
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.

2 Help, O Lord! my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

3 Praise, my soul! the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away.

4 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

5 Lord! this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstep kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.

6 Let thy grace, my soul's chief pleasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth, thy praise.

Francis Scott Key, 1826.

251.

The Divine Glory.

1 "LORD! thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

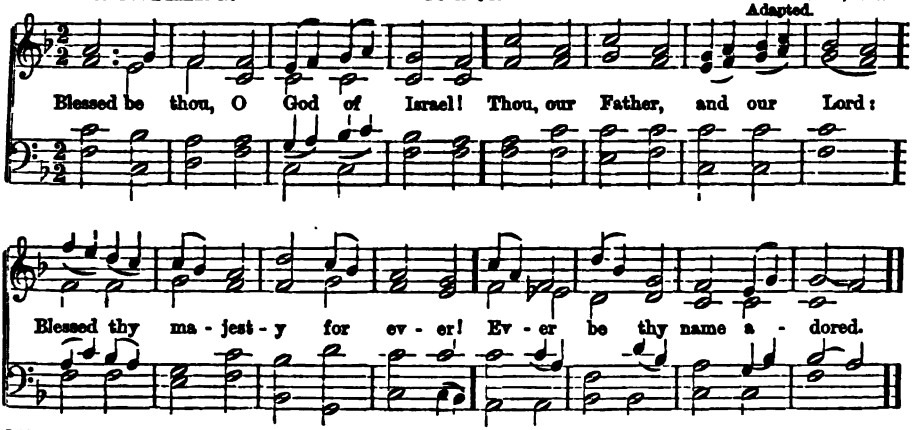
2 Heaven is still with glory ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,—
"Holy, holy, holy!" singing,
"Lord of hosts! the Lord most high!"

3 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren! let our tongues unite;
Chief the heart when duty raises
God-ward at his mystic rite.

4 With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus conspire we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

Richard Mant, 1838.

WORTHING. 8s & 7s. *Johann A. P. Schulze, 1780. Adapted.*



252. *The Fountain of Grace.*

1 BLESSED be thou, the God of Israel!
Thou, our Father, and our Lord:
Blessed thy majesty for ever!
Ever be thy name adored.

2 Thine, O Lord! are power and greatness,
Glory, victory, are thine own;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of thee, and honor,
Power and might to thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.

4 Lord, our God! for these thy bounties,
Hymns of gratitude we raise;
To thy name, for ever glorious,
Ever we address our praise.

Henry U. Onderdonk, 1827.

253. *Praise to Jehovah.*

1 SAINTS! with pious zeal attending,
Now a grateful tribute raise;
Joyful songs, to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.

2 Round Jehovah's footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls;
Here his milder grace revealing,
Here his wrath no thunder rolls.

3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unholy—thought of sin,—
Seize, Oh! seize the proffered blessing,—
Grace from God, and peace within.

4 Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise;
On the theme immortal, dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

John Taylor, 1760.

254. *The Wisdom and Love of God.*

1 GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

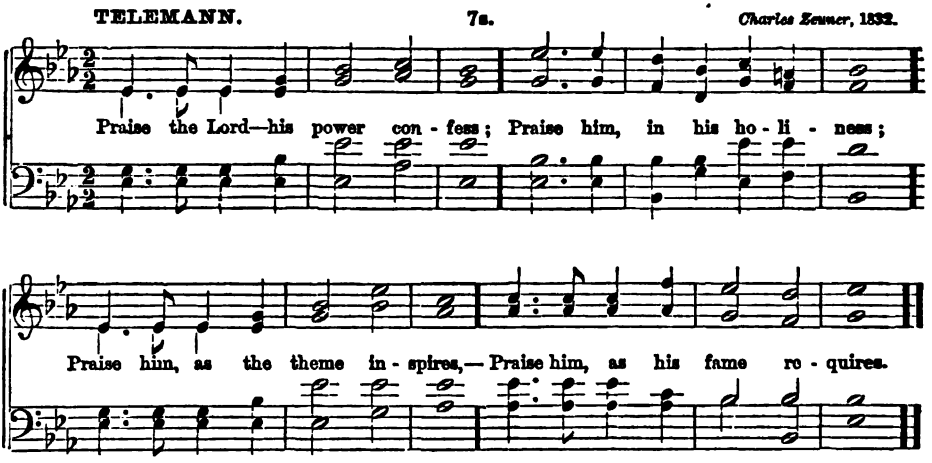
John Bowring, 1825.

255. *Praise from Young and Old.*

1 WORSHIP, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord! we offer to thy name;
Young and old, thy praise expressing,
Join their Saviour to proclaim.

2 As the saints in heaven adore thee,
We would bow before thy throne;
As thine angels serve before thee,
So on earth thy will be done.

Edward Osler, 1836.



256.

PSALM 150.

1 PRAISE the Lord—his power confess;
Praise him, in his holiness;
Praise him, as the theme inspires,—
Praise him, as his fame requires.

2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound
Spread its loudest notes around;
Let the harp unite, in praise,
With the sacred minstrel's lays.

3 Let the organ join to bless
God, the Lord of righteousness;
Tune your voice to spread the fame
Of the great Jehovah's name.

4 All who dwell beneath his light!
In his praise your hearts unite;
While the stream of song is poured,
Praise and magnify the Lord.

William Wrangham, 1829.

257.

PSALM 150.

1 PRAISE the Lord, his glories show,
Saints, within his courts below!
Angels, round his throne above!
All that see and share his love!

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

3 Praise the Lord, his mercies trace;
Praise his providence and grace—
All that he for man hath done,
All he sends us through his Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts!
In the concert bear your parts:
All that breathe! your Lord adore;
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

258.

Glory to God in the highest.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,—
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

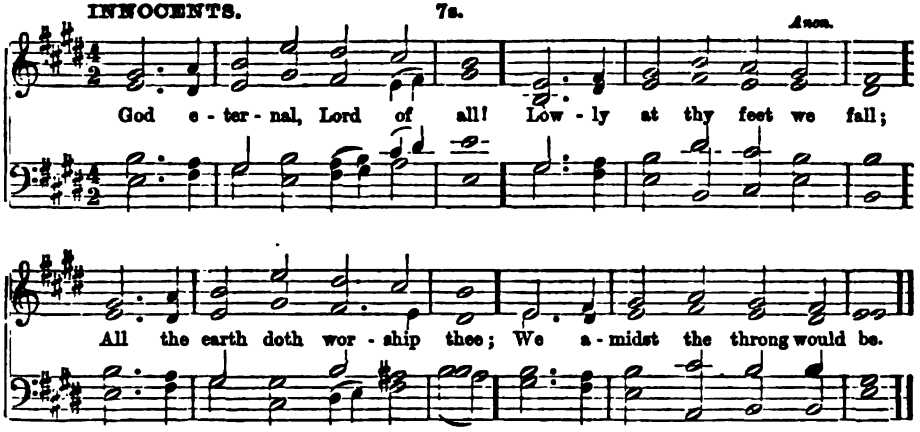
3 Heaven and earth must pass away,—
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No!—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ

James Montgomery, 1819.



259. "Te Deum laudamus."

1 God eternal, Lord of all!
Lowly at thy feet we fall;
All the earth doth worship thee;
We amidst the throng would be.

2 All the holy angels cry, —
"Hail, thrice-holy, God most high!
Lord of all the heavenly powers!"
Be the same loud anthem ours.

3 Glorified apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise;
With thy prophets' goodly line,
We in mystic bond combine.

4 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of thy cross are heard to boast;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
Early we thy cross would bear.

5 All thy church, in heaven and earth,
Jesus! hail thy spotless birth;—
Seated on the judgment throne,
Number us among thine own.

James E. Millard, 1843.

260. Psalm 148.

1 Heralds of creation! cry,—
"Praise the Lord—the Lord most high!"
Heaven and earth! obey the call,
Praise the Lord—the Lord of all.

2 For he spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light;
He commanded—nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.

3 Praise him, all ye hosts above,—
Spirits perfected in love!
Sun and moon! your voices raise;
Sing, ye stars! your Maker's praise.

4 High above all height his throne,
Excellent his name alone;
Him let all his works confess,
Him let every being bless.

James Montgomery, 1822

261. Psalm 113.

1 Hallelujah! raise, Oh! raise
To our God the song of praise;
All his servants! join to sing
God, our Saviour and our King.

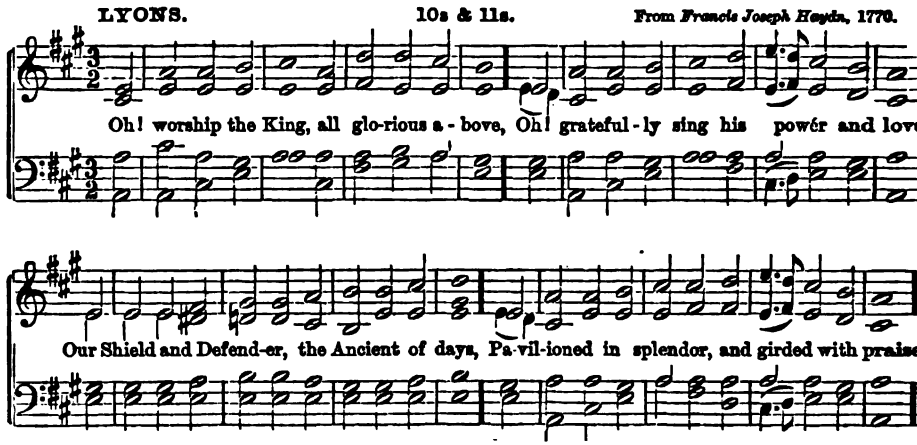
2 Blessèd be for evermore
That dread name which we adore;
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.

3 O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens his throne;
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?

4 Yet to view the heavens he bends;
Yea, to earth he condescends;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.

5 He the broken spirit cheers;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonders of his ways!
Praise his name, for ever praise.

Josiah Conder, 1836



262.

The Glory and Goodness of God.

1 Oh! worship the King, all-glorious above,
Oh! gratefully sing his powér and love,
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 Oh! tell of his might, Oh! sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 This earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty! thy power hath founded of old;
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

Robert Grant, 1830.

263.

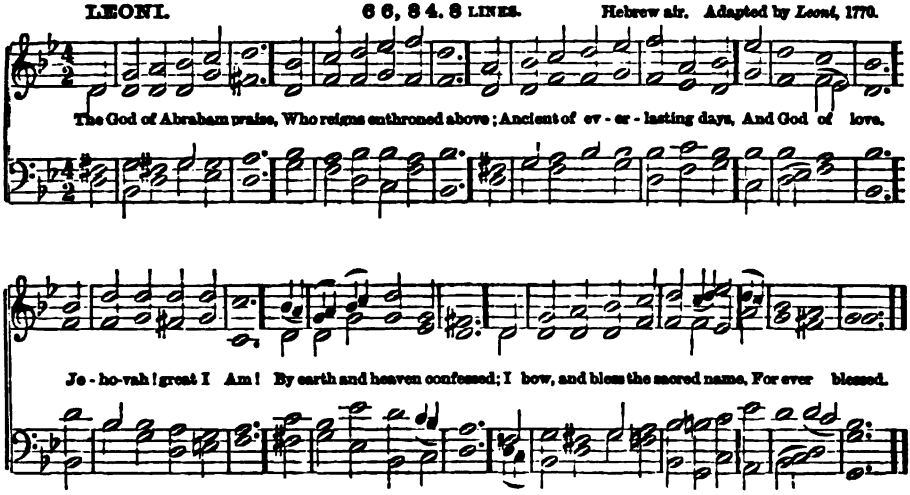
Psalm 146.

1 Oh! sing—"Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!"
His praises, my soul! with rapture record;
I 'll praise him while living, I 'll praise him in death,
His praise shall employ me, when panting for breath.

2 'T is good to rely on Israél's God;
He spreads the wide heavens in splendor abroad;
The earth and the seas are the work of his hand,
The word of Jehovah for ever shall stand.

3 Jehovah, most high, for ever shall reign;
O Zion! thy God shall ever remain;
His praise generations unceasing shall sing;
Praise—praise ye Jehovah, your Maker and King.

Edwin F. Hatfield, 1837.



264. *Abraham's God.*

1 The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, great I Am!
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow, and bless the sacred name,
For ever blessed.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways;
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

Thomas Olivers, 1770.

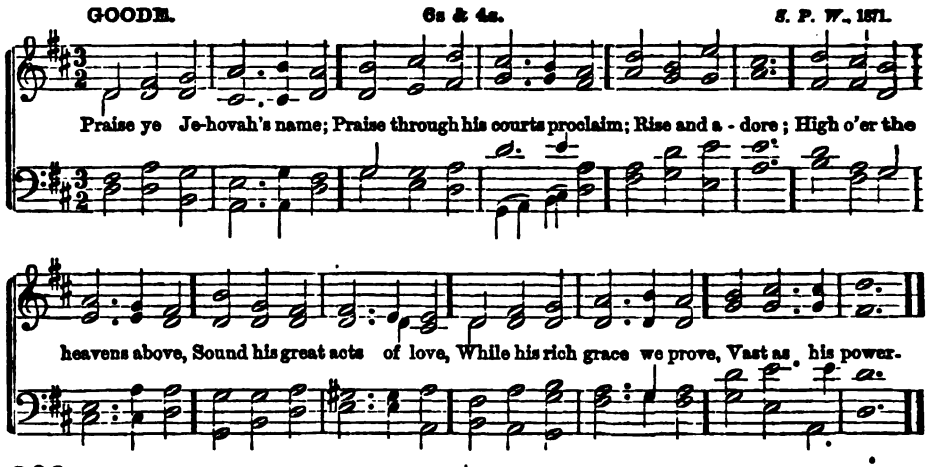
265. *The almighty King.*

1 The God, who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing;
And "Holy, holy, holy!" cry,
"Almighty King!
Who wert, and art the same,
And evermore shalt be;
Jehovah, Father, great I Am!
We worship thee."

2 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,
For ever new;
He shows his prints of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, through all the world above,
The slaughtered Lamb.

3 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high,
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry;
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers, 1770.



266.

PSALM 150.

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through his courts proclaim,
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as his fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound!
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

3 As his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath which flows
His noblest fame disclose;
Praise ye the Lord.

William Goode, 1811.

267.

"*Worthy the Lamb.*"

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let praises fill the sky;
Praise ye his name;
Angels! his name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And, saints! cry evermore,—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread his dear fame abroad,—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

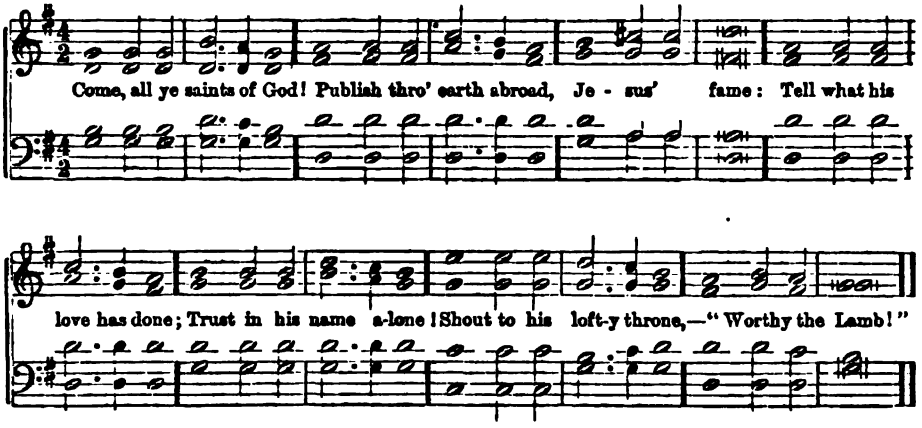
3 To him our hearts we raise;
None else shall have our praise;
Praise ye his name;
Him, our exalted Lord,
By us below adored,
We praise with one accord,—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Join, all the human race!
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say, with heart and voice,—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

5 Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
Praising his name;
To him we 'll tribute bring,
Laud him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

James Allen, 1788.

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s. *Thomas Hastings*, 1833.



268.

Praise to Jesus.

1 Come, all ye saints of God!
Publish through earth abroad,
Jesus' fame;
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Join our glad theme;
Beauty for ashes bring,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

James Boden, 1801.

269.

Jesus, our King.

1 Let us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice;
Each creature sing;
Angels! begin the song;
Mortals! the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,—
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchless fame,
What wonders done;
Shout through hell's dark profound,
Let all the earth resound,
Till the high heavens rebound,
"The victory's won."

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And the last foe will quell;
Mourners! rejoice;
His dying love adore;
Praise him, now raised in power;
And triumph evermore,
With a glad voice.

William Kingsbury, 1838.

270.

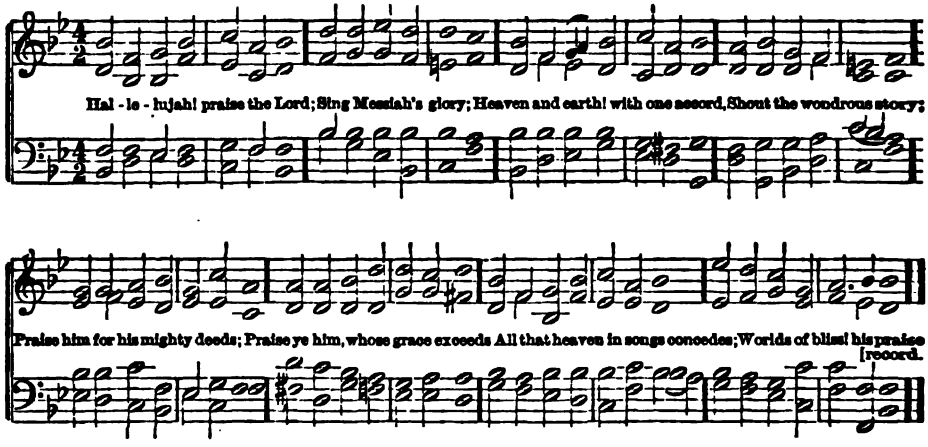
The Praise of Jesus.

1 Sing, sing his lofty praise,
Whom angels cannot raise,
But whom they sing;—
Jesus, who reigns above,
Object of angels' love,—
Jesus, whose grace we prove,
Jesus, our King!

2 Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought;
But, when we see his face,
In yonder glorious place,
Then we shall sing his grace,
Sing without fault.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

HALLELUJAH. 7s, 6s & 7s. S. P. W., 1871.



271. Psalm 150.

1 HALLELUJAH!—praise the Lord;
Sing Messiah's glory;
Heaven and earth! with one accord,
Shout the wondrous story;
Praise him for his mighty deeds;
Praise ye him, whose grace exceeds
All that heaven in songs concedes;
Worlds of bliss! his praise record.

2 Praise him with the trumpet's tongue,
Far and wide resounding;
Praise him with the harp well-strung,
While your hearts are bounding;
Praise him with the sweet-toned lyre;
Let his praise the lute inspire;
Praise him in a mighty choir;—
Let his praise be loudly sung.

3 Praise him with the viol's strings,
Waking joyous feeling;
While the vault of glory rings
With the organ's pealing;
Let the cymbals ring his praise,
Wake the clarion's grandest lays,
Praise the Lord through endless days:—
Him the wide creation sings.

Edwin F. Hatfield, 1857.

272. *The sweetest Name.*

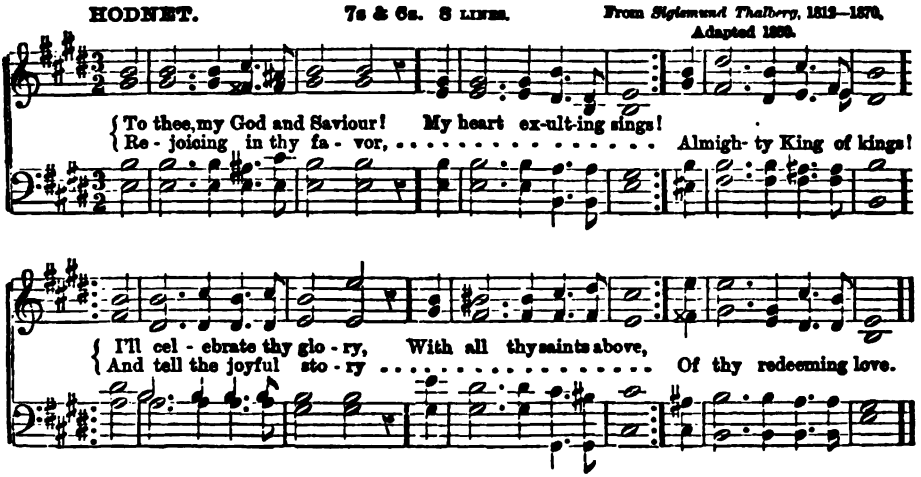
1 BURST, ye emeral gates! and bring
To my raptured vision,
All th' ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes;
Break, ye intervening skies!
Sun of righteousness! arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freshly flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Angels' trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the same.

3 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we, too, the holy lays,—
"Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
"Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

4 High ascend the mingling throngs,
Filled with heavenly fire;
Raise, believers! raise your songs,
Join the sacred choir;
Soon in yonder faith-viewed plain,
Ye shall shout in rapturous strain,
Free from sin, and free from pain,
While eternal ages reign.

Richard Kempenfelt, 1777.



273.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 To thee, my God and Saviour!
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn, with roses,
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice, in supplication,
Well-pleasèd thou shalt hear:
Oh! grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to their bright abode;
There, cast my crown before thee,—
Now, all my conflicts o'er,—
And day and night adore thee:—
What can an angel more?

Thomas Hewcis, 1792.

274.

"Gloria, laus, et honor."

1 All glory, laud, and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou, David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comést,
The King and Blesséd One.

3 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise, and prayer, and anthems,
Before thee we present.

5 To thee, before thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

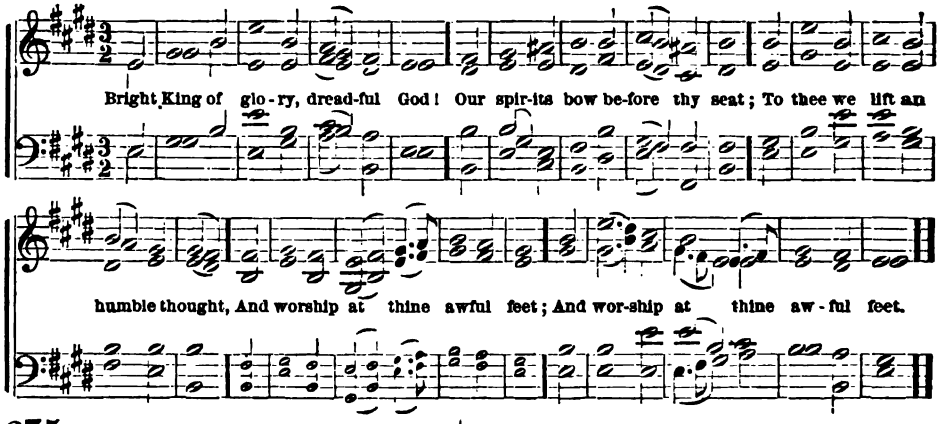
6 Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!

7 With all thy wide creation,
We 'll celebrate thy praise;
We 'll sing of thy salvation
Through everlasting days.

8 Ye ransomed! tell the story
To all the heavenly host;
To Father, Son, give glory,
And to the Holy Ghost.

Lat., *Theodulph*, 821.
Tr., *John Mason Neale*, 1856, r

ROTHWELL. L. M. *William Tansur, cir. 1743*



275. *God, the Son, equal with the Father.*

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

3 Yet there is one, of human frame,—
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,—
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one, [names.
Though they are known by different
The Father God, and God the Son.

5 Then let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honors be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

276. *The Deity and Humanity of Christ.*

1 ERE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand:
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 But lo! he leaves those heavenly forms;
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Mortals with joy behold his face,—
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone!

5 Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

277. *Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.*

1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb!
When all the notes, that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?

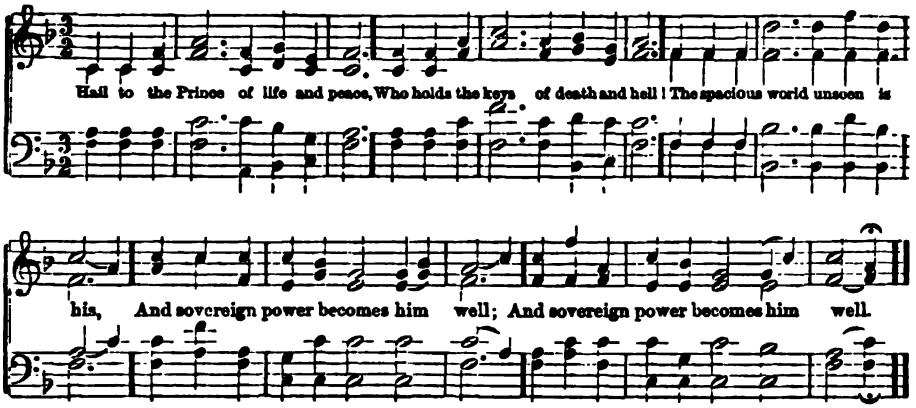
2 Worthy is he that once was slain,—
The Prince of peace, that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say,—Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

ANVERN. L. M. Ger: Adapted by *Lowell Mason*, 1840.



278.

The Dominion of Christ.

1 Hail to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is his,
And sovereign power becomes him well.

2 In shame and torment once he died;—
But now he lives for evermore:
Bow down, ye saints! around his seat,
And, all ye angel bands! adore!

3 So live for ever, glorious Lord!
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends;
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

5 For ever reign, victorious King!
Wide through the earth thy name be known!
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

279.

The Glories of Christ.

1 Go, worship at Immanuel's feet;
See in his face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colors not her own.

3 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

4 Oh! let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise;
There he displays his powers abroad,
And shines, and reigns, th' incarnate God.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

280.

"Exsultet Cor Præcordiis."

1 Let every heart exulting beat
With joy, at Jesus' name of bliss:
With every pure delight replete,
And passing sweet, its music is.

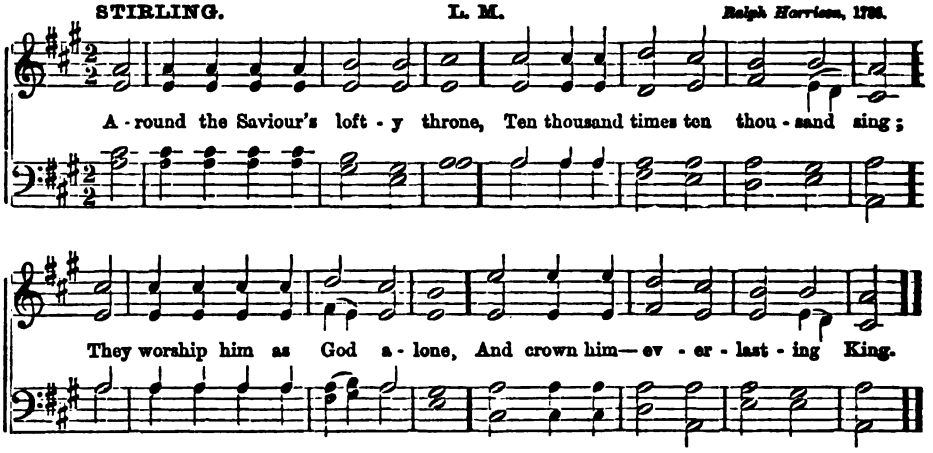
2 Jesus the comfortless consoles;
Jesus each sinful fever quells;
Jesus the power of hell controls;
Jesus each deadly foe repels.

3 Oh! speak his glorious name abroad!
Jesus let every tongue confess!
Let every heart and voice accord
The Healer of our souls to bless.

4 Jesus, the sinner's Friend! abide
With us, and hearken to our prayer;
Thy frail and erring wanderers guide,
In mercy our transgressions spare.

5 All might, all glory be to thee,
Refulgent with this name divine!
All honor, worship, majesty,
Jesus! for evermore be thine.

Tr., *John D. Chambers* 1857, a.



281. *Christ, the supreme God and King.*

1 AROUND the Saviour's lofty throne,
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing;
They worship him as God alone,
And crown him—everlasting King.

2 Approach, ye saints! this God is yours;
'T is Jesus, fills the throne above:
Ye cannot fail, while God endures;
Ye cannot want, while God is love.

3 Jesus, thou everlasting King!
To thee the praise of heaven belongs;
Yet, smile on us who fain would bring
The tribute of our humbler songs.

4 Though sin defile our worship here,
We hope ere long thy face to view,
In heaven with angels to appear,
And praise thy name as angels do.

Thomas Kelly, 1804, a.

282. *"Rex Christe, Factor omnium."*

1 O CHRIST! our King, Creator, Lord!
Saviour of all who trust thy word!
To them who seek thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

2 In thy dear cross a grace is found,—
It flows from every streaming wound,—
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

3 Thou didst create the stars of night;
Yet thou hast veiled in flesh thy light,
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror! never more to die,
Us by thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

Lat., *Gregory I.*, 600.
Tr., *Ray Palmer*, 1858.

283. *Universal Praise to Christ.*

1 O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven! to thee,
Clothed with all majesty divine,
Eternal power and glory be!
Eternal praise, of right, is thine.

2 Reign, Prince of life! that once thy brow
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn;
Reign, throned beside the Father now,
Adored the Son of God first-born.

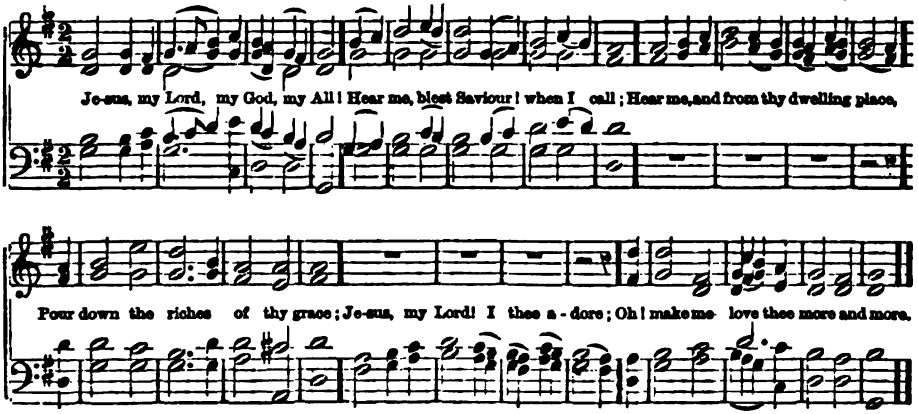
3 From angel hosts that round thee stand,
With forms more pure than spotless snow,
From the bright burning seraph band,
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.

4 To thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,
Born of deep fervent love, shall rise;
All honor to thy name belongs,
Our lips would sound it to the skies.

5 "Jesus!"—all earth shall speak the word;
"Jesus!"—all heaven resound it still;
Immanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord!
Thy praise the universe shall fill.

Ray Palmer, 1867.

ADMAH. L. M. 6 LINES. *Lowell Mason, 1836.*



284.

Jesus adored.

1 JESUS, my Lord, my God, my All!
Hear me, blest Saviour! when I call;
Hear me, and, from thy dwelling place,
Pour down the riches of thy grace:
Jesus, my Lord! I thee adore;
Oh! make me love thee more and more.

2 Jesus! too late I thee have sought;
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy name?
Jesus, my Lord! I thee adore;
Oh! make me love thee more and more.

3 Jesus! what didst thou find in me,
That thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus! my Lord! I thee adore;
Oh! make me love thee more and more.

4 Jesus! of thee shall be my song;
To thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is thine,
And thou, blest Saviour! thou art mine:
Jesus, my Lord! I thee adore:
Oh! make me love thee more and more.

Henry Collins, 1852.

285.

Glory and Grace in Christ.

1 Now to the Lord, a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thy hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace!—'t is a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

6 Oh! may I live to reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

286.

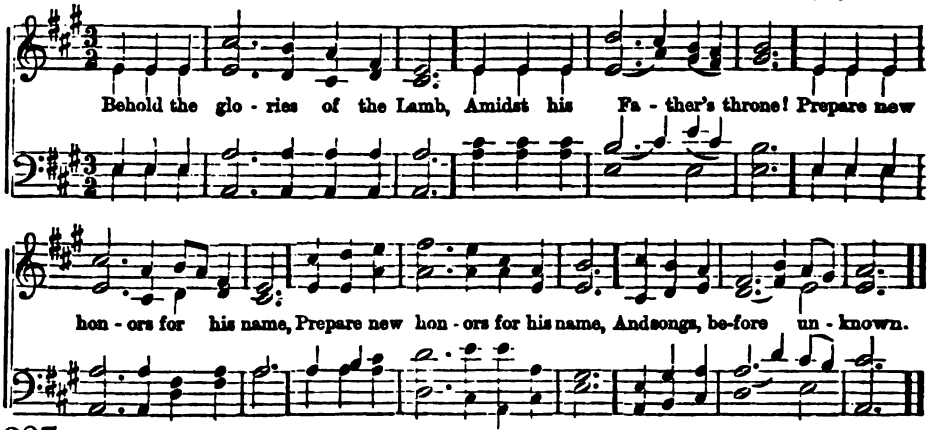
Worthy the Lamb.

1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,—
In earth, or heaven, the Lord of all!
Ye princes! rulers! powers! obey,
And low before his footstool fall.

2 Higher—still higher, swell the strain;
Creation's voice the note prolong!
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign:—
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

Walter Shirley, 1774.

TAPPAN. C. M. *George Kingsley, 1838.*



287.

A new Song to the Lamb.

1 Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne!
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs, before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayérs of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever, on thy head!

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

Isaac Watts, 1698.

288.

The infinite Worth of Christ.

1 Infinite excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace!
Thine uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givést more.

4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee:
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1782.

289.

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

1 Oh! the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

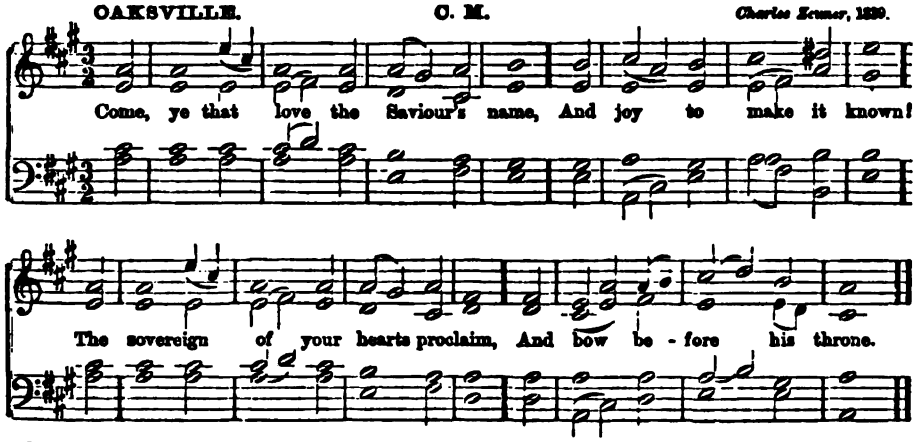
2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble distance bow.

3 Archangels sound his lofty praise,
Through every heavenly street;
And lay their highest honors down,
Submissive, at his feet.

4 This is the man, th' exalted man,
Whom we, unseen, adore;
But, when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

5 Lord! how our souls are all on fire,
To see thy blest abode;
Our tongues rejoice, in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God.

Isaac Watts, 1707.



290.

The King of Saints.

1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known!
The sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all-divine!
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays;
You, that have e'er beheld his face!
Can you forbear his praise?

4 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord! teach our songs to rise;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

Anne Steele, 1760.

291.

Christ worshiped by all the Creation.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us!"

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord! for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him, that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

292.

Praise to Christ.

1 Come, let us all unite to praise
The Saviour of mankind;
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
Be with our voices joined.

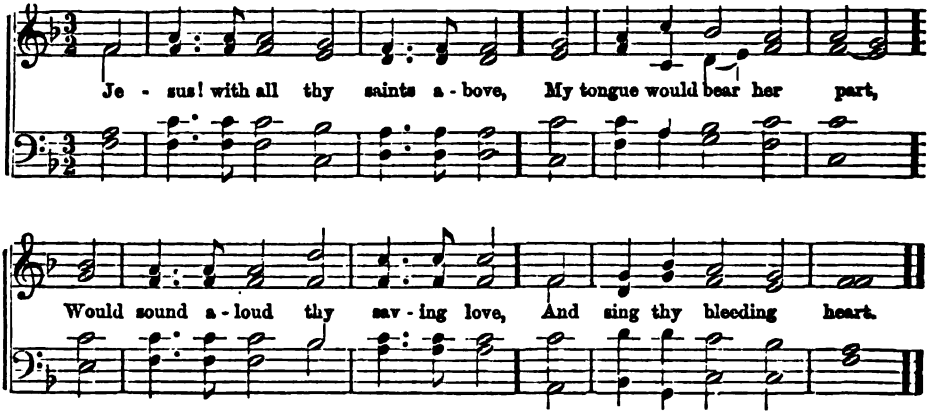
2 O Lord! we cannot silent be;
By love we are constrained
To offer our best thanks to thee,
Our Saviour, and our Friend.

3 Let every tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame;
Let every heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name.

4 Worship and honor, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus given,
By men below, by hosts above,
By all in earth and heaven.

Martin Madan [?], 1769.

ARLINGTON. (ARTAXERXES.) C. M. Arr. from *Thomas A. Arne*, 1762.



293. *Redemption by Price and Power.*

1 JESUS! with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Blessed be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quenched his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood:—

3 The Lamb, that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl,
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace!

Isaac Watts, 1707.

294. *Hosanna.*

1 HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord;
With cherubim and seraphim,
Exalt th' incarnate Word.

2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest!
How vast thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood, our life; thy word, our feast;
Thy name, our only plea.

3 Hosanna! Master! lo! we bring
Our offerings to thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be thine own.

4 Hosanna! once thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

5 O Saviour! if redeemed by thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

William H. Havergal, 1833.

295. *"The Lord is King."*

1 HAIL, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Let powers immortal sing;
Adore the co-eternal Word;
Rejoice,—The Lord is King!

2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
Thy name hosannas ring;
Around thy throne their myriads crowd,
And shout,—The Lord is King!

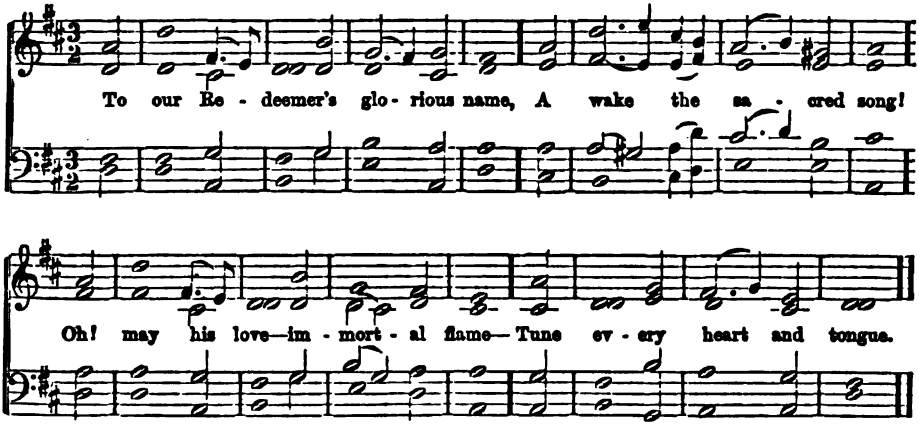
3 Hail him, they cry, ye sons of light!
Of joy th' eternal Spring;
Praise him, who formed you by his might;
Rejoice,—The Lord is King!

4 Hail him, ye saints! whose love for you
Has drawn the monster's sting;
Oh! render to the Lord his due;
Rejoice,—The Lord is King!

5 Let worlds above and worlds below,
In songs united sing;
And, while eternal ages flow,
Rejoice,—The Lord is King!

Edward Perronet, 1785, a.

MESSIAH. (BRADFORD.) C. M. *George Frederick Händel, 1741.*



296. *The Love of Christ celebrated.*

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
Oh! may his love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder, dies away.

3 Dear Lord! while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,—
"The Saviour died for me!"

4 Oh! may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

Anne Steele, 1760.

297. PSALM 45.

1 I'LL speak the honors of my King,—
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crowned thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince!
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terrors shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God! for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

298. *Jesus is God.*

1 JESUS is God! the glorious bands
Of holy angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to him,
Their Maker and their King.

2 He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross, true God;
He who, in heaven, eternal reigned,
In time, on earth abode.

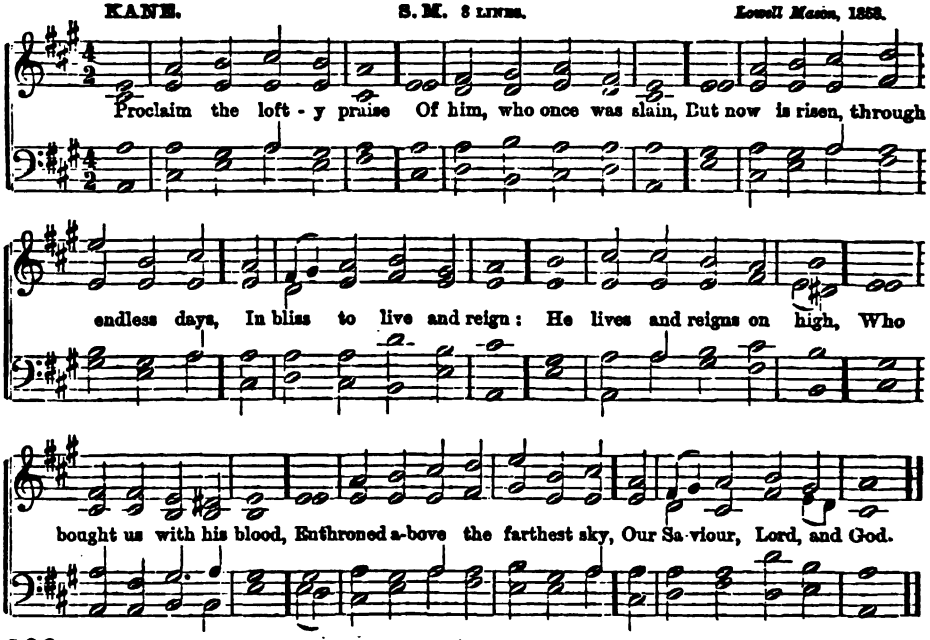
3 Jesus is God! there never was
A time, when he was not;
Boundless, eternal, merciful,
The Word the Sire begot;

4 Backward our thoughts thro' ages stretch,
Onward through endless bliss,—
For there are two eternities,
And both alike are his.

5 Jesus is God! Oh! could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!

6 Oh! had I but an angel's voice,
I would proclaim so loud,
Jesus, the Good, the Beautiful,
Is everlasting God.

Frederick Wm. Faber, 1862.



299. *Worship paid to Christ.*

1 PROCLAIM the lofty praise
Of him who once was slain,
But now is risen, through endless days,
In bliss, to live and reign:
He lives and reigns on high,
Who bought us with his blood,
Enthroned above the farthest sky,
Our Saviour, Lord, and God.

2 The Son of God adore;
Ye ransomed! spread his fame;
With joy and gladness, evermore
Extol his glorious name:
Let every tongue confess
That Jesus Christ is Lord,
And every creature join to bless
The great incarnate Word.

3 All honor, power, and praise,
To Jesus' name belong;
With hosts seraphic, glad, we raise
The joy-inspiring song:—
"Worthy the Lamb," they cry,
"That on the cross was slain,
But now, ascended up on high,
Lives evermore to reign."

4 He lives to bless and save
The souls redeemed by grace,
And rescue from the dreary grave
His chosen ransomed race;
And soon we hope, above,
A louder strain to sing,
With all our powers to praise and love
Our Saviour, God, and King.

Anon., 1839, a.

300. *Persevering Grace.*

1 To God, the only-wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints, below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.

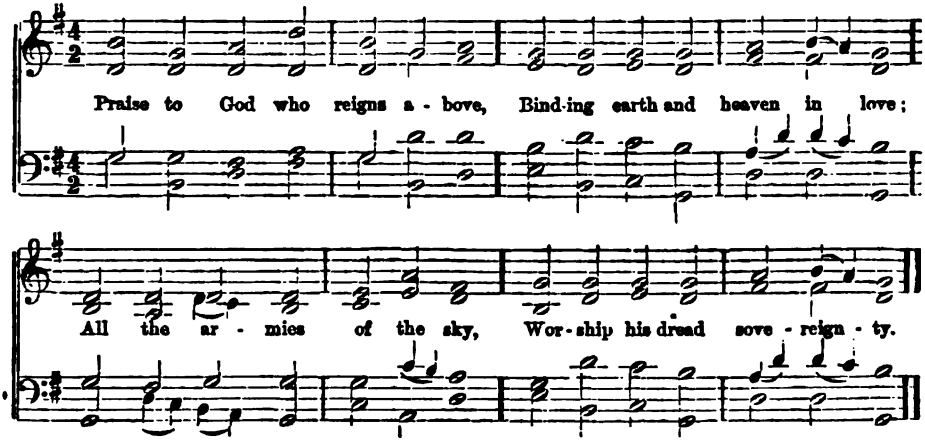
2 'T is his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom, with power, belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs

Isaac Watts, 1709.

NUREMBERG. 7s. *Johann Rudolf Ahle* 1664.



301.

The incarnate Deity.

1 Praise to God who reigns above,
Binding earth and heaven in love;
All the armies of the sky
Worship his dread sovereignty.

2 Seraphim his praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, dominions, princes, powers,
Ranks of might that never cowers.

3 Angel hosts his word fulfill,
Ruling nature by his will;
Round his throne archangels pour
Songs of praise for evermore.

4 Yet on man they joy to wait,
All that bright celestial state,
For true man their Lord they see,
Christ, th' incarnate Deity.

5 On the throne our Lord, who died,
Sits in manhood glorified;
Where his people faint below,
Angels count it joy to go.

6 Oh! the depths of joy divine,
Thrilling through those orders nine,
When the lost are found again,
When the banished come to reign!

7 Now in faith, in hope, in love,
We will join the choirs above,
Praising, with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Richard M. Benson, 1851.

302.

Immanuel.

1 God with us! O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite;
O mysterious depth and height!

2 God with us! amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints! his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! but tainted not
With our father Adam's blot;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! O wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

Miss S. S——n, 1779, a.

303.

The Reign of Christ.

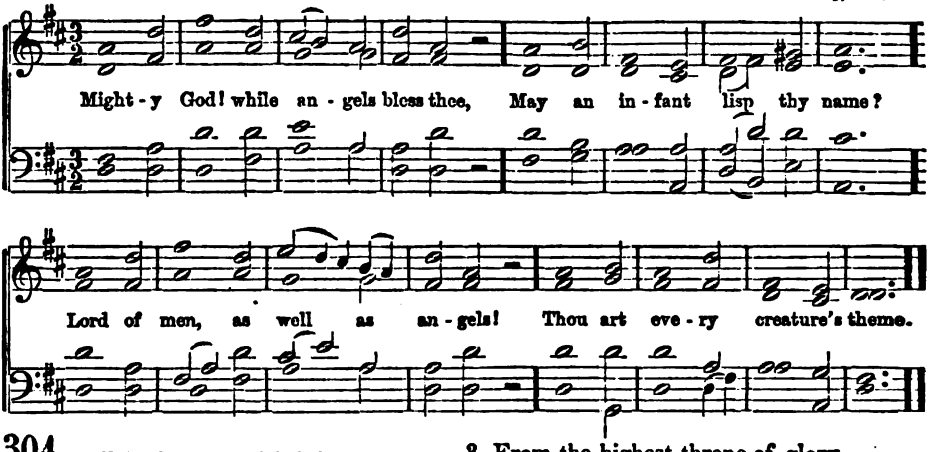
1 Hark the loud triumphant strains!
God, the King of glory, reigns;
Jesus reigns, enthroned above,
Jesus reigns, the God of love.

2 Hail! immortal King of heaven!
Lamb of God, for sinners given!
Endless glory is thine own;
Thou art worthy—thou alone.

3 All creation owns thy sway;
Hail the blessèd happy day!
Thee we worship, as we sing—
Jesus! hail! eternal King!

Thomas Kelly, 1802, a.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. *Ithamar Conkey, 1851.*



304. *Christ, the Creator and the Redeemer.*

1 Mighty God! while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme.

2 Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and lawful praise.

3 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;—
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;

4 For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;—
Blesséd be thy gentle reign.

5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along!—
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song?

Robert Robinson, 1774.

305. *Christ adored.*

1 Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue! such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:—

2 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?—
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise!

3 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives!—
Flow, my praise! for ever flow:

4 Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever;—
Be the kingdom all thine own!

Robert Robinson, 1774.

306. *Glory to the Lamb.*

1 Hark the notes of angels, singing,
"Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.

2 Ye, for whom his life was given!
Sacred themes to you belong;
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

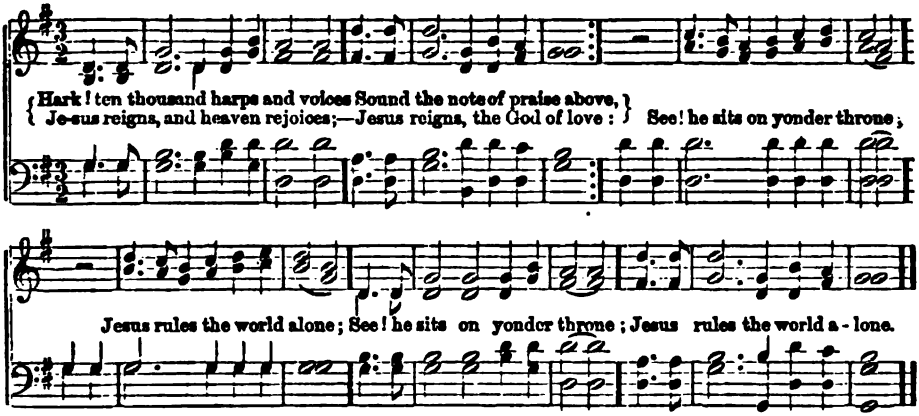
3 See th' angelic hosts have crowned him,
Jesus fills the throne on high:
Countless myriads, hovering round him,
With his praises rend the sky.

4 Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above;
Sweet the theme—a free salvation!
Fruit of everlasting love.

5 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name,
Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb!

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

HARWELL. 8s, 7s & 7, or 8s & 7s. 8 LINES. *Lowell Mason, 1840.*



307. *Christ, the Lamb, enthroned and worshiped.*

1 HARK!—ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above,
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;—
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See! he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus! hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life! thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord! we own it love divine.

3 King of glory! reign for ever!
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring—Oh! bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then, with golden harps, we 'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King."

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

308. PSALM 118.

1 CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail! ye saints! who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found,—
There, on high exalt the Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Jesus! thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints! his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

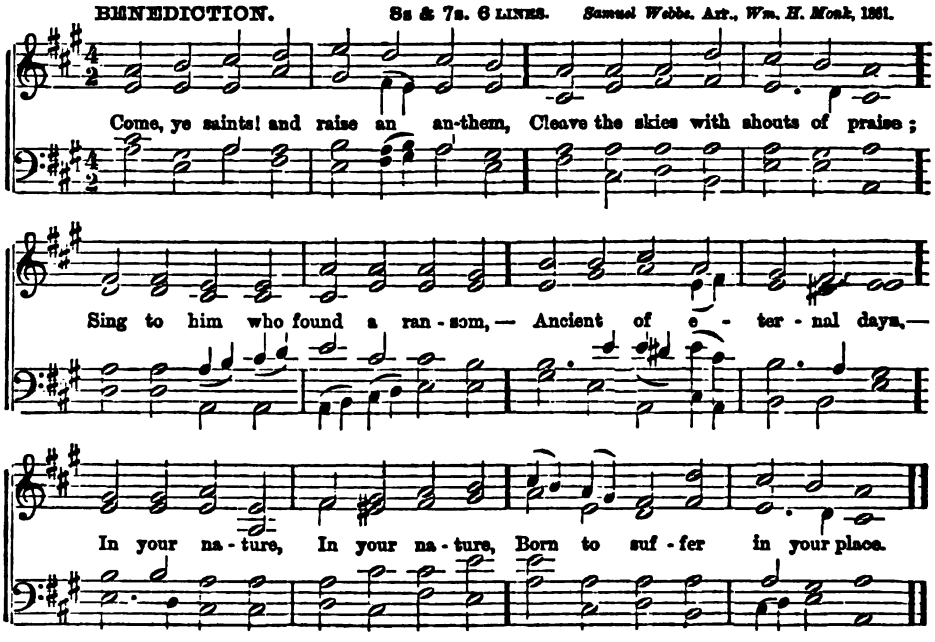
William Goode, 1811.

309. *Jesus worshiped.*

1 Jesus! hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

2 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
When we join th' angelic spirits,
In their sweetest, noblest lays,
We will sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell, 1760, a.



310.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 Come, ye saints! and raise an anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
Sing to him who found a ransom, —
Ancient of eternal days, —
In your nature,
Born to suffer in your place.

2 Ere he raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the seas, or built the sky,
Love, eternal, free, and boundless,
Moved the Lord of life to die —
Die for traitors
Justly doomed to endless pains.

3 High on yon celestial mountains,
Stands his gem-built throne, all-bright,
Midst incessant acclamations,
Bursting from the sons of light:
Zion's praises
Are his chosen dwelling-place.

4 Bring your harps, and bring your odors,
Sweep the string, and pour the lay,
View his works, behold his wonders,
Let hosannas crown the day!
He is worthy
Of eternal, boundless praise.

Job Hupton, 1806.

311.

The King of Glory.

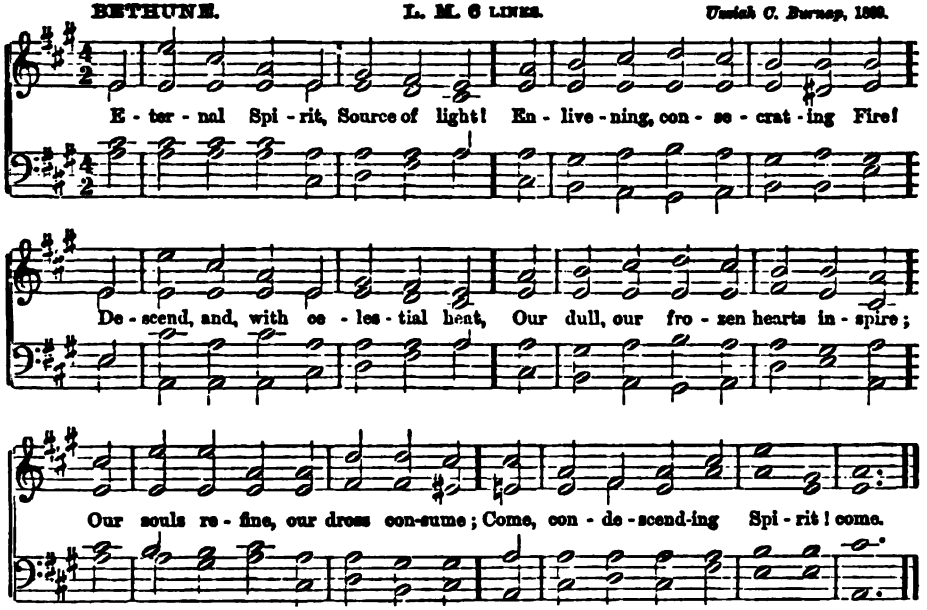
1 GLORY be to God, the Father!
Glory be to God, the Son!
Glory be to God, the Spirit! —
Great Jehovah, three in one!
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to him who bought us,
Made us kings with him to reign!
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels!
Glory to the church's King!
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth your praises bring;
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings:
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

Horatius Bonar, 1866.



312.

The Holy Spirit addressed.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, Source of light!
Enlivening, consecrating Fire!
Descend, and, with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;
Our souls refine, our dross consume;
Come, condescending Spirit! come.

2 In our cold breast, Oh! strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumbed and stupid still;
Come vivifying, Spirit! come,
And make our hearts thy constant home.

3 Whatever guilt and madness dare,
We would not quench the heavenly fire;
Our hearts as fuel we prepare,
Though in the flame we should expire;
Our breasts expand to make thee room;
Come, purifying Spirit! come.

4 Let pure devotion's fervors rise;
Let every pious passion glow:
Oh! let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, condescending Spirit! come,
And make our souls thy constant home.

Samuel Davies, 1769.

313.

"Veni, Creator Spiritus!"

1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

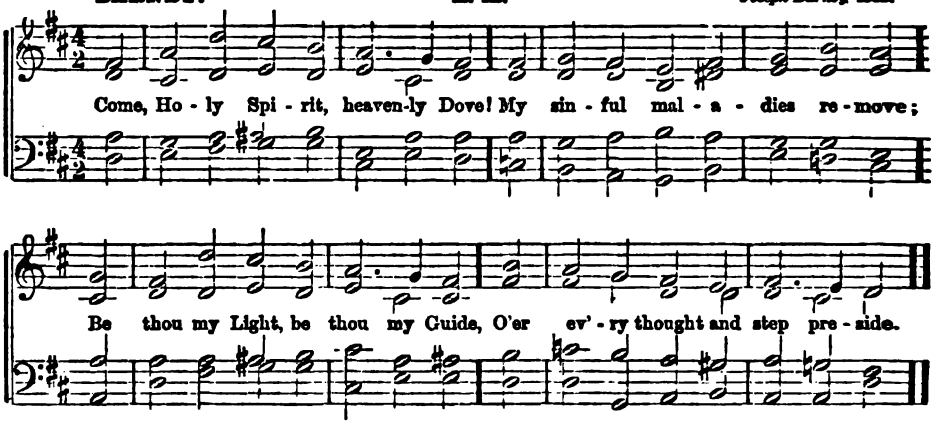
2 O source of uncreated light!
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, Oh! inflame and fire our hearts;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by thee.

4 Immortal honors, endless fame,
Attend th' almighty Father's name!
The Saviour Son, be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died!
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete! to thee!

Lat., *Rabanus Maurus*, 840.
Tr., *John Dryden*, 1693.

BARNBY. L. M. *Joseph Barnby* 1866.



314. *The Guidance of the Spirit.*

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
My sinful maladies remove;
Be thou my Light, be thou my Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far,
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest.

4 Lead me to Christ, the living way,
Nor let me from his pastures stray;
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

5 Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.

Simon Browne, 1720.

315. *"Veni, Creator Spiritus!"*

1 Come, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter! to thee we cry;
O highest Gift of God most high!
O Fount of life! O Fire of love!
And sweet Anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Lat., *Rabanus Maurus*, 840.
Tr., *Edward Caswall*, 1849.

316. *The Descent of the Holy Spirit.*

1 Spirit of power, and truth, and love,
Who sitt'st enthroned in light above!
Descend, and bear us on thy wings,
Far from these low and fleeting things.

2 'T is thine the wounded soul to heal;
'T is thine to make the hardened feel;
Thine to give light to blinded eyes,
And bid the groveling spirit rise.

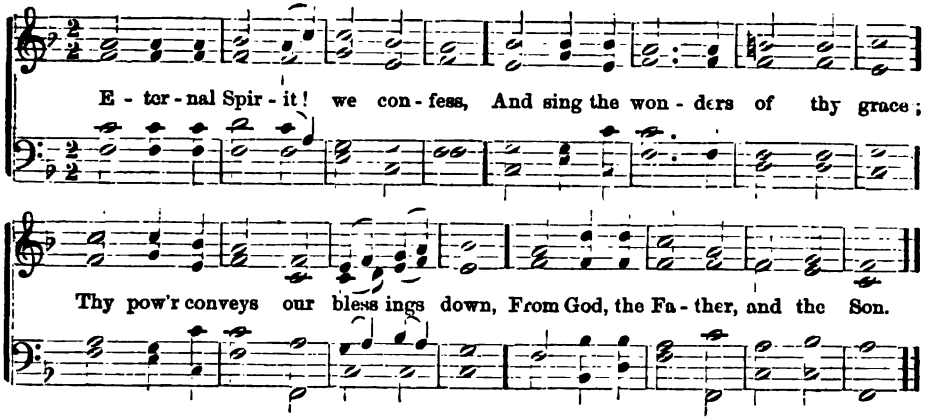
3 When faith is weak, and courage fails,
When grief or doubt our soul assails,
Who can, like thee, our spirits cheer?
Great Comforter! be ever near.

4 Come, Holy Spirit! like the fire;
With burning zeal our souls inspire;
Come, like the south wind, breathing balm
Our joys refresh, our passions calm.

5 Come, like the sun's enlightening beam
Come, like the cooling, cleansing stream
With all thy graces present be: —
Spirit of God! we wait for thee.

Wm. Lindsay Alexander, 1867

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. *Henry K. Oliver, 1832.*



317. *The Operations of the Holy Spirit.*

1 Eternal Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down,
From God, the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

318. *The Work of the Holy Spirit.*

1 Come, sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let thy godlike power be known.

2 Speak thou, and, from the haughtiest eyes,
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace, which now they scorn.

3 Oh! let a holy flock await,
Numerous around thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

319. *The Teachings of the Spirit.*

1 Come, blessèd Spirit, Source of light!
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes, display
The glorious truths thy word reveals,
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Thy book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

Benjamin Beddome, 1770.

320. *Prayer for spiritual Enjoyment.*

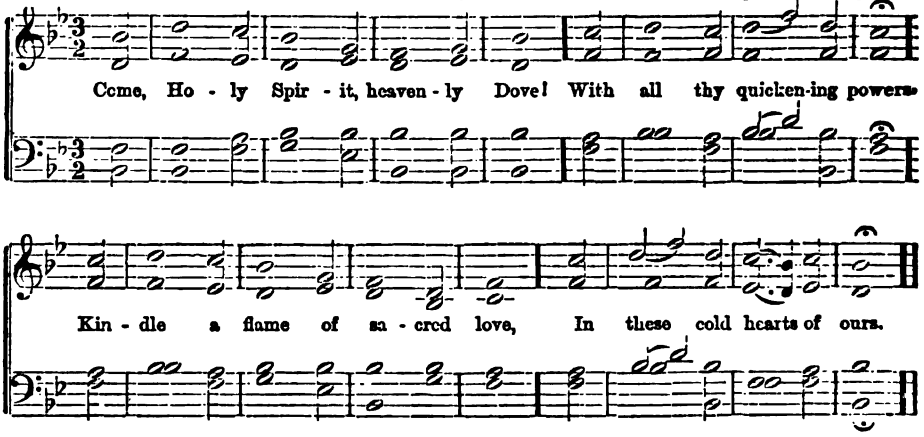
1 Come, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of heavenly fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame;
Teach it to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart.
And let me now the Saviour see.
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

Anon., 1837

BALERMA. C. M. Spanish Melody. Adapted by R. Simpson.



321.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,—
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look — how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

322.

Pentecost.

1 Spirit of truth! on this thy day,
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord! thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim,
With fervor in our own.

3 We mourn not, that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace thy will,
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

5 When tongues shall cease, and power
And knowledge empty prove, [decay,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay,
With faith, with hope, with love.

Reginald Heber, 1812.

323.

The Hope of Salvation.

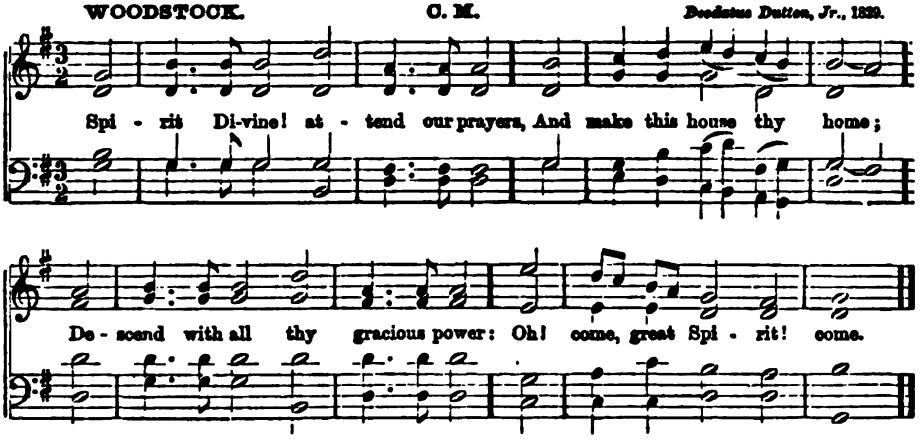
1 Eternal Spirit! — God of truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'T is thine to soothe the sorrowing soul,
With guilt and fears oppressed;
'T is thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we 're the sons of God;
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

Thomas Cotterill, 1819.



324.

The Descent of the Spirit.

1 Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
Oh! come, great Spirit! come.

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dove; and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy church on earth become
Blessed as the church above.

5 Come as the wind; with rushing sound,
And pentecostal grace,
That all, of woman born, may see
The glory of thy face.

Andrew Reed, 1841.

325.

The Spirit's Work.

1 Eternal Spirit! by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts thy blessing shower;
And stir them with thy breath.

2 'T is thine to point the heavenly way,
Each rising fear control,
And, with a warm, enlivening ray,
To melt the icy soul.

3 'T is thine to cheer us, when distressed,
To raise us, when we fall;
To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
And aid when sinners call.

4 'T is thine to bring God's sacred word,
And write it on our heart;
There its reviving truths record,
And there its peace impart.

5 Almighty Spirit! visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways;
Pour down thy quickening grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise.

Wm. Hiley Bathurst, 1839.

326.

The Fount of Light.

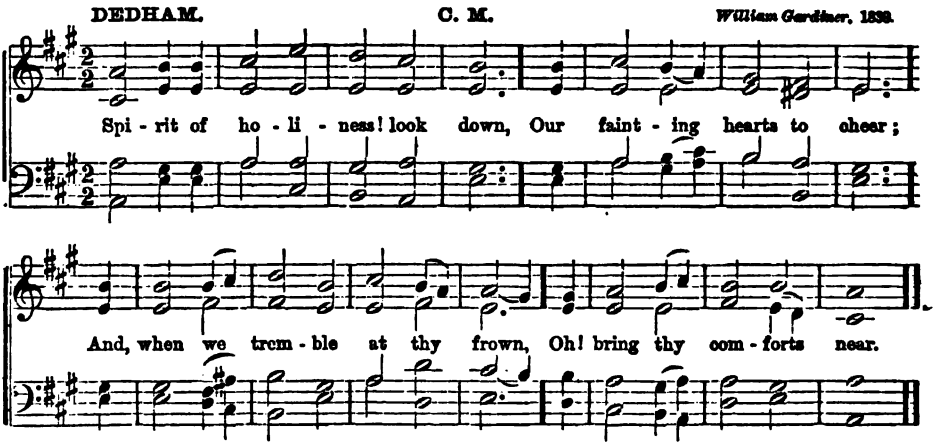
1 Come, Holy Ghost! our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire!
Fountain of light and love!

2 Come, Holy Ghost! for, moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, — thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove!
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

Charles Wesley, 1749.



327.

The Spirit of Adoption.

1 Spirit of holiness! look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer;
And, when we tremble at thy frown,
Oh! bring thy comforts near.

2 The fear, which thy convictions wrought,
Oh! let thy grace remove;
And may the souls, which thou hast taught
To weep, now learn to love.

3 Now let thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before;
Now on our hearts impress thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.

4 Complete the work thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light, —
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

5 Then, as the wondering eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language, we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

Wm. Hiley Bathurst, 1830.

328.

The Source of Life and Light.

1 Great Spirit! by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
Darkness and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us for ever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise;
Complete redemption bring;
New tongues impart, to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
Exulting, then, we feel, and own
Our Jesus glorified.

Thomas Hewett, 1792.

329.

The new-creating Spirit.

1 Spirit of power and might! behold
A world by sin destroyed;
Creator Spirit! as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the word; that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

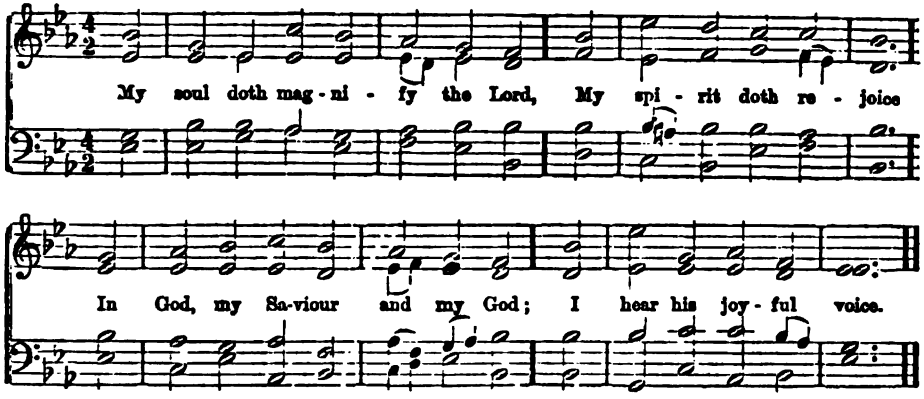
3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When thou shalt all renew?

4 And, if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom the Saviour came?

5 So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

James Montgomery, 1825.

BEDFORD. C. M. *William Wheall*: ob. 1699.



330.

The Comforter.

1 My soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God, my Saviour and my God;
I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home;
My sighs are turnéd into songs,
The Comforter is come!

3 Down from above, the blesséd Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my heavenly feast.

John Mason, 1683.

331.

The Outpouring of the Spirit.

1 Let songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our heart reveals;
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

4 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love,
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

Thomas Cotterill, 1810, a.

332.

"O Fons Amoris!"

1 O Holy Spirit, Fount of love,
Blest Source of gifts divine!
Kindle, we pray thee, from above,
The inmost souls of thine.

2 Bond of the sacred Trinity!
Knit thou our hearts in one,
To know the blessed unity
Of Father and of Son.

3 Shed in each faithful heart abroad
Love that doth all excel;
That God in us, and we in God,
For evermore may dwell.

W. J. E. L——, 1869.

333.

"Veni, Creator Spiritus!"

1 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator! come,
Inspire these souls of thine;
Till every heart, which thou hast made,
Is filled with grace divine.

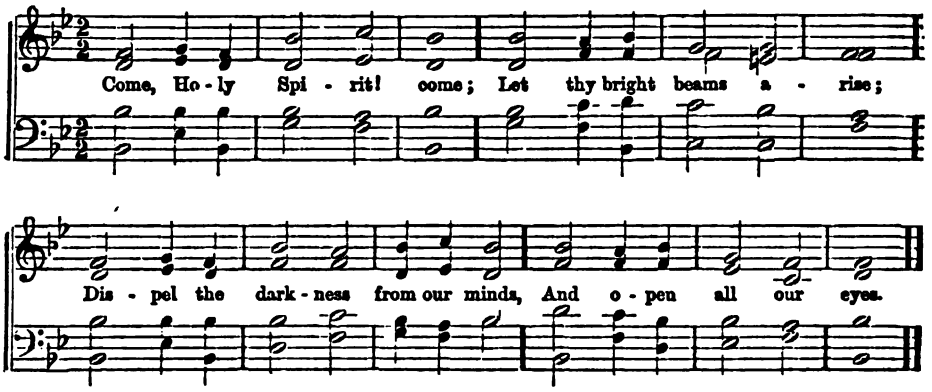
2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

4 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And with them both, thee, Holy Ghost!
Who art from both derived.

Lat., *Rabanus Maurus*, 840.
Tr., *Nahum Tate*, (?) 1703.

OLMUTZ. S. M. From a *Gregorian Chant*; Adapted by *Lowell Mason*, 1832.



334. *The sanctifying Spirit.*

1 Come, Holy Spirit! come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

335. *The Descent of the Spirit.*

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre, shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

James Montgomery, 1819.

336. *The Spirit's Work.*

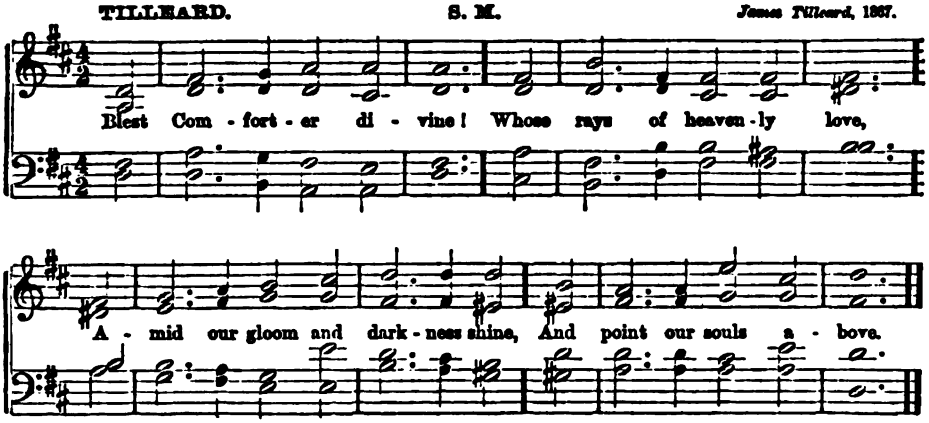
1 Spirit of faith! come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.

2 'T is thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see;
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

3 Oh! that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith! descend and show
The virtue of his name.

4 The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

Charles Wesley, 1767.



337.

The Comforter.

1 Blest Comforter Divine!
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;—

2 Thou! who with "still small voice,"
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;—

3 Thou! whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear;—

4 Thou! who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race;—
Blest Comforter! to us impart
The blessings of thy grace.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, 1825.

338.

The Pentecostal Spirit.

1 O Holy Spirit! come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh! tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove,
By thine almighty breath;
Oh! work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come, with resistless power;
Come, with almighty grace;
Come, with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

4 We know thou hast the power;
Oh! let that power be shown;
We know that this is mercy's hour;
Oh! make thy mercy known.

5 Thy sceptre, Lord! extend,
Pity our deep distress;
Thou art the contrite sinner's Friend,
Thy waiting servants bless.

6 We bless thee for thy grace,
And thine almighty power;
We bless thee for thy holy place,
And this accepted hour.

Oswald Allen, 1862.

339.

The quickening Spirit.

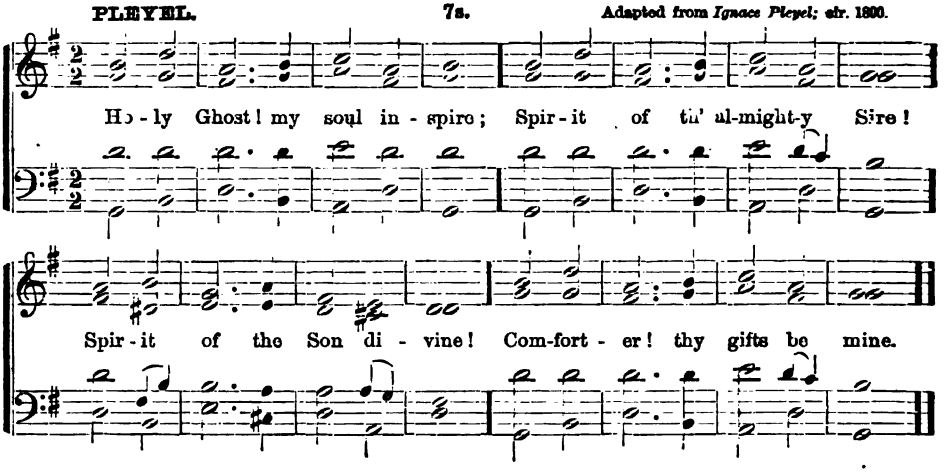
1 Come, Holy Spirit! come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy, shine.

2 From the celestial hills,
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 Oh! melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

Benjamin Beddome, 1770.



340.

Faith, Hope, and Love.

1 Holy Ghost! my soul inspire;
Spirit of th' almighty Sire!
Spirit of the Son divine!
Comforter! thy gifts be mine.

2 Holy Spirit! in my breast,
Grant that lively faith may rest;
And subdue each rebel thought
To believe what thou hast taught.

3 When around my sinking soul
Gathering waves of sorrow roll,
Spirit blest! the tempest still,
And with hope my bosom fill.

4 Holy Spirit! from my mind
Thought, and wish, and will unkind,
Deed and word unkind remove,
And my bosom fill with love.

5 Faith, and hope, and charity,
Comforter! descend from thee:
Thou th' anointing Spirit art;
These thy gifts to us impart!

6 Till our faith be lost in sight,
Hope be swallowed in delight,
Love return to dwell with thee,
In the threefold Deity.

Richard Mant, 1837.

341.

The indwelling Spirit.

1 Holy Ghost! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine:
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme,—and reign alone.

Andrew Reed, 1842.

342.

The sealing Spirit.

1 Gracious Spirit! Dove divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

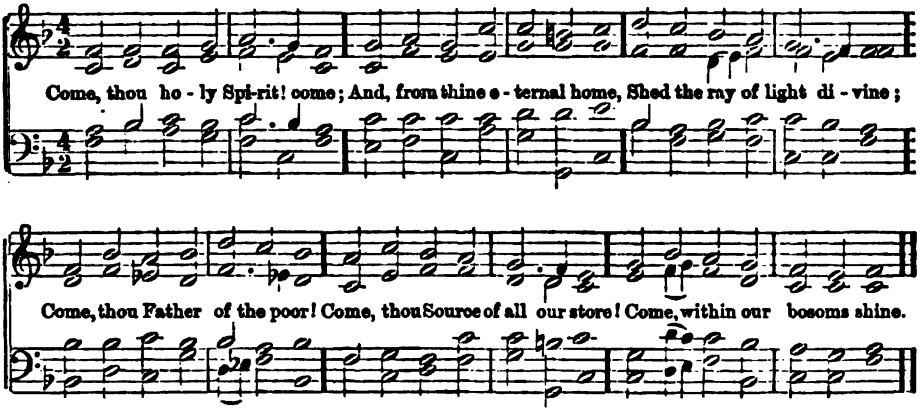
2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord! for ever thine.

John Stocker, 1776.

SANCTUS SPIRITUS. 7s. 6 LINES. *Samuel Webbe, cir. 1800.*



343.

"Veni, Sancte Spiritus!"

1 COME, thou Holy Spirit! come;
And, from thine eternal home,
Shed the ray of light divine;
Come, thou Father of the poor!
Come, thou Source of all our store!
Come, within our bosoms shine.

2 Thou, of comforters the best,
Thou, the soul's most welcome Guest,
Sweet refreshment here below!
In our labor, rest most sweet;
Grateful shadow from the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe!

3 O most blesséd Light divine,
Shine within these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill;
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All our good is turned to ill.

4 Heal our wounds, our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.

5 On the faithful, who adore
And confess thee, evermore
In thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them virtue's sure reward,
Give them thy salvation, Lord!
Give them joys that never end.

Lat., *Robert II. of France*, 996.
Tr., *Edward Caswall*, 1849.

344.

The Guidance of the Spirit.

1 HOLY Spirit! once again
Come, thou true eternal God!
Nor thy power descend in vain;
Make us ever thine abode;
Let the Spirit, joy and light,
Dwell in us where all was night.

2 Pour into our heart and mind
Wisdom, counsel, truth, and love,
That we be to naught inclined,
Save what thou mayest well approve;
Let thy knowledge spread and grow,
Working error's overthrow.

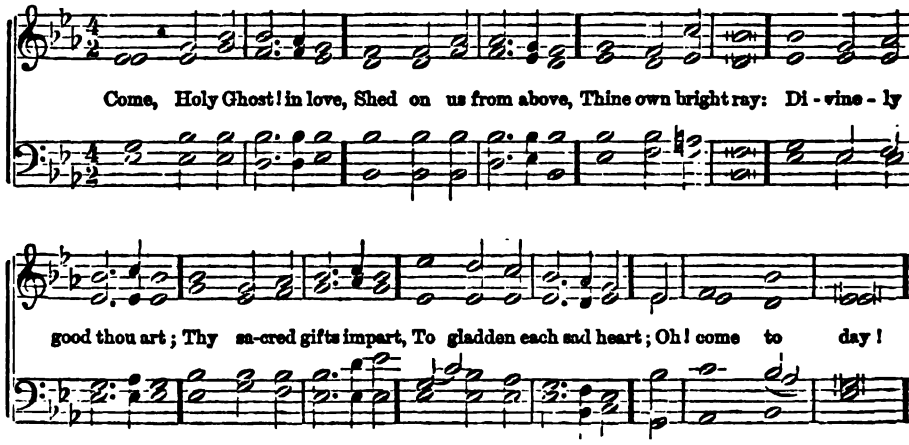
3 Guide us, Lord! from day to day,
Keep us in the paths of grace,
Clear all hindrances away,
That might foil us in the race;
When we stumble, hear our call,
Work repentance for our fall.

4 Lord! preserve us in the faith,
Suffer naught to drive us thence,
Neither Satan, scorn, nor death;
Be our God, and our Defence;
Though the flesh resist thy will,
Let thy word be stronger still.

5 And, when we at last must die,
Oh! assure the sinking heart,
Of the glorious realm on high,
Where thou healest every smart,—
Of the joys unspeakable,
Where our God would have us dwell.

Ger., *Joachim Neander*, 1680.
Tr., *Catharine Winkworth*, 1858.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. *Lowell Mason, 1831.*



345. *"Veni, Sancte Spiritus!"*

1 Come, Holy Ghost! in love,
Shed on us, from above,
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart,
To gladden each sad heart;
Oh! come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest!
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene! and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all, who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Lat., *Robert II. of France*, 996.
Tr., *Ray Palmer*, 1858.

346. Psalm 19.

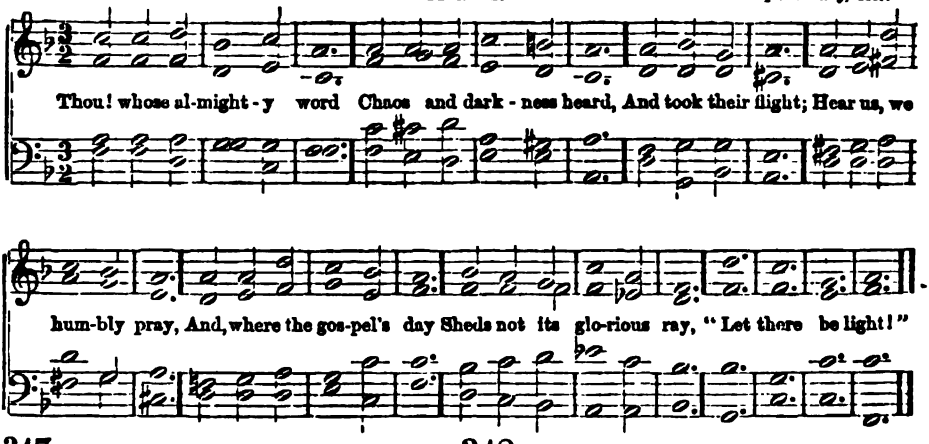
1 How perfect is thy law,
Our souls from sin to draw,
And make us wise!
Thy word, O Lord! is right,
It gives us sweet delight;
Thy truth, so pure and bright,
Illumes our eyes.

2 How lasting is thy fear!
Thy judgments all appear
Righteous and true;
More precious far than gold,
Their sweetness can't be told;
They make thy servant bold
And joyful too.

3 Who all his errors knows?
My secret faults disclose;
Thy servant guard;
Then upright I shall be,
From willful errors free,
And rightly worship thee,
Redeemer, Lord!

Edwin F. Hatfield, 1882

MARRIOTT. 6s & 4s. Joseph Barnby, 1867.



347. *The Light of Revelation.*

1 THOU! whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou! who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind, —
Oh! now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove!
Speed forth thy flight:
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light!"

4 Blessèd and holy Three,
All-glorious Trinity, —
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide, —
"Let there be light!"

John Marriott, 1813.

348. *The Diffusion of the Scriptures.*

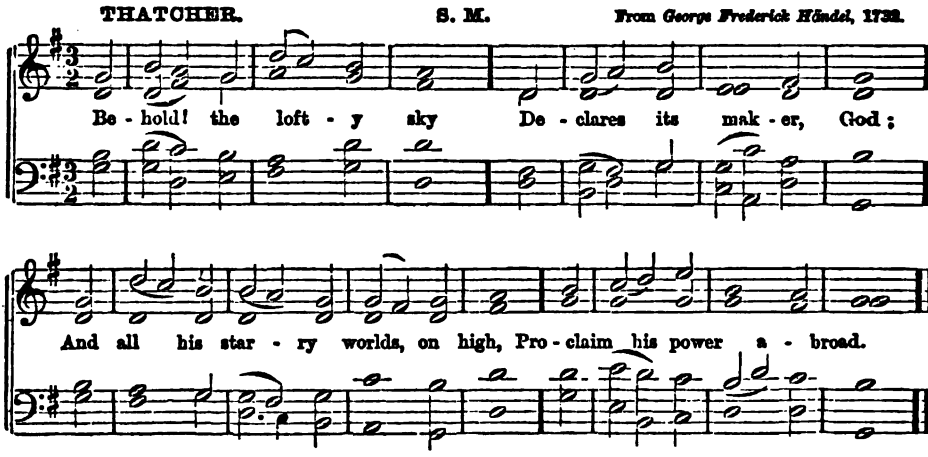
1 Lord of all power and might!
Father of love and light!
Speed on thy word:
Oh! let the gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found:
God speed his word!

2 Our thanks we give to thee;
Thine let the glory be, —
Glory to God!
Thine was the mighty plan,
From thee the work began,
Away with praise of man, —
Glory to God!

3 Lo! what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy word!
One for his truth we stand,
Strong in his own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band:
God shield his word!

4 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force:
God bless his word!
His word ere long shall run
Free as the noonday sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless his word!

Hugh Stowell, 1828, a.



349.

PSALM 19.

1 BEHOLD! the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God;
And all his starry worlds, on high,
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land,
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye Christian lands! rejoice;
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

6 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King!
In my Redeemer's name.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

350.

PSALM 19.

1 BEHOLD! the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But, where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
For ever sure thy promise, Lord!
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God! how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

5 While, with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

351.

The Superiority of the Scriptures.

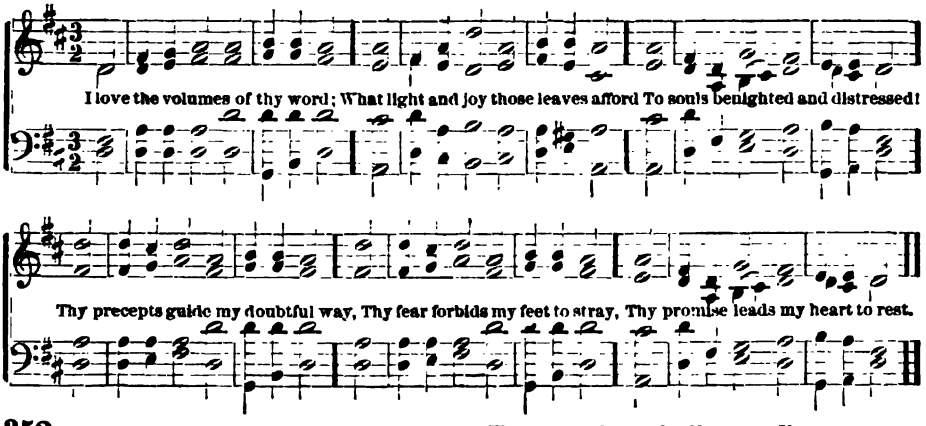
1 O LORD! thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright;
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit or delight.

2 Celestial beams it sheds,
To cheer this vale below;
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.

3 True wisdom it imparts;
Commands our hope and fear;
Oh! may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there.

Benjamin Beddome, 1760.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M. From a *Gregorian Chant.*



352.

PSALM 19.

1 I LOVE the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold, that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 't is thy blessed gospel, Lord!
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God! forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

353.

The written Word.

1 INSPIRER of the ancient seers! —
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years,
To us, in our degenerate age,
The Spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart.

2 While now thine oracles we read,
With earnest prayer and strong desire,
Oh! let thy Spirit forth proceed,
Our souls t' awaken and inspire;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace.

Charles Wesley, 1767

354.

The Worth of the Scriptures.

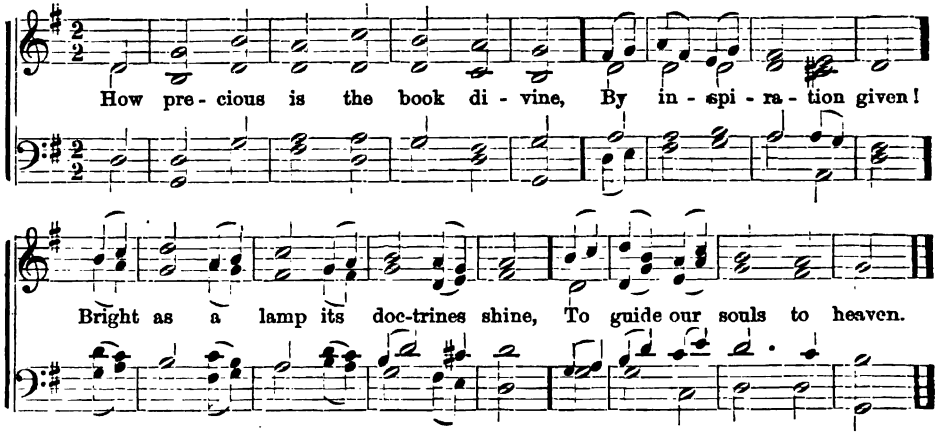
1 JOIN, all ye servants of the Lord!
To praise him for his sacred word, —
That word, like manna, sent from heaven,
To all who seek it freely given;
Its promises our fears remove,
And fill our hearts with joy and love.

2 It tells us, though oppressed with cares,
The God of mercy hears our prayers;
Tho' steep and rough th' appointed way,
His mighty arm shall be our stay;
Though deadly foes assail our peace,
His power shall bid their malice cease.

3 It tells who first inspired our breath,
Whose blood redeemed our souls from death;
It tells of grace, — grace freely given, —
And shows the path to God and heaven:
Oh! bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
For all the treasures of his word.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

MEDFIELD. C. M. *William Mather, 1790.*



355. *The Bible, our Light.*

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings his glories near.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett, 1782.

356. *The Preciousness of the Holy Scriptures.*

1 Laden with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord!
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my griefs assuage;
Here, I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.

3 Here, consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows;
Nor danger dwells therein.

4 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale

5 Oh! may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

357. *The Light and Glory of the Word.*

1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

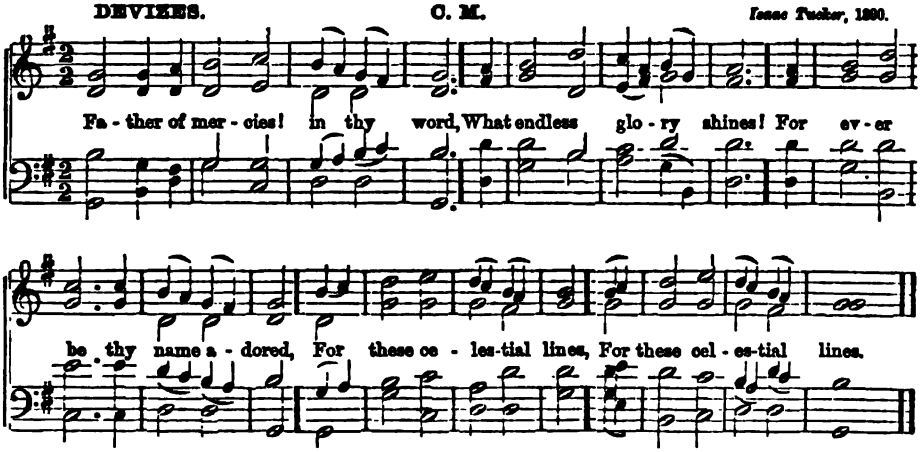
2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand, that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper, 1772.



358. *The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.*

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh! may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1760.

359. PSALM 119.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God! if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I 've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no further go!

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

360. PSALM 89.

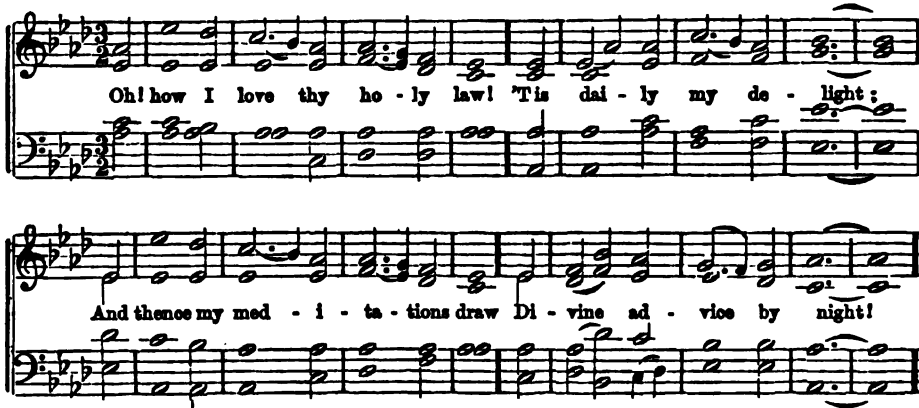
1 BLESSED are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel! thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

BOARDMAN. C. M. Devereux. Arranged by George Kingsley, 1839.



361.

PSALM 119.

1 OH! how I love thy holy law!
'T is daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord!

3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home?
'T is my perpetual feast;
Not honey, dropping from the comb,
So much allures the taste.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well-refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope;
And there I write thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

362.

PSALM 119.

1 LORD! I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I 'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.

3 'T is a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,—
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope, beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

363.

The Pilgrim's Guide.

1 BRIGHT was the guiding star, that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed,
Where the Redeemer lay.

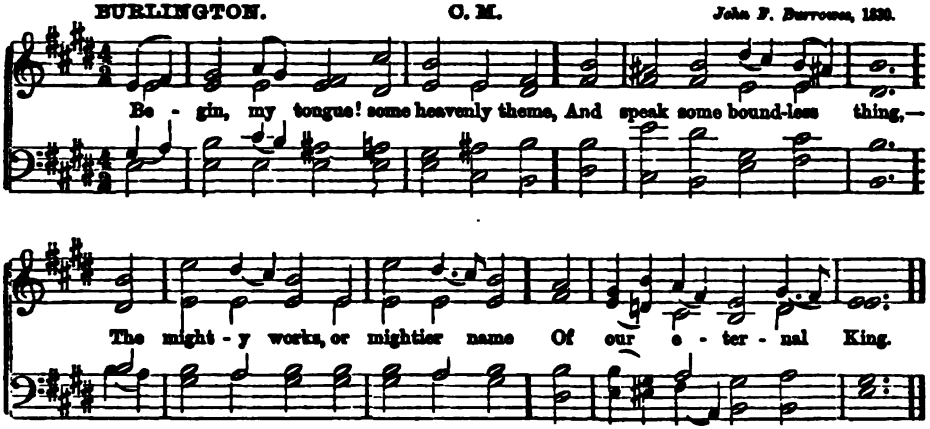
2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

3 Oh! haste to follow where it leads,
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way,

4 Oh! gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

Harriet Auber, 1829

BURLINGTON. C. M. *John P. Burroughs, 1830.*



364.

The Faithfulness of God.

1 Begin, my tongue! some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,—
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim — "Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men!"
His hand has writ the sacred word,
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines,
Nor can the powers of darkness raze,
Those everlasting lines.

5 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies:
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 Oh! might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, — "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song,
To notes almost divine.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

365.

Psalm 119.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad;
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

366.

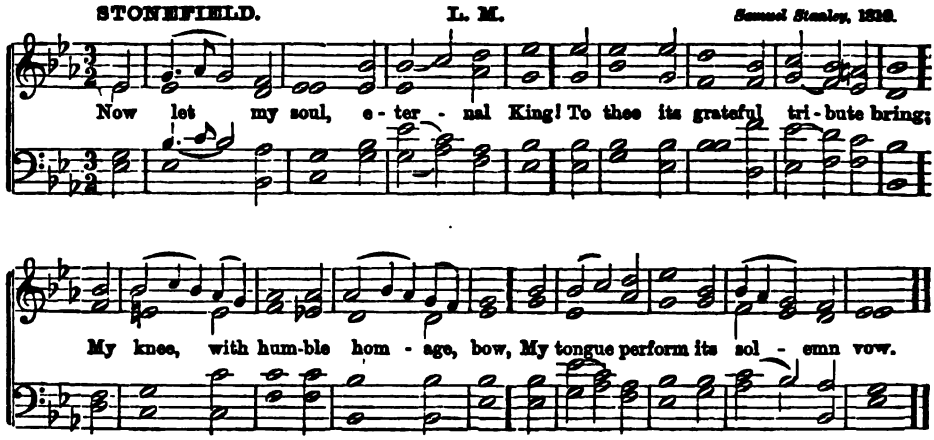
Revelation welcomed.

1 Hail, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing, o'er the mental world,
The healing beams of light!

2 Jesus! thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 Oh! send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

John Buttrum, 1808.



367. *A Saviour seen in the Scriptures.*

1 Now let my soul, eternal King!
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee, with humble homage, bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But, in thy blesséd word, I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold the Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, Oh! let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1768.

368. Psalm 19.

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise,
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness! arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

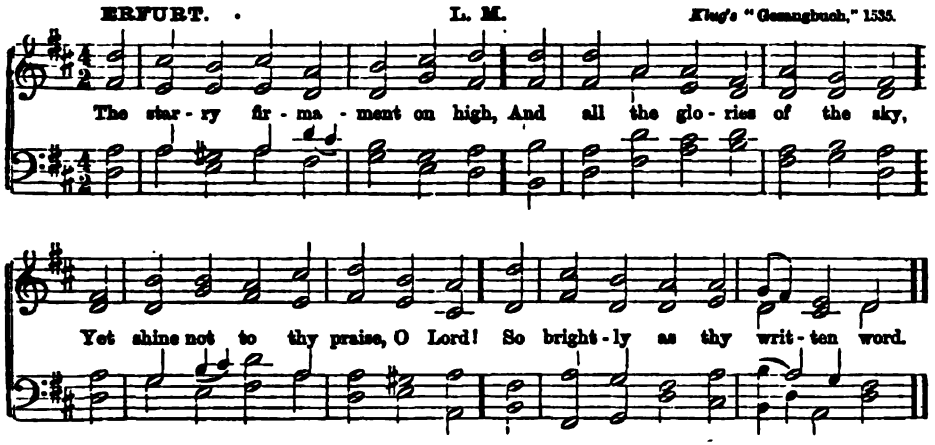
369. *Prophecy and Inspiration.*

1 'T was by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

Isaac Watts, 1709.



370.

PSALM 19.

1 THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord!
So brightly as thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine, and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

3 When, taught by painful proof to know
That all is vanity below,
The sinner roams from comfort far,
And looks in vain for sun or star; —

4 Soft gleaming then those lights divine
Through all the cheerless darkness shine,
And sweetly to the ravished eye
Disclose the Day-spring from on high.

5 Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky; —

6 But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved, amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

Robert Grant, 1815.

371.

The Law and Gospel contrasted.

1 THE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 't is the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 My soul! no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man, that trusts the promise, lives.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

372.

The Book of God.

1 I LOVE the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply;
It points me to the saints' abode;
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

2 Sweet book! in thee mine eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord;
From thine illlumined page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

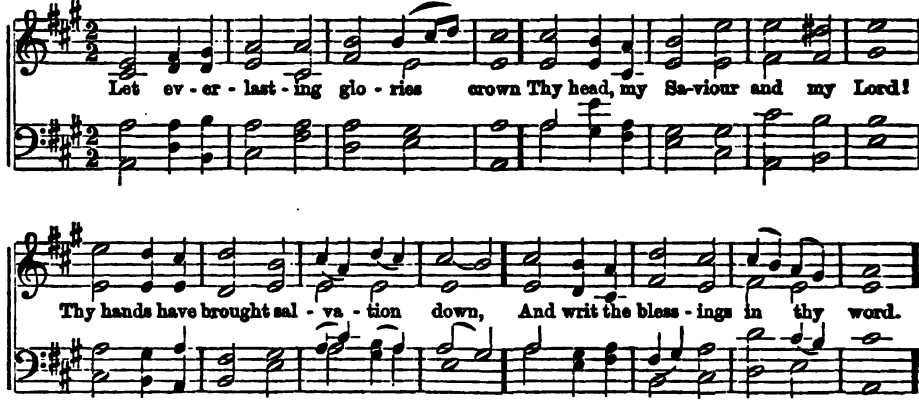
3 In thee I "read my title clear
To mansions" that will ne'er decay; —
My Lord!—Oh! when will he appear,
And bear his pris'ner far away?

4 But while I 'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love;
I 'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And get a taste of joys above.

5 I know his Spirit breathes in thee,
To animate his people here;
May thy sweet truths prove life to me,
Till in his presence I appear.

Thomas Kelly, 1812.

ELLENTHORPE. L. M. *Francis Linley, alt., 1790.*



373. *The Excellency of the Scriptures.*

1 Let everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord!
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises — how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith, with treacherous art,
I 'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

374. *The Glory of the Scriptures.*

1 God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here, sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name;
'T is writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here, Jesus in ten thousand ways
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, renew our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
And bids the drooping saint revive.

5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my thoughts engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

375. *The Power of divine Truth.*

1 This is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

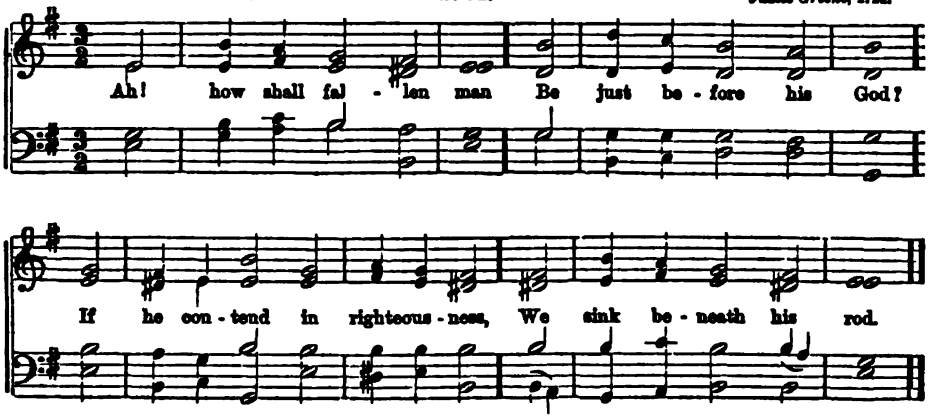
2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind; —
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive, —
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

4 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

AYLESBURY. S. M. *James Greene, 1724.*



376. *Man condemned before God.*

1 Ah! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we, for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who, that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God!
None—none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

Conto, from *Isaac Watts*, 1707.

377. *An evil Heart.*

1 Astonished and distressed,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed,
The source of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Envy and pride, deceit and guile,
Distrust and slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints!
These tyrant lusts subdue;
Drive the old serpent from his seat,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, — my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My heart shall glow with gratitude,
My lips be filled with praise.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

378. *Ingratitude to Divine Goodness.*

1 Is this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,—
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame,
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

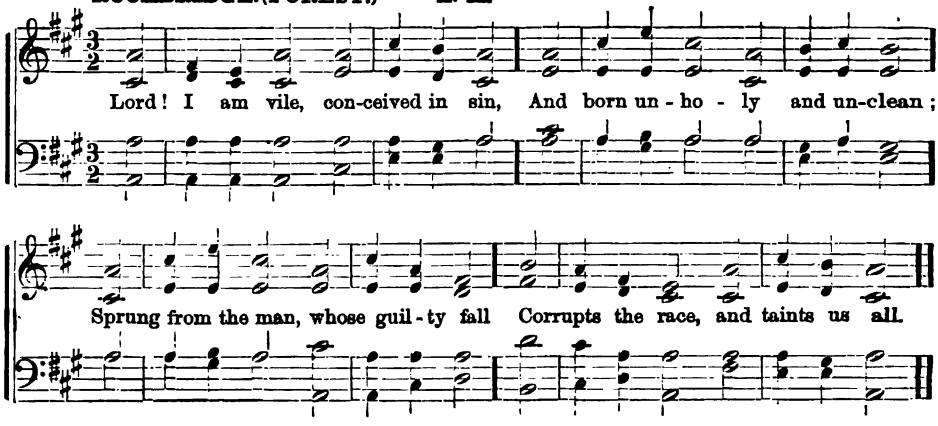
3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays:
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 Turn, turn us, mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh; [stone,
Break, sovereign grace! these hearts of
And give us hearts of flesh.

5 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

ROCKBRIDGE. (FOREST.) L. M. *Aaron Chapin, 1822.*



379.

PSALM 51.

1 LORD! I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
The law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Great God! create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
Oh! make me wise, betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold! I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus! my God! thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

380.

The first and second Adam.

1 DEEP in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy name,
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

2 But, whilst our spirits, filled with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honors of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruined race.

3 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who joined our nature to his own;
Adam, the second, from the dust,
Raises the ruins of the first.

4 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord, our Righteousness.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

381.

The Gospel, the Power of God.

1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

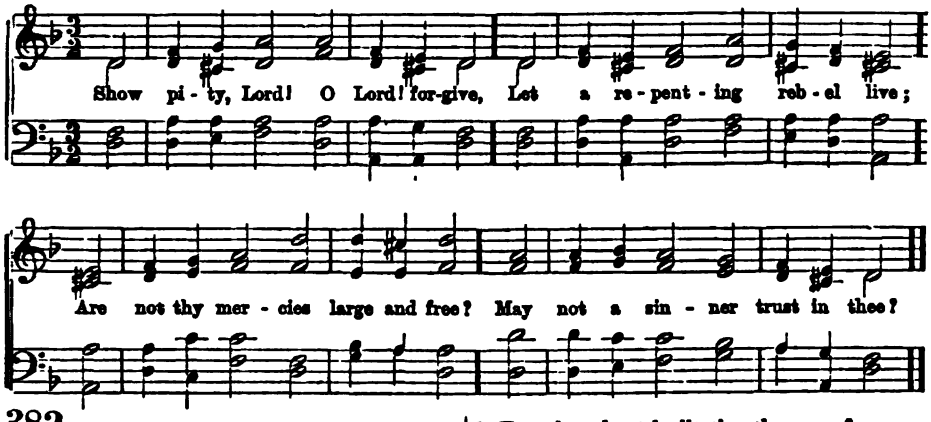
2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls, all o'er defiled with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'T is there such power and glory dwell,
As save rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word
And find salvation in the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1709

WINDHAM. L. M. *Daniel Read, 1785.*



382.

PSALM 51.

1 SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord! should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And, if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

383.

PSALM 130.

1 FROM deep distress and troubl'd thoughts,
To thee, my God! I raised my cries:
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there;
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long, and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

384.

Acceptance through Christ alone.

1 How shall the sons of men appear,
Great God! before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal Mind?

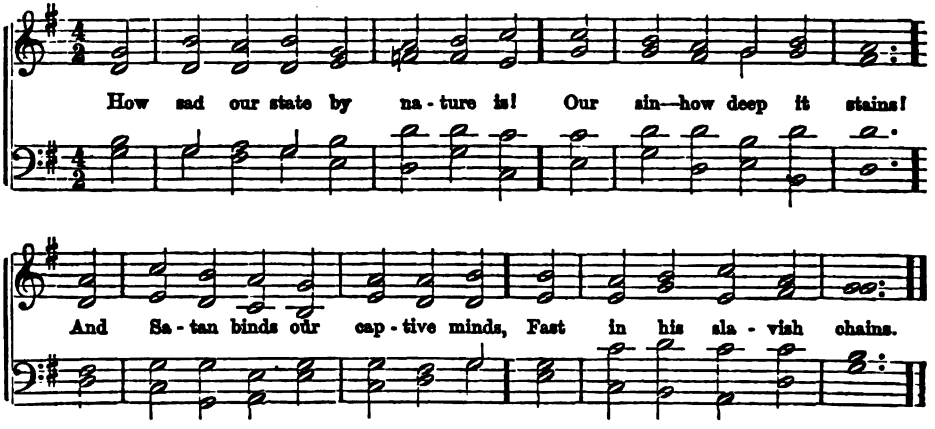
2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood, profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, dear Jesus! thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone;
Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God! to thee.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

CANTERBURY. C. M.

From *John Playford's "Psalms and Hymns,"* 1671.



385. *Pardon and Sanctification in Christ.*

1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin — how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds,
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there 's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word; —
"Ho! ye despairing sinners! come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
Oh! help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God! I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

386. *Conviction of Sin by the Law.*

1 Lord! how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But, since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins revived again,
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God! I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

387. *Regeneration.*

1 Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

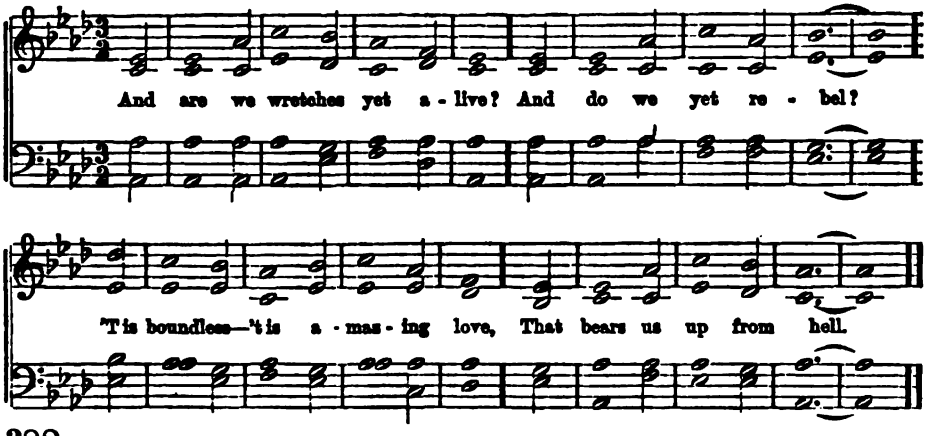
2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

EVAN. C. M. *Celtic Melody.* Arr., *William Henry Havergal*, 1849.



388. *Repentance in View of Divine Patience.*

1 And are we, wretches, yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'T is boundless — 't is amazing love,
That bears us up from hell.

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames;
And threatening vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames:

3 Almighty goodness cries — "Forbear!"
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord! we have long abused thy love, —
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye lusts! shall ye command, —
No more will we obey:
Stretch out, O God! thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

389. *The Need of Regeneration.*

1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, almighty Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'T is thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall,
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.

5 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be thine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

390. *Justification; or, Law and Grace.*

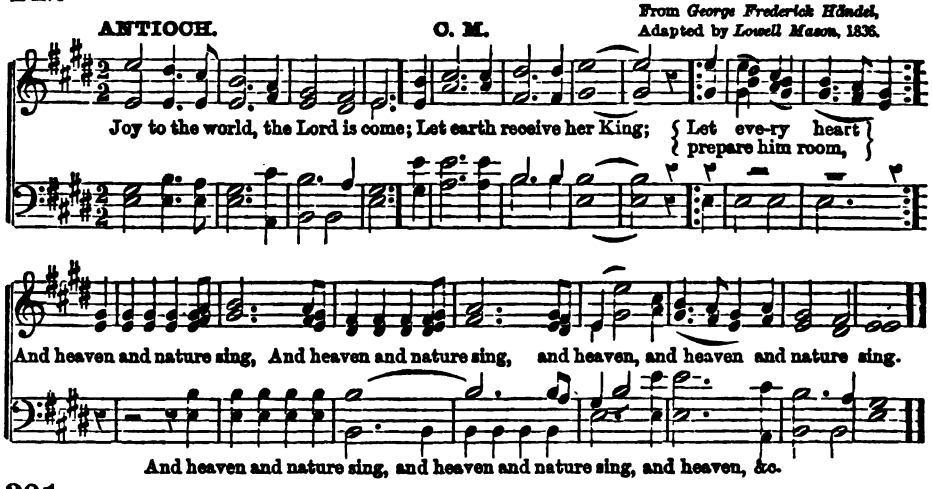
1 Vain are the hopes, the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,
And all their actions, guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law,
To justify us now,
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus! how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness,
That makes the sinner just.

Isaac Watts, 1709.



391.

PSALM 98.

1 JOY to the world, — the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, — the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ; [plains
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

392.

Christ's Mission.

1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes, —
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray,
And, on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge, 1735.

393.

The Angel's Song.

1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known,
T' awake a cheerful song.

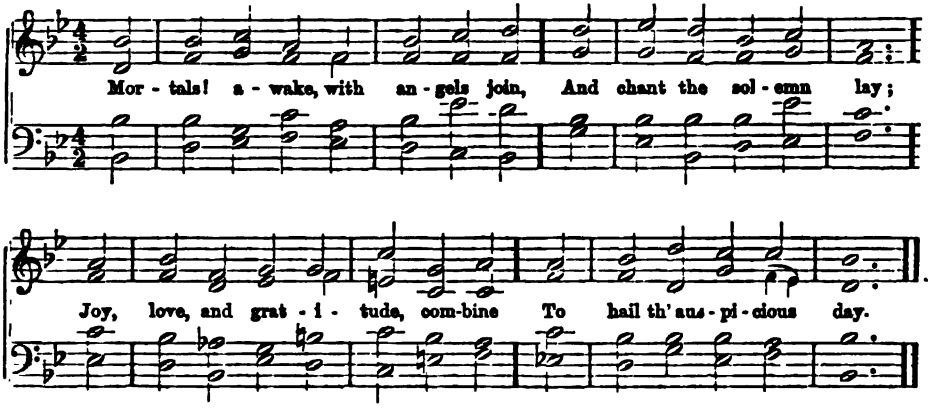
2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert join, —
To us a Saviour 's born.

4 Glory to God! in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.

Philip Doddridge, 1740, a.

EDINBURGH. C. M. *Edward J. Hopkins, 1868.*



394. *The Nativity of Christ.*

1 Mortals! awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining regions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift, through the vast expanse, it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

4 Down to the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels rushed, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song; [out
Good-will and peace are heard through-
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we repeat—
"Glory to God on high!"
Good-will and peace are now complete;
Jesus was born to die.

Samuel Medley, 1800.

395. *The Incarnation.*

1 Awake, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart, and every tongue,
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made,—
Oh! happy morn — illustrious hour!—
Was once in flesh arrayed.

3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

5 Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let human tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

Anne Steele, 1760.

396. *The Birth of Christ.*

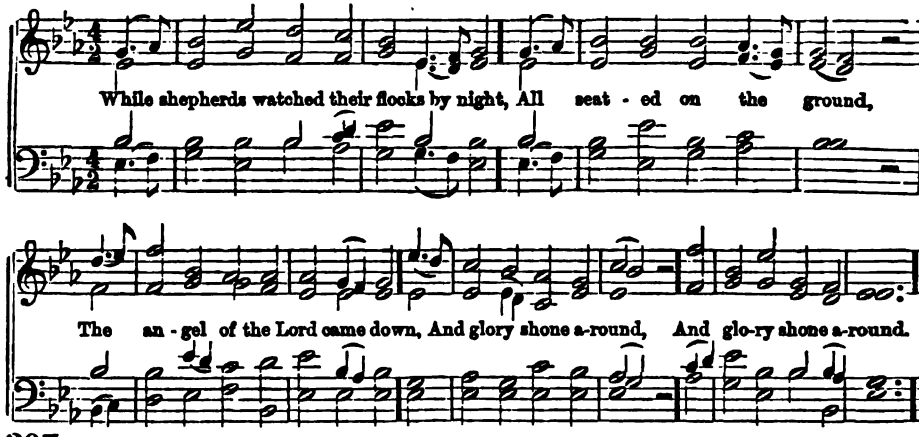
1 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

John Morrison, 1781.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. From *George Frederick Händel*, 1685–1759.



397. *Song of the Angels at Christ's Birth.*

1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord;—
And this shall be the sign;

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

Nahum Tate, 1696.

398. *The Chorus of Angels.*

1 Calm on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

Edmund H. Sears, 1835.

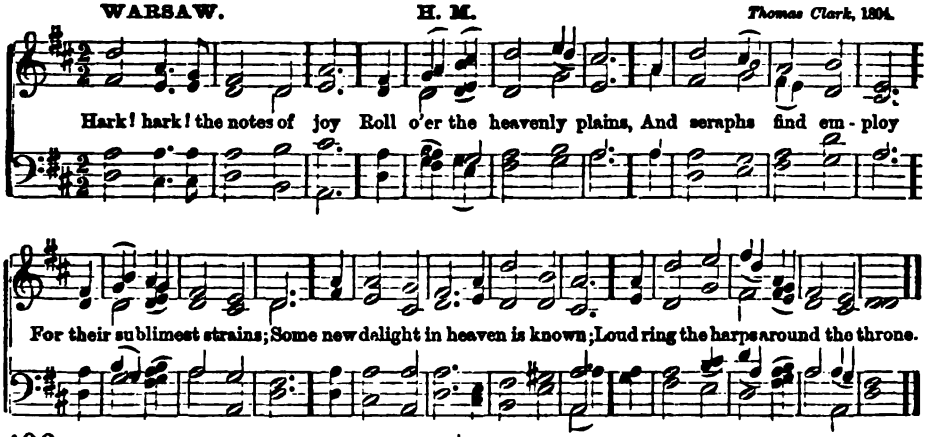
399. *The Angel's Song.*

1 Angels rejoiced and sweetly sung,
At our Redeemer's birth;
Mortals! awake; let every tongue
Proclaim his matchless worth.

2 Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And sent his only Son,
To take a servant's form, and die,
For evils we had done!

3 Good-will to men:—ye fallen race!
Arise, and shout for joy;
He comes, with rich abounding grace,
To save, and not destroy.

William Hurn, 1811.



400.

Joy at Immanuel's Birth.

1 HARK! hark! — the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains;
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud ring the harps around the throne.

2 Hark; hark! — the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend;
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear — bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show;
Ye winds that blow! ye waves that roll!
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4 Strike — strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men!
And all his grace proclaim;
Angels and men! wake every string,
'T is God the Saviour's praise we sing.

Andrew Reed, 1842.

401.

The Birth of Christ.

1 HARK! what celestial notes,
What melody we hear!
Soft on the morn it floats,
And fills the ravished ear:
The tuneful shell, the golden lyre,
And vocal choir, the concert swell.

2 Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine;
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join!
"Fear not," say they, "great joy we bring;
Jesus, your King, is born to-day.

3 Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals! spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly,
To earth's remotest bound:
For peace on earth, from God in heaven,
To man is given, at Jesus' birth."

Anon., 1778.

402.

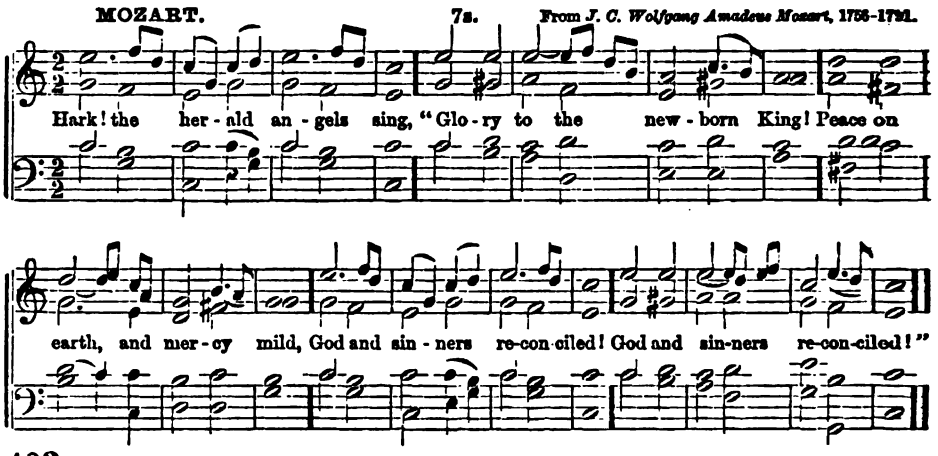
Good-Will toward Men.

1 Lo! God, our God, has come;
To us a child is born,
To us a Son is given:
Bless, bless the blessed morn!
Oh! happy, lowly, lofty birth!
Now God, our God, has come to earth.

2 Rejoice! our God has come,
In love and lowliness;
The Son of God has come,
The sons of men to bless;
God with us now descends to dwell, —
God in our flesh — Immanuel.

3 Praise ye the Word made flesh;
True God, true man is he;
Praise ye the Christ of God;
To whom all glory be!
Praise ye the Lamb that once was slain,
Praise ye the King that comes to reign.

Horatius Bonar, 1866.



403. *The Nativity of Christ.*

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,—
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

2 Joyful, all ye nations! rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature! say,—
"Christ, the Lord, is born to-day!"

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!

4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men t' appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here!

5 Hail the heavenly Prince of peace,
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

6 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

404. *The incarnate Deity.*

1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear,
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel, he,
Christ, th' incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages, ne'er to cease;
King of kings, and Prince of peace.

4 Come, and worship at his feet;
Yield to Christ the homage meet,
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

James Montgomery, 1825.

405. *The guiding Star.*

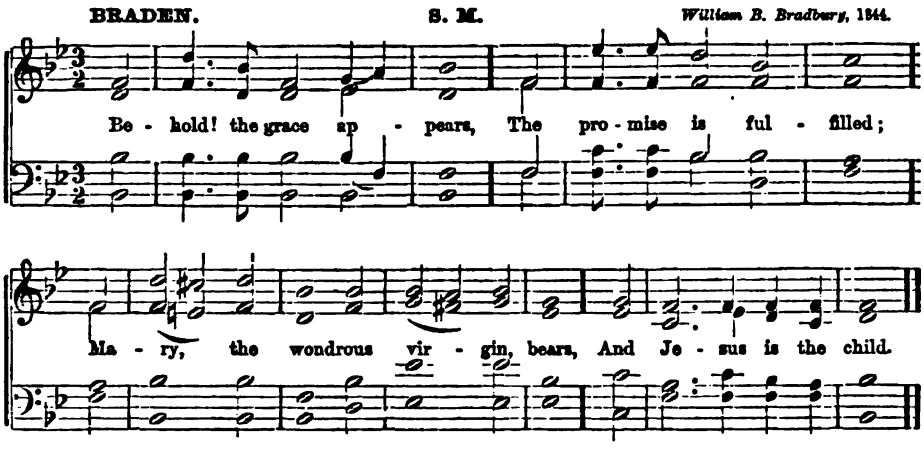
1 SONS of men! behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

2 Fear not hence that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below;
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of peace.

3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

4 Nations all, far off and near!
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare;
Meet him manifested there.

Charles Wesley, 1739.



406.

The Nativity of Christ.

1 Behold! the grace appears,
The promise is fulfilled;
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.

2 The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay,

4 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears:—

5 "Glory to God on high!
And heavenly peace on earth,
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth."

6 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

407.

The wonderful Child.

1 Rejoice in Jesus' birth,
To us a Son is given;
To us a Child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 He reigns above the sky,
This universe sustains;
The God supreme, the Lord most high,
The king Messiah reigns.

3 The mighty God is he,
Author of heavenly bliss,
The Father of eternity,
The glorious Prince of peace.

4 His government shall grow,
From strength to strength proceed,
His righteousness the church o'erflow,
And all the earth o'erspread.

Charles Wesley, 1745.

408.

The unspeakable Gift.

1 Father! our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And thank thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son.

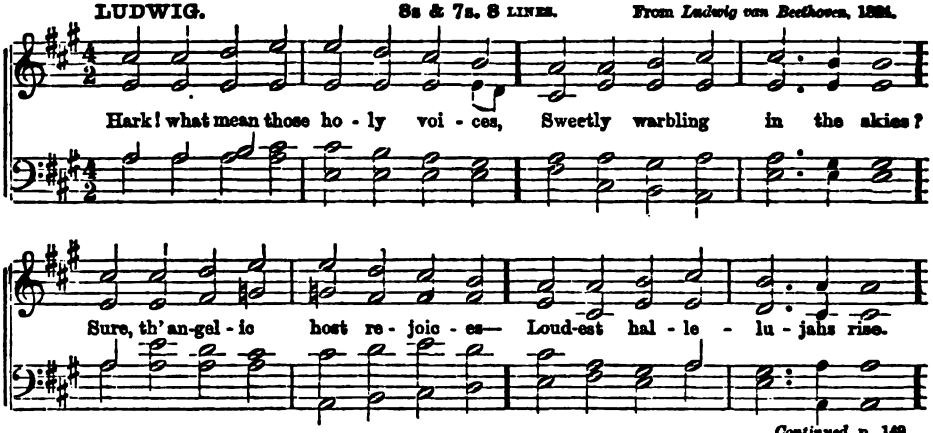
2 Jesus, the holy Child,
Doth, by his birth, declare,
That God and man are reconciled,
And one in him we are.

3 A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more shall end;
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares himself our Friend.

4 Oh! may we all receive
The new-born Prince of peace;
And meekly in his spirit live,
And in his love increase!

Charles Wesley, 1745.

LUDWIG. 8s & 7s. 8 LINES. From *Ludwig van Beethoven*, 1824.



Continued, p. 149.

409. *The Song of Angels.*

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly warbling in the skies?
Sure, th' angelic host rejoices —
Loudest hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;—
"Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his glory sing:
Glad, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals! to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven you sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high!"

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

John Cawood, 1825.

410. *The Incarnation.*

1 SHEPHERDS! hail the wondrous stranger,
Now to Bethle'm speed your way;
Lo! in yonder humble manger,
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day.

2 Bright the star of your salvation,
Pointing to his rude abode!
Rapturous news for every nation:—
Mortals! now behold your God!

3 Glad, we trace th' amazing story,
Angels leave their bliss to tell;
Theme sublime, replete with glory,—
Sinners saved from death and hell.

4 Love eternal moved the Saviour,
Thus to lay his radiance by;
Blessings on the Lamb for ever!
Glory be to God on high!

Anon., 1836

411. *Christ, the Desire of all Nations.*

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

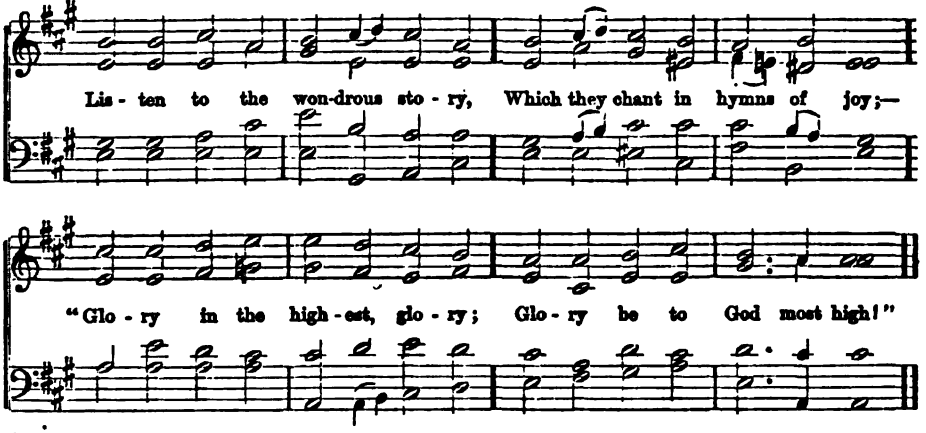
2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley, 1744.

LUDWIG. 8s & 7s. 8 lines. Continued.



412. *The Worship of the Child Jesus.*

1 Come, ye lofty! come, ye lowly!
Let your songs of gladness ring;
In a stable lies the Holy,
In a manger rests the King.

2 See, in Mary's arms reposing,
Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Come, your circle round him closing,
Pious hearts that love the Lord!

3 Come, ye poor! no pomp of station
Robes the Child your hearts adore;
He, the Lord of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor.

4 Come, ye gentle hearts and tender!
Come, ye spirits keen and bold!
All in all, your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old!

5 High above a star is shining,
And the wise men haste from far;
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining!
For you all has risen the star.

6 Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love and faith and praise;
Come, ye people! come, ye nations!
All in all, draw nigh to gaze.

Archer T. Gurney, 1860.

413. *Good Tidings of great Joy.*

1 Angels! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story!
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come, and worship —
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,—
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come, and worship —
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

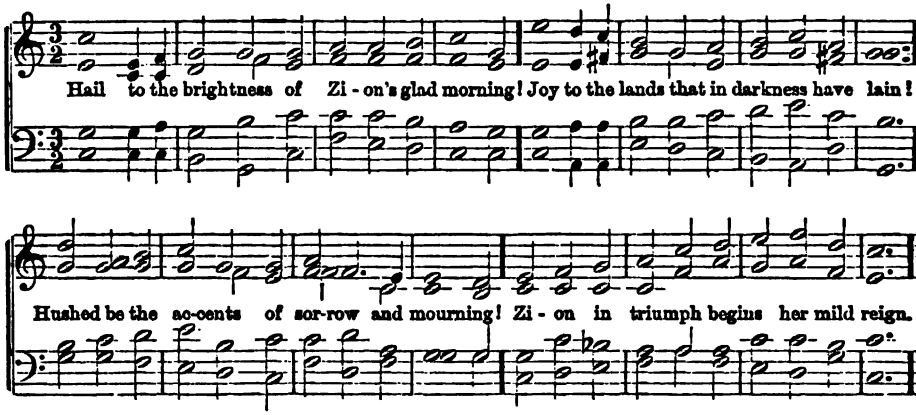
3 Sages! leave your contemplations; —
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come, and worship —
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear, —
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come, and worship —
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains, —
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you; break your chains:
Come and worship —
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery, 1819.

GOULD. 11s & 10s. S. P. W——, 1871.



414. *Messiah's Advent.*

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning!
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, [told!
Long by the prophets of Israel fore-
Hail to the millions from bondage re-turning! [hold.
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision be-

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are spring-ing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-top echoes are ringing, [song.
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in

4 See! from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and com-motion, [sky.
Shouts of salvation are rending the

5 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! [lain!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

Thomas Hastings, 1830.

415. *Star of the East.*

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning! [thine aid;
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
Star of the East! — the horizon adorn-ing, — [laid.
Guide where our infant Redeemer is

2 Cold on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining; [the stall;
Low lies his head with the beasts of
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining, —
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

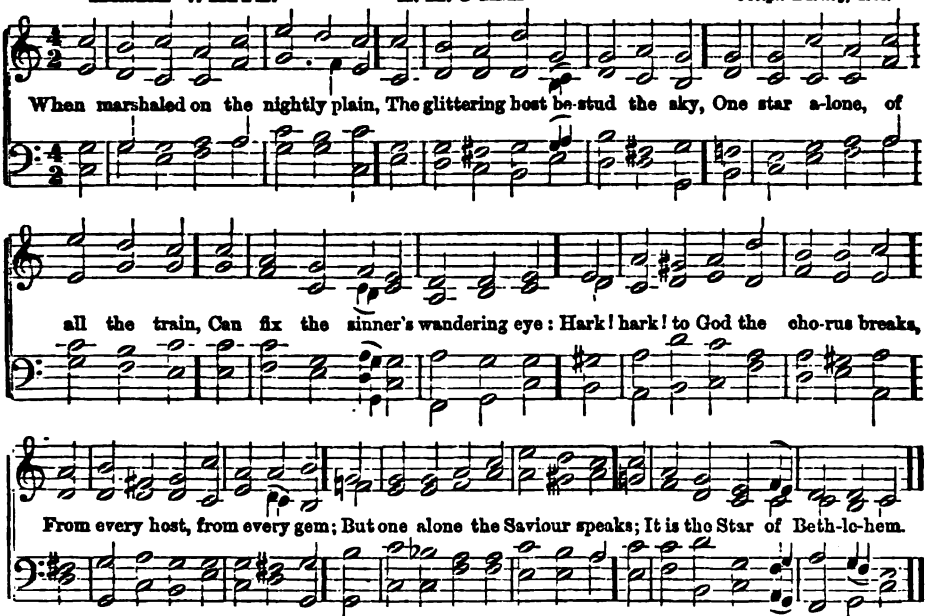
3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devo-tion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean, [the mine?
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor se-cure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration, —
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning! [thine aid;
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
Star of the East! — the horizon adorn-ing — [laid.
Guide where our infant Redeemer is

Reginald Heber, 1827.

KIRKE WHITE. L. M. 8 lines. *Joseph Barnby, 1863.*



416.

The Star of Bethlehem.

1 When, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye:
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks; —
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode; [dark;
The storm was loud, the night was
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind, that tossed my foundering bark:
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose; —
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, thro' the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace:
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I 'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star — the Star of Bethlehem!

Henry Kirke White, 1804.

417.

Our Lord's Nativity.

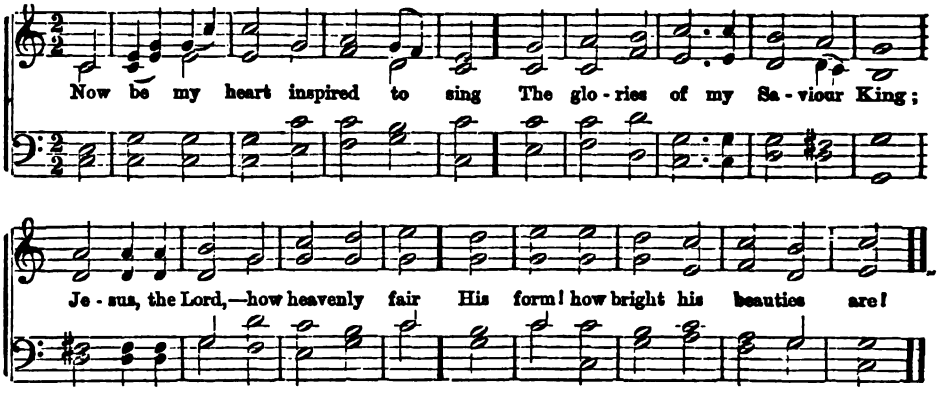
1 When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Salem's shepherds, thro' the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;
On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts to Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they smote their harps, and sung:

2 "O Zion! lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign:
See! mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold! she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

3 He comes to cheer the trembling heart;
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom:
O Zion! lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign."

Thomas Campbell, 1809.

ARNHEIM. L. M. *Samuel Holyoke, 1793.*



418.

PSALM 45.

1 Now be my heart inspired, to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
Jesus, the Lord, — how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And, with his sacred Spirit, blessed
His first-born Son above the rest.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

419.

The Miracles of Christ.

1 BEHOLD! the blind their sight receive;
Behold! the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap, like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, the triumphant God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence, and for ever, from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

420.

The Teaching of Jesus.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his foll'wers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers! to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones! and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher! we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

John Bowring, 1823.

421.

The Example of Christ.

1 WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes, —
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

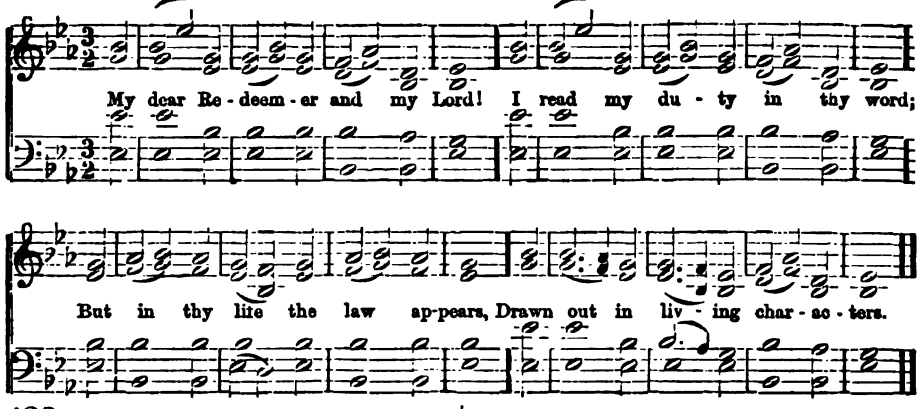
2 Oh! how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright.

4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love:
Oh! if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

Anne Steele, 1760.

GRATITUDE. L. M. From *Ami Bost.* Adapted by *Thomas Hastings*, 1837.



422.

The Example of Christ.

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness, so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

423.

The Meekness of Jesus.

1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh! who, like thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou God of God, thou Light of Light!
Oh! who, like thee, did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh! who, like thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 Ev'n death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh! in thy light, be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1838.

424.

The Loving-Kindness of Christ.

1 When, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus sojourned here,
Where'er he went affliction fled,
And sickness reared her drooping head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night
Beheld his face, for he was light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

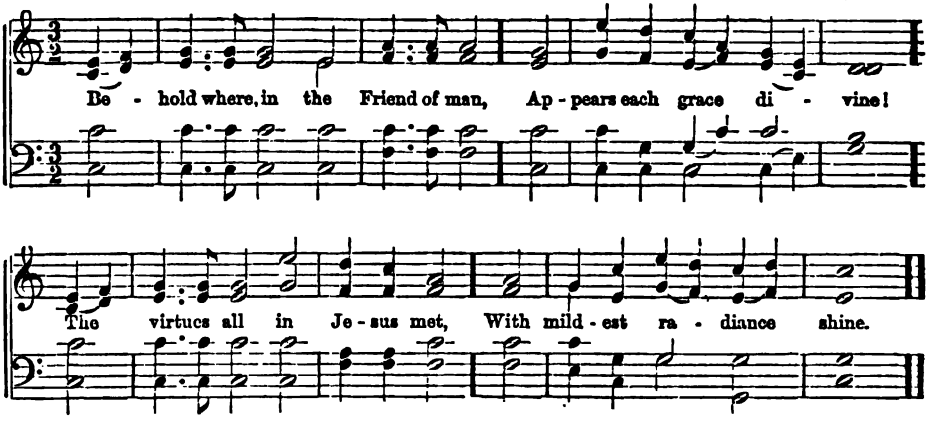
3 Demoniac madness, dark and wild,
With melancholy transport smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through his soul.

4 His touch the outcast leper healed,
His lips the sinner's pardon sealed;
The palsied frame, the crippled limb,
Felt virtue going forth from him.

5 Through paths of loving kindness brought,
May all our work in him be wrought;
In his great name, let us dispense
The crumbs of our benevolence.

James Montgomery, 1797.

HEBER. C. M. *George Kingsley, 1838.*



425. *The Example of Christ.*

1 Behold where, in the Friend of man,
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide;
His image may we bear;
Oh, may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share.

William Enfield, 1802.

426. Psalm 109.

1 God of my mercy and my praise!
Thy glory is my song;
Though sinners speak against thy grace,
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When, in the form of mortal man,
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compassed him around.

3 Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursued;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice raged without a cause;
Yet, with his dying breath,
He prayed for murderers on his cross,
And blessed his foes in death.

5 Lord! shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

427. *The Offices of Christ.*

1 We bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus! thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

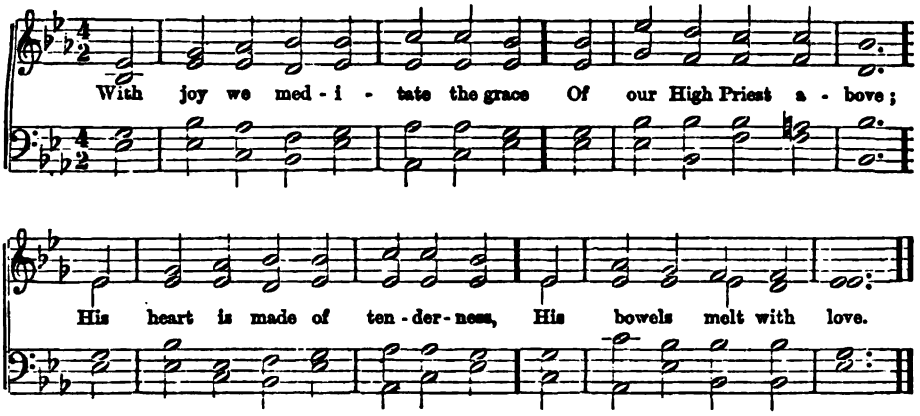
2 We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offered up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honor our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways!
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

TALLIS. (ORDINAL.) C. M. *Thomas Tallis, obt. 1561.*



428. *Christ's Compassion to the Weak.*

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood;
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

429. *The forgiving One.*

1 What grace, O Lord! and beauty shone
Around thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh! give us hearts to love like thee;
Like thee, O Lord! to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that springs
From union, Lord! with thee.

Edward Denny, 1839.

430. *Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*

1 Thou art the Way; — to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord! by thee.

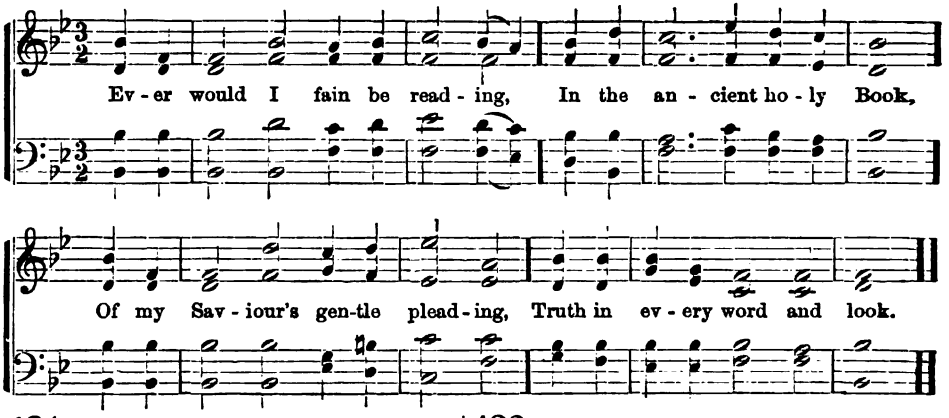
2 Thou art the Truth; — thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; — the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those, who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane, 1824.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. *Darius E. Jones, 1851.*



431.

Christ, our Example.

1 Ever would I fain be reading,
In the ancient holy Book,
Of my Saviour's gentle pleading,
Truth in every word and look.

2 How, when children came, he blessed them,
Suffered no man to reprove,
Took them in his arms, and pressed them
To his heart, with words of love.

3 How, to all the sick and tearful,
Help was ever gladly shown;
How he sought the poor and fearful,
Called them brothers and his own.

4 How no contrite soul e'er sought him,
And was bidden to depart;
How, with gentle words, he taught him,
Took the death from out his heart.

5 Still I read the ancient story, —
And my joy is ever new, —
How for us he left his glory,
How he still is kind and true.

6 How the flock he gently leadeth,
Whom his Father gave him here;
How his arms he widely spreadeth,
To his heart to draw us near.

7 Let me kneel, my Lord! before thee,
Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by thy love adore thee,
Blessed in thee, mid joy or woe.

Ger., *Louisa Hensel*, 1829.
Tr., *Catherine Winkworth*, 1858.

432.

The Suffering Saviour.

1 Suffering Son of man! be near me,
In my sufferings to sustain;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In thy days of flesh below,
When thy troubled soul did languish
Underneath a world of woe.

3 When thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
Bruiséd by the wrath of God.

4 By thy most severe temptation,
In that dark satanic hour;
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.

Charles Wesley, 1767, a.

433.

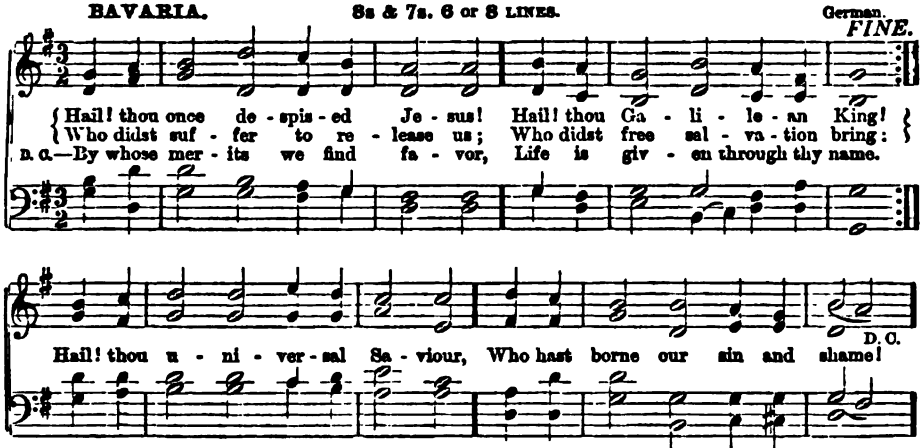
The great Sacrifice.

1 "Stricken, smitten and afflicted,"
See him dying on the tree!
'T is the Christ by man rejected;
Yes, my soul! 't is he! 't is he!

2 Mark the sacrifice appointed!
See who bears the awful load;
'T is the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
Son of man, and Son of God.

3 Lamb of God, for sinners wounded!
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded
Who on him their hope have built.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.



434.

The Paschal Lamb.

1 HAIL! thou once despiséd Jesus!
Hail! thou Galilean King!
Who didst suffer to release us;
Who didst free salvation bring:
Hail! thou universal Saviour,
Who hast borne our sin and shame!
By whose merits we find favor,
Life is given, through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed!
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
Every sin may be forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

John Bakewell, 1760.

435.

The great Atonement.

1 GREAT High Priest! we view thee stooping,
With our names upon thy breast,
In the garden, groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors pressed:
Weeping angels stood confounded
To behold their Maker thus,
And can we remain unwounded
When we know 't was all for us?

2 On the cross thy body broken
Cancels every penal tie:
Tempted souls! produce this token,
All demands to satisfy:
All is finished; do not doubt it;
But believe your dying Lord;
Never reason more about it;
Only take him at his word.

3 Lord! we fain would trust thee solely;
'T was for us thy blood was spilled:
Bruiséd Bridegroom! take us wholly;
Take and make us what thou wilt:
Thou hast borne the bitter sentence
Passed on man's devoted race;
True belief and true repentence
Are thy gifts, thou God of grace!

Joseph Hart, 1759.

436.

The Finished Redemption.

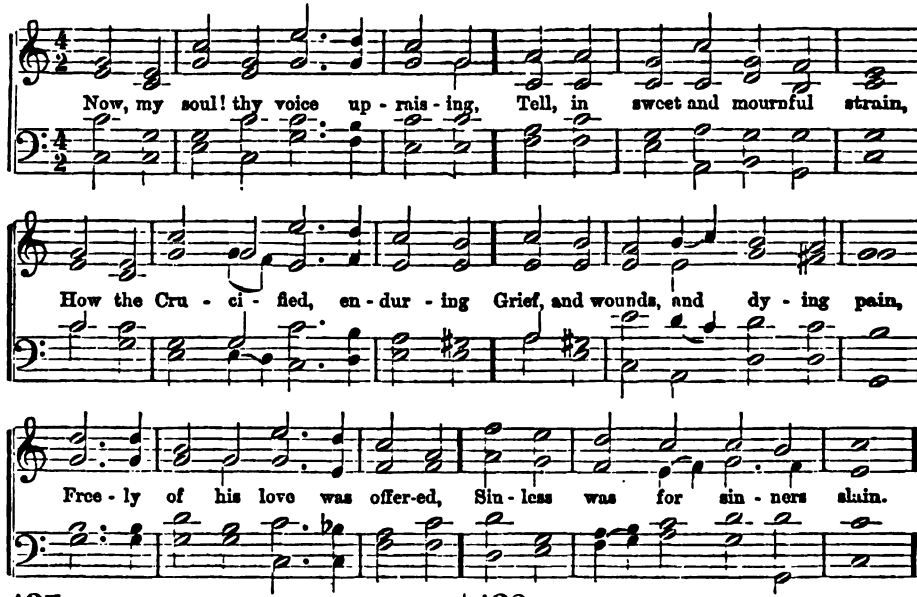
1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! — it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" — Oh! what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints! the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All on earth, and all in heaven!
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Jonathan Evans, 1787.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s. 6 LINES. *Henry Smart, 1867.*



437.

"Prome vocem, mens, canorum."

1 Now, my soul! thy voice upraising,
Tell, in sweet and mournful strain,
How the Crucified, enduring
Grief, and wounds, and dying pain,
Freely of his love was offered,
Sinless was for sinners slain.

2 See! his hands and feet are fastened;
So he makes his people free:
Not a wound whence blood is flowing
But a fount of grace shall be;
Yea, the very nails which nail him
Nail us also to the tree.

3 Through his heart the spear is piercing,
Though his foes have seen him die;
Blood and water thence are streaming
In a tide of mystery,
Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
Blood to win us crowns on high.

4 Jesus! may those precious fountains
Drink to thirsting souls afford;
Let them be our cup and healing,
And at length our full reward;
So a ransomed world shall ever
Praise thee, its redeeming Lord.

Lat., *Santolius Maglorianus*, 1650.
Tr., *Henry Williams Baker*, 1861.

438.

"Pange, Lingua!"

1 SING, my tongue! the Saviour's glory;
Tell his triumphs far and wide;
Tell aloud the wondrous story
Of his body crucified;
How upon the cross a victim,
Vanquishing in death he died.

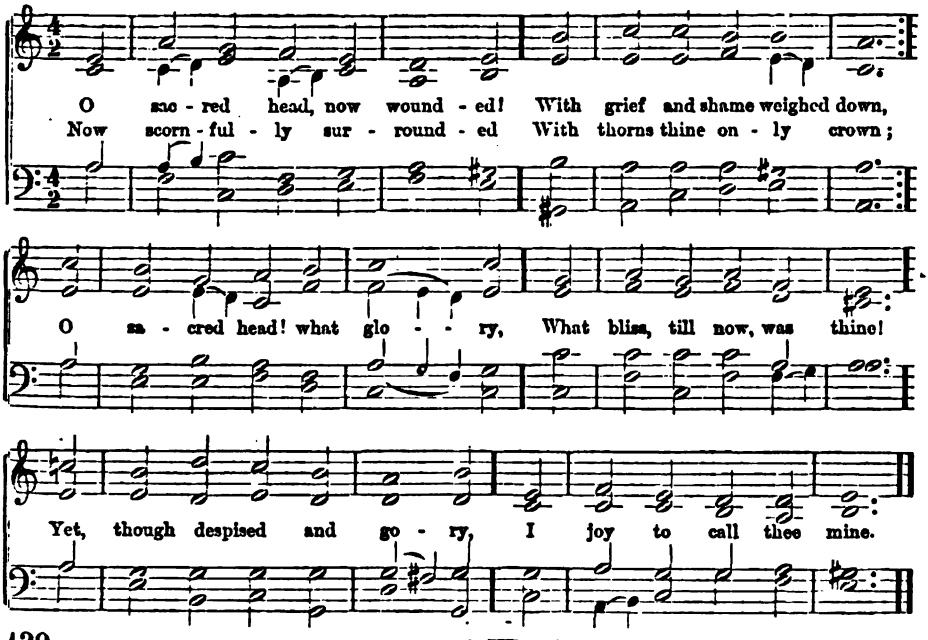
2 Such the order God appointed
When for sin he would atone;
To the serpent thus opposing
Schemes yet deeper than his own;
Thence the remedy procuring,
Whence the fatal wound had come.

3 Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
In our mortal flesh attain:
Then of his free choice he goeth
To a death of bitter pain;
He, the Lamb, upon the altar
Of the cross, for us was slain.

4 Lo, with gall his thirst he quenches!
See the thorns upon his brow!
Nails his hands and feet are rending!
See, his side is open now!
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,
Streams of blood and water flow.

Lat., *Venantius Fortunatus*, 600.
Tr., *Edward Caswall*, 1849.

HASSLER. 7s & 6s. 8 lines. *Hans Leo Hassler, 1601.*



439. *"O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden."*

1 O SACRED head, now wounded!
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;—
O sacred head! what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord! hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain:
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!
'T is I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide:
My Lord of life! desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

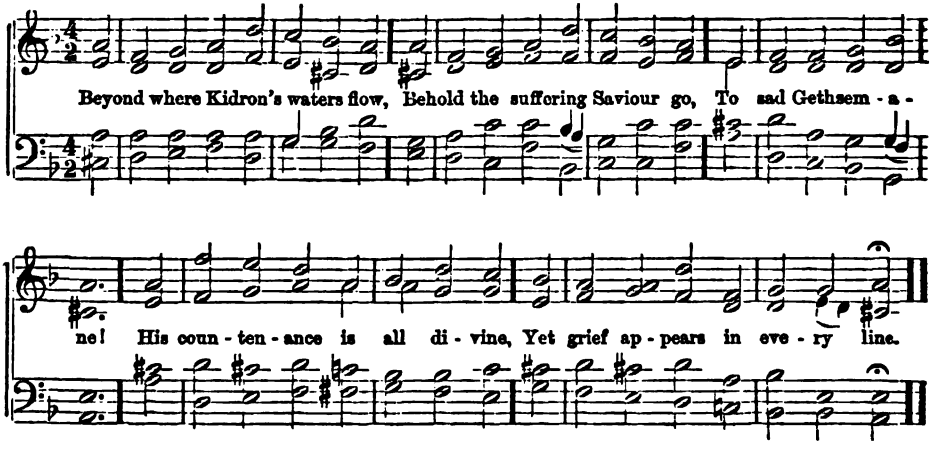
4 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend!
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh! make me thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord! let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee!

5 And, when I am departing,
Oh! part not thou from me!
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord! and set me free;
And, when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish,
By thine own pain and woe.

6 Be near me when I 'm dying,
Oh! show thy cross to me!
And, for my succor flying,
Come, Lord! and set me free!
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

Ger., *Paul Gerhardt*, 1656.
Tr., *James W. Alexander*, 1

KIDRON. 8 8 6, 8 8. S. P. W—, 1871.



440.

The Prayer of Agony.

1 Beyond where Kidron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane!
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above —
"My Father, can this cup remove?"

3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;
"Behold me here, thine only Son;
And, Father! let thy will be done."

4 The Father heard; and angels, there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain;
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We 'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow, like him, in prayer.

Samuel F. Smith, 1833.

441.

Gethsemane. [Tune, on p. 161.]

1 Many woes had Christ endured,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient, and to pains inured;
But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustained in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane!

2 Came at length the dreadful night;
Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and, with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God:
See, my soul! thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane!

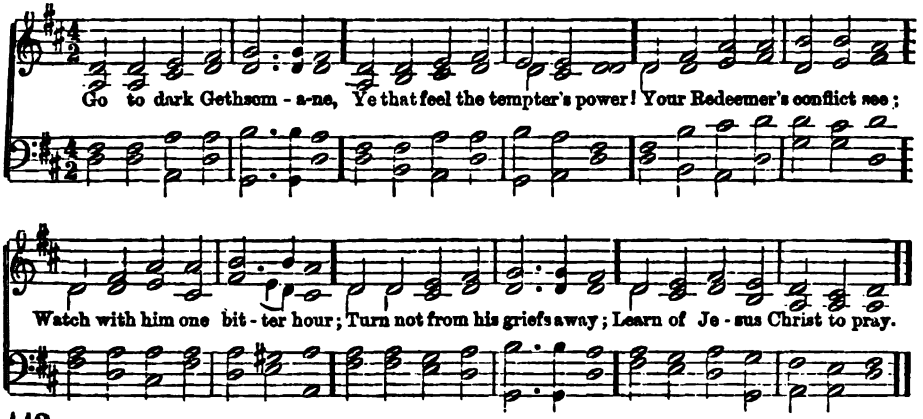
3 There my Lord bore all my guilt:
This, through grace, can be believed;
But the horrors which he felt
Are too vast to be conceived:
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane!

4 Sins against a holy God,
Sins against his righteous laws,
Sins against his love, his blood,
Sins against his name and cause;
Sins immense as is the sea!
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
One almighty God of love,
Hymned by all the heavenly host,
In thy shining courts above!
We poor sinners, gracious Three!
Bless thee for Gethsemane.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6 LINES. *Richard Redhead, 1853.*



442. *Christ, our Example in Suffering.*

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power!
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh! the wormwood and the gall!
Oh! the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;—
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen!—he meets our eyes;
Saviour! teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery, 1819.

443. *The Garden Scene.*

1 SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne;
Weeping soul! no longer mourn;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee:
There thine every sin he bore:
Weeping soul! lament no more.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid;
See! upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours:
Wounded in our stead he is,
Bruised for our iniquities.

3 Weary sinner! keep thine eyes
On th' atoning sacrifice;
There th' incarnate Deity
Numbered with transgressors see!
There his Father's absence mourns,
Nailed, and bruised, and crowned with thorns.

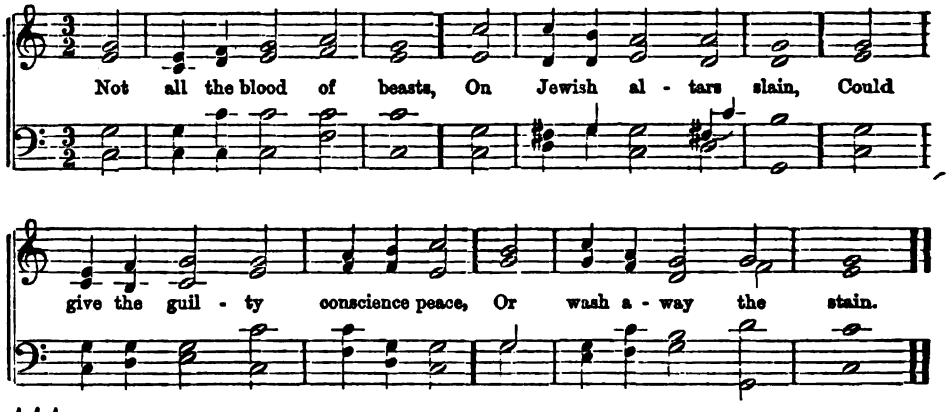
4 See thy God his head bow down;
Hear the Man of sorrows groan,
For thy ransom there condemned,
Stripped, derided, and blasphemed:
Bleeds the Guiltless for th' unclean,
Made an offering for thy sin.

5 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem:
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away:
Now, by faith, the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

6 Lord! thine arm must be revealed,
Ere I can by faith be healed:
Since I scarce can look to thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me:
At thy feet myself I lay:
Shine, Oh! shine my fears away!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

BOYLSTON. S. M. *Lowell Mason, 1832.*



444.

Christ, our Sacrifice.

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away; —
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree, —
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

445.

"Saevo Dolorum Turbine."

1 O'erwhelmed in depths of woe,
Upon the tree of scorn,
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

2 The sun withdraws his light;
The mid-day heavens grow pale,
The moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's death bewail.

3 Shall man alone be mute?
Come, youth and hoary hairs!
Come, rich and poor! come, all mankind!
And bathe those feet in tears.

4 Come, fall before his cross,
Who shed for us his blood;
Who died, the victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

5 Jesus! all praise to thee,
Our Joy and endless Rest!
Be thou our Guide while pilgrims here,
Our Crown amid the blest!

Lat., *Roman Breviary.*
Tr., *Edward Caswall, 1849.*

446.

Christ, suffering for our Sins.

1 Like sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God, —
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

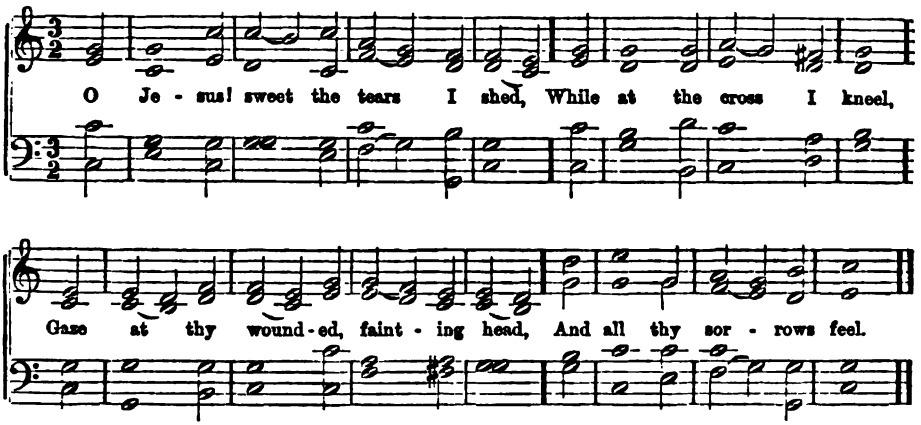
2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head,
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

COVENTRY. C. M. *English Melody.*



447. *At the Cross.*

1 O JESUS! sweet the tears I shed,
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze at thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.

2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

3 'T was for the sinful thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand:
What love speaks from thy dying eye,
And from each pierced hand!

4 I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord! for me, —
For me, for all, — Oh! grace divine! —
Who look by faith on thee.

5 O Christ of God! O spotless Lamb!
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth, for ever, thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

6 In patient hope, the cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
On thy great judgment-day.

Ray Palmer, 1867.

448. *"Vexilla Regis prodeunt."*

1 THE royal banner is unfurled,
The cross is reared on high,
On which the Saviour of the world
Is stretched in agony.

2 See! through his holy hands and feet
The cruel nails they drive:
Our ransom thus is made complete,
Our souls are saved alive.

3 And, see! the spear hath pierced his side,
And shed that sacred flood,
That holy reconciling tide,
The water and the blood.

4 Hail, holy cross! from thee we learn
The only way to heaven:
And, Oh! to thee may sinners turn,
And look, and be forgiven!

5 So let us praise the Saviour's name,
And, with exulting cry,
The triumph of the cross proclaim
To all eternity.

Lat., *Venantius Fortunatus, 580.*
Tr., *John Chandler, 1837.*

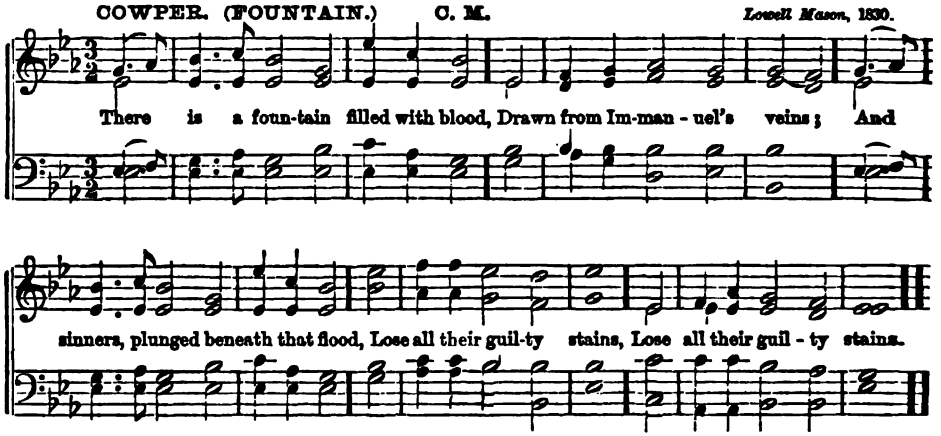
449. *"Lugete, Pacis Angeli!"*

1 ANGELS! lament; behold! your God
Man's sinful likeness wears;
Behold! upon th' accursèd tree
Man's sins the Saviour bears.

2 O Christ! with wondering minds we see
What mighty love was thine;
Did God consent to suffer thus?
And, Oh! shall man repine?

3 No, Saviour! no; the power of death
Thy cross hath overcome,
To save us, not from earthly woe,
But from th' eternal doom.

Lat., *Charles Coffin, 1730.*
Tr., *John Chandler, 1837.*



450.

Christ, the living Fountain.

1 There is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper, 1779.

451.

Godly Sorrow at the Cross.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! — grace unknown! —
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord! I give myself away; —
'T is all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

452.

Christ crucified.

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

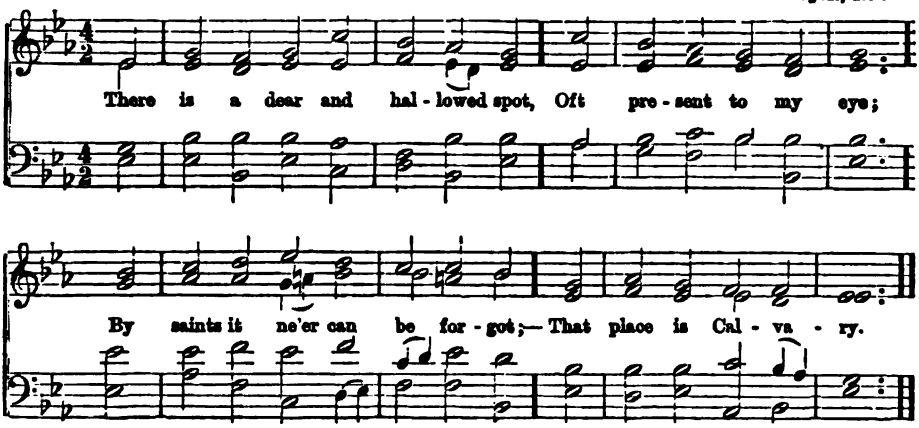
2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'T is done; the precious ransom 's paid:
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

Samuel Wesley, Sr., 1709.

NORMANTON. (PHUVAH.) C. M. *Melchior Vulpius, 1609.*



453. *Calvary.*

1 THERE is a dear and hallowed spot,
Oft present to my eye;
By saints it ne'er can be forgot;—
That place is Calvary.

2 Oh! what a scene was there displayed
Of love and agony,
When our Redeemer bowed his head,
And died on Calvary!

3 When fainting under guilt's dread load,
Unto the cross I 'll fly;
And trust the merit of that blood
Which flowed at Calvary.

4 Whene'er I feel temptation's power,
On Jesus I 'll rely;
And, in the sharp conflicting hour,
Repair to Calvary.

5 When seated at the feast of love,
Then will I fix mine eye
On him, who intercedes above,
Who bled on Calvary.

6 When the dark scene of death, the last
Momentous hour draws nigh,
Then, with my dying eyes, I 'll cast
A look on Calvary.

Anon., 1858.

454. *The Wonders of Redemption.*

1 AND did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man,—Oh! miracle of grace!—
For man the Saviour bled!

4 Dear Lord! what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatched from hell,
And rebels brought to God,

Anne Steele, 1760.

455. *The Lamb of God.*

1 THOU Lamb of God! that, on the tree,
Our bitter burdens bore,
And loved till death a worm like me,—
I bow, admire, adore.

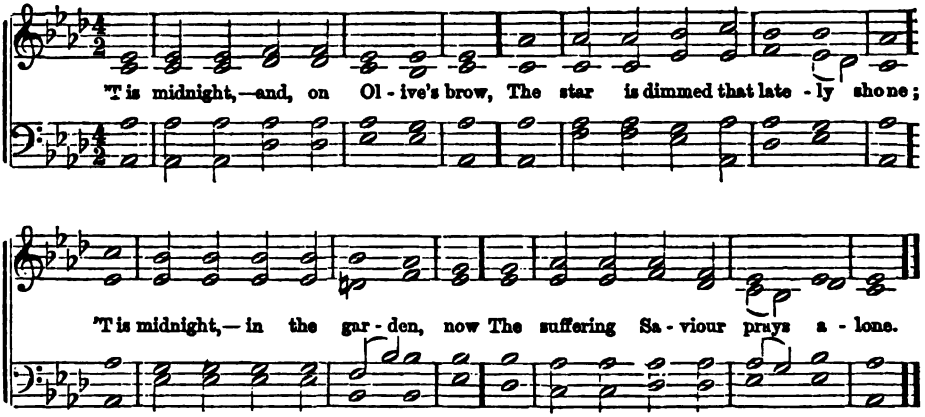
2 Thy head, the crown of thorns that wears,
With brightest radiance glows;
That face, so marred with blood and tears,
Transcendent beauty shows.

3 Those wounded hands, stretched out so wide,
Proclaim the sinner's Friend,
And, from the cleft of thy pierced side,
Life-giving streams descend.

4 By men despised, rejected, scorned,—
No beauty they can see,—
With grace and glory all adorned,
The loveliest form to me.

Thomas Hewett, 1792.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. *William B. Bradbury, 1853.*



456.

Gethsemane.

1 'T is midnight, — and, on Olive's brow,
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'T is midnight, — in the garden, now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'T is midnight, — and, from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'T is midnight, — and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight, — and, from ether-plains,
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains,
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan, 1829.

457.

Christ's Passion.

1 The morning dawns upon the place,
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
Through yielding glooms behold his face!
Nor form, nor comeliness is there.

2 Brought forth to judgment, now he stands
Arraigned, condemned, at Pilate's bar;
Here, spurned by fierce prætorian bands,
There, mocked by Herod's men of war.

3 He bears their buffeting and scorn,
Mock homage of the lip and knee,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, th' accursed tree.

4 No guile within his mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains;
Meek, as a lamb for slaughter bound, —
Dumb, midst his murderers he remains.

5 But hark! he prays; — 't is for his foes;
He speaks; — 't is comfort to his friends;
Answers, — and paradise bestows;
He bows his head; — the conflict ends.

6 Truly this was the Son of God —
Though in a servant's mean disguise;
And, bruised beneath the Father's rod,
Not for himself, — for man he dies.

James Montgomery, 1819.

458.

Psalm 69.

1 Deep in our hearts, let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul!

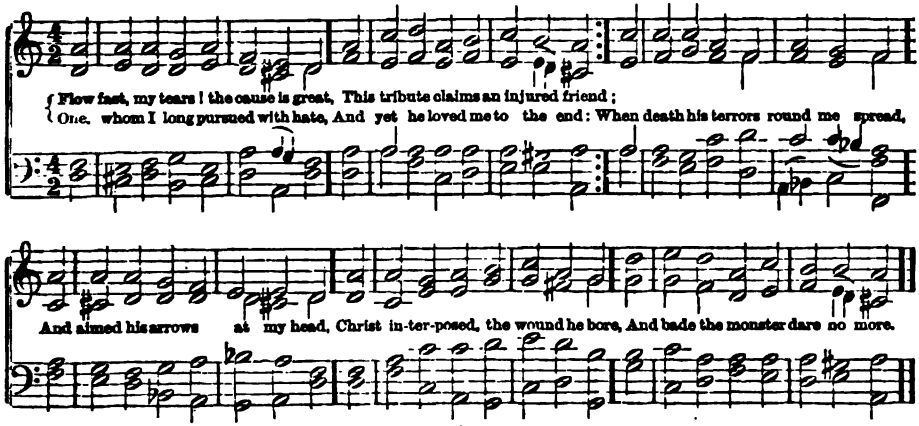
2 Yet, gracious God! thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sins which we had done.

3 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honors of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

4 Oh! for his sake, our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

Isaac Watts, 1719

ERSKINE. L. M. 8 LINES. *Joseph King's "Gesangbuch," 1855.*



459.

The vicarious Sufferer.

1 FLOW fast, my tears! the cause is great;
This tribute claims an injured Friend;
One, whom I long pursued with hate,
And yet he loved me to the end:
When death his terrors round me spread,
And aimed his arrows at my head,
Christ interposed, the wound he bore,
And bade the monster dare no more.

2 Fast flow, my tears! yet faster flow!
Stream copious as yon purple tide;
'T was I that dealt the deadly blow;
I urged the hand that pierced his side;
Keen pangs and agonizing smart
Oppress his soul, and rend his heart;
While justice, armed with power divine,
Pours on his head what 's due to mine!

3 Fast and yet faster flow, my tears!
Love breaks the heart, and drains the eyes;—
His visage marred towards heaven he rears,
And, pleading for his murderer, dies!
My grief no measure knows, nor end,
Till he appears the sinner's Friend,
And gives me, in a happy hour,
To feel the risen Saviour's power.

Walter Shirley, 1774.

460.

The Hidings of the Father's Face.

1 FROM Calváry a cry was heard —
A bitter and heart-rending cry:
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,—
These thou could'st bear, nor once repine;
But, when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break!
Let pealing anthems rend the sky!
Awake, my sluggish soul! awake!
He died, that we might never die.

John W. Cunningham, 1820.

461.

Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem.

1 RIDE on, ride on, in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ! thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

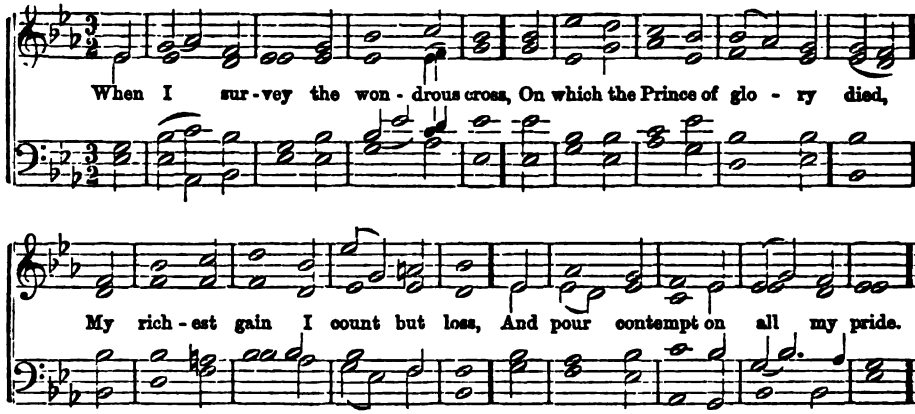
2 Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
The wingéd squadrons of the sky
Look down, with sad and wondering eyes,
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

3 Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on his sapphire throne,
Expects his own anointed Son.

4 Ride on, ride on, in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O God! thy power, and reign!

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

DONCASTER. L. M. C. P. E. Bach. Arr. *Edward Miller*, etc. 1790.



462.

Crucifixion to the World.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

463.

Sufferings of the Redeemer.

1 Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise;
See! from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

2 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man — surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by! —
Oh! why for man, dear Saviour! why?

3 And didst thou bleed? — for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

4 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

5 Come, dearest Lord! thy power impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief, and ardent love.

Anne Steele, 1760.

464.

The Crucifixion of Jesus.

1 Oh! come and mourn with me awhile;
Oh! come ye to the Saviour's side;
Oh! come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

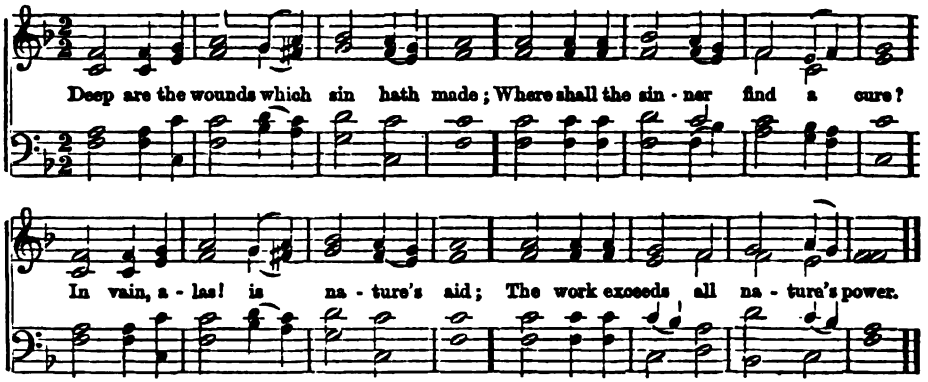
2 Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs!
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

3 How fast his hands and feet are nailed!
His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are blind with blood;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

4 Come let us stand beneath the cross;
So may the blood from out his side
Fall gently on us, drop by drop:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Frederick W. Faber, 1849, a.

HAMBURG. L. M. Gregorian, Adapted by *Lowell Mason*, 1826.



465. *Christ, the Physician of the Soul.*

1 Deep are the wounds which sin hath made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part:
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

4 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O! fainting soul! and live;
See, — in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give.

5 See, — in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow:
'T is only this dear sacred flood,
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

Anne Steele, 1760.

466. *The Wonders of the Cross.*

1 Nature, with open volume, stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But, in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 't is fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

3 Here I behold his inmost heart, [join,
Where grace and vengeance strangely
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchased pleasures mine.

4 Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws [side.
From his dear wounds and bleeding

5 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

467. *"It is finished!"*

1 "'T is finished!" — so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died;
"'T is finished!" — yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

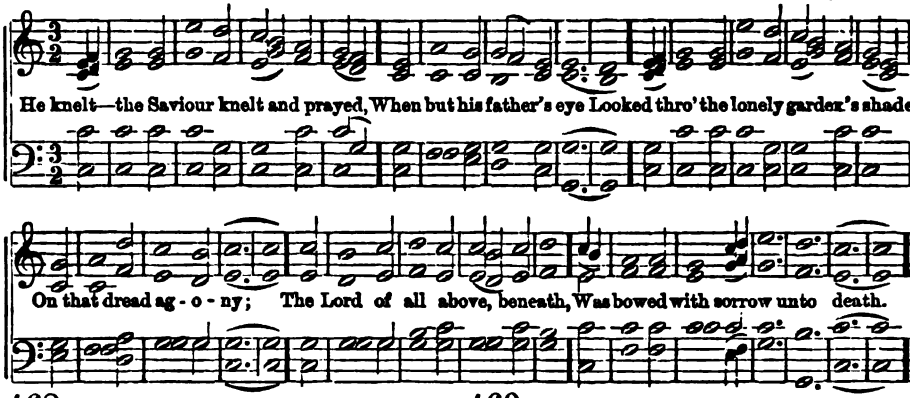
2 "'T is finished! — this my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this my last expiring breath."

3 "'T is finished!" — Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

4 "'T is finished!" — let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
"'T is finished!" — let the echo fly,
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

HASTINGS. C. L. M. *Thomas Hastings, 1832.*



468. *Christ's Agony in the Garden.*

1 He knelt — the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye [shade,
Looked through the lonely garden's
On that dread agony;
The Lord of all, above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun set in a fearful hour;
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow him! [know
That he, who gave man's breath, might
The very depths of human woe.

3 He proved them all — the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All darkened round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray;
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

4 It passed not — though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not — though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead:
But there was sent him from on high,
A gift of strength, for man to die.

5 And was his mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet,
In the dark, narrow way? —
How, but thro' him, that path who trod?
Save, or we perish, Son of God!

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans, 1834.

469. *The Sepulchre on Sabbath Morning.*

1 How calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where Christ, the crucified, was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
Oh! weep no more the Saviour slain!
The Lord is risen — he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints! dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place! — he is not here!"
The tomb is all unbarred;
The gates of death were closed in vain;
The Lord is risen — he lives again.

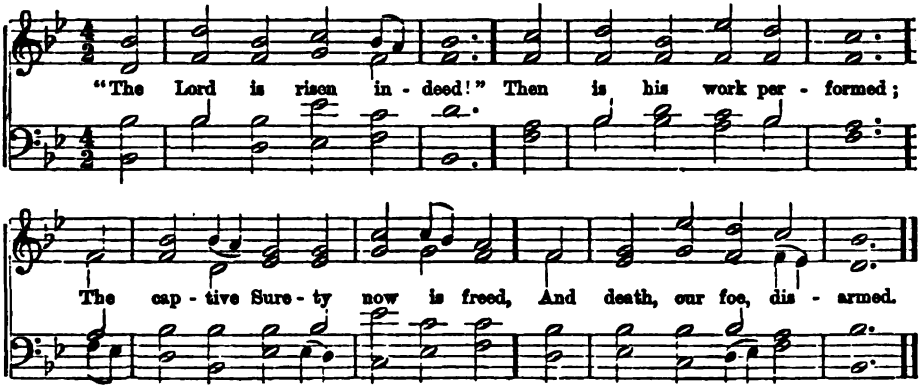
3 Now cheerful, to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend;
Once, by the law, your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'T is Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh! weep no more your comforts slain;
The Lord is risen — he lives again.

5 And, when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since he hath risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

Thomas Hastings, 1832.

HUDSON. S. M. *Ralph Harrison, 1786.*



470. *A risen Saviour.*

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed!"
Then is his work performed;
The captive Surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!" —
Then hell has lost his prey:
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed!" —
He lives to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed!" —
Attending angels! hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed
The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all the bright, celestial choirs!
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

471. *Christ's Ascension.*

1 THOU art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies,
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.

2 But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed:
Lord! send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to thy rest.

3 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony,
To pass unto thy crown.

4 And, girt with griefs and fears,
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us, at last, to thee.

5 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.

6 Oh! by thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At thy right hand on high.

Mrs. Emma Toke, 1851.

472. *The Exaltation of Christ.*

1 COME, all harmonious tongues!
Your noblest music bring;
'T is Christ, the everlasting God,
And Christ, the man, we sing.

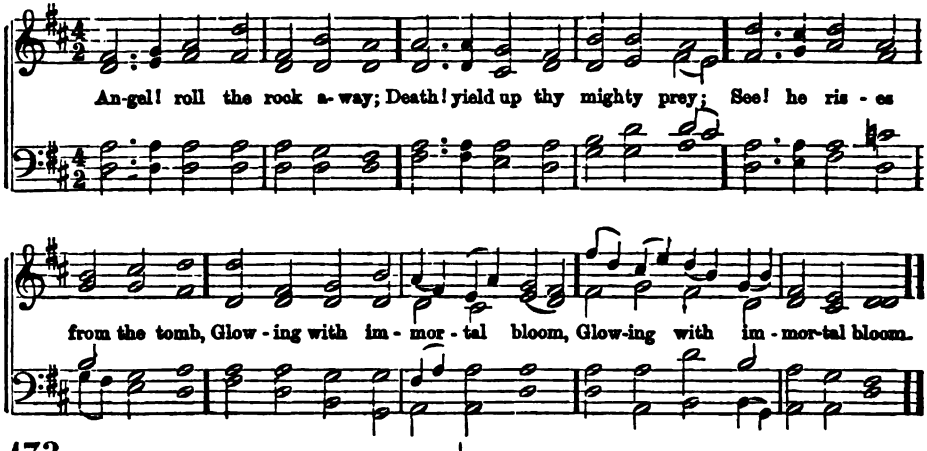
2 Down to the shades of death,
He bowed his awful head;
Yet he arose to live and reign,
When death itself is dead.

3 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

4 There the Redeemer sits,
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

CHRISTOPH. 7s. From *Christoph Willibald Gluck*, 1714-1787.



473. *The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

1 ANGEL! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 'T is the Saviour; angels! raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Shout, ye saints! in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong;
Shout the Son of God, this morn
From his sepulchre new-born.

4 Heaven displays her portals wide;
Glorious Hero! through them ride!
King of glory! mount the throne, —
Thy great Father's and thine own.

5 Powers of heaven! seraphic fires!
Sing, and sweep your golden lyres;
Sons of men! in humbler strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captived hell!
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death! thy mortal sting?

Thomas Scott, 1772.

474. *The Resurrection of Christ.*

1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!"
Sons of men, and angels! say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens! and, earth! reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise:
Christ has opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death! is now thy sting?"—
Dying once, he all doth save; —
"Where thy victóry, O Grave!"

Charles Wesley, 1739.

475. *Jesus rising.*

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus dissipates its gloom:
Day of triumph through the skies —
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Christians! dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears:
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

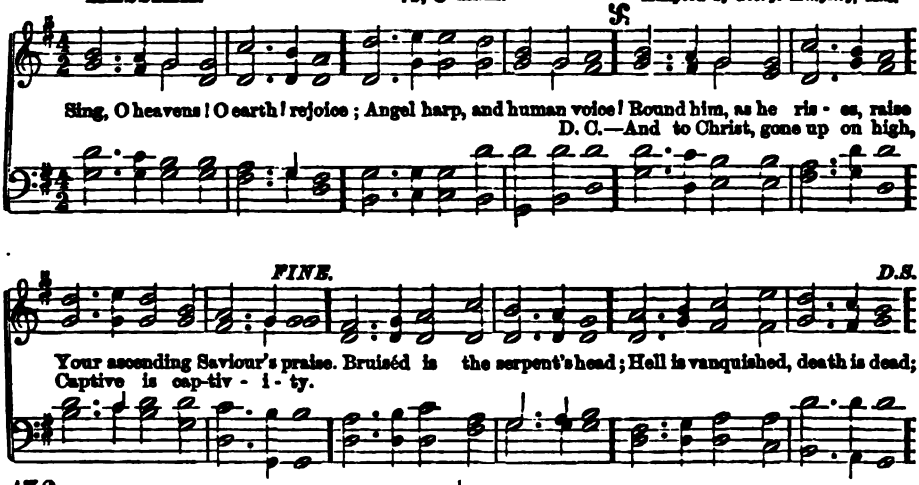
3 Ye, who are of death afraid!
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away:
See the place where Jesus lay!

4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

William B. Collyer, 1812.

MESSIAH. 7s, 8 LINES.

From *L. J. F. Hérold*, 1791-1833.
Adapted by *George Kingsley*, 1876.



476. *The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

1 SING, O heavens! O earth! rejoice;
Angel harp, and human voice!
Round him, as he rises, raise
Your ascending Saviour's praise.

2 Bruiséd is the serpent's head;
Hell is vanquished, death is dead;
And to Christ, gone up on high,
Captive is captivity.

3 All his work and warfare done,
He into his heaven is gone;
And, beside his Father's throne,
Now is pleading for his own.

4 Sing, O heavens! O earth! rejoice;
Angel harp, and human voice!
Round him, in his glory, raise
Your ascended Saviour's praise.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

477. *The Ascension of Christ.*

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in!

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 See! he lifts his hands above!
See! he shows the prints of love!
Hark! his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below!

5 Still for us his death he pleads;
Prevalent, he intercedes;
Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

6 There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

478. *Christ and the Saints in Glory.*

1 "WIDE, ye heavenly gates! unfold,
Closed no more by death and sin;
Lo! the conquering Lord behold!
Let the King of glory in."

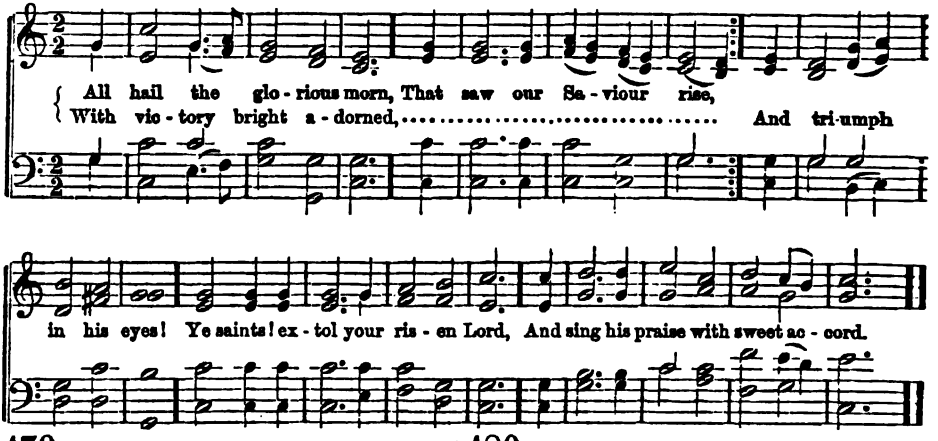
2 Hark! th' angelic host inquire,—
"Who is he, the mighty King?"
Hark again! the answering choir
Thus in strains of triumph sing:—

3 "He, whose powerful arm alone
On his foes destruction hurled;
He, who hath the victory won,
He, who saved a ruined world:

4 He, who God's pure law fulfilled,
Jesus, the incarnate Word;
He, whose truth with blood was sealed;
He is heaven's all-glorious Lord."

Harriet Auber, 1829.

MURRAY. H. M. *Lowell Mason, 1832.*



479. *The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

1 All hail the glorious morn,
That saw our Saviour rise,
With victory bright adorned,
And triumph in his eyes!
Ye saints! extol your risen Lord,
And sing his praise with sweet accord.

2 Behold! the Lamb of God,
Th' atoning sacrifice,
Sustains the dreadful load
Of man's iniquities;
Death, sin and hell, our cruel foes,
All vanquished fell, when Jesus rose.

3 The Conquéror ascends,
In triumph to the skies;
Celestial hosts attend,
To crown his victories;
Hark! they proclaim his glorious name;
And heaven resounds Immanuel's fame.

4 Now, to the throne above,
Let every saint draw near;
There dwells incarnate love,
Grace sits triumphant there;
See mercy smile, e'en on that throne,
Where once did wrath and justice frown.

5 All praise be to the Lamb,
Who offered up his blood!
Hosannas to his name,
That for our ransom stood;
In notes sublime, with joy we sing
The love divine of Christ, our King.

John Peacock, 1776.

480. *The Condescension and Love of Christ.*

1 Come, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name!
Your noblest powers exert,
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 Such was his zeal for God,
And such his love for you,
He freely undertook
What Gabriel could not do;
His every deed of love and grace,
All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

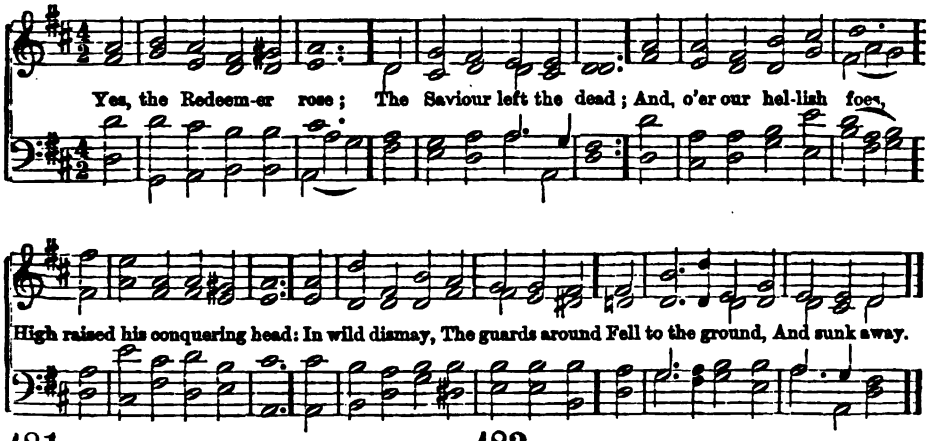
3 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured, Oh! who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

4 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes,
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

5 Jesus! we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love,
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give;
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

GOPSAL. H. M. *George Frederick Händel, 1685–1759.*



481.

The Resurrection of Christ.

1 Yes, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And, o'er our hellish foes,
High raised his conquering head:
In wild dismay, the guards around
Fell to the ground, and sunk away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come, and wing their way,
From realms of day, to such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, — "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead; — he rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound, —
Redeemed by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe, on which you dwell;
Transported, cry, — "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die."

5 All hail! triumphant Lord!
Who sav'st us with thy blood:
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise, with thee we reign,
And empires gain, beyond the skies.

Philip Doddridge, 1729.

482.

Christ exalted to the Throne.

1 God is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim th' angelic joys:
Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 God in the flesh below,
For us he reigns above;
Let all the nations know
Our Jesus' conquering love:
Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

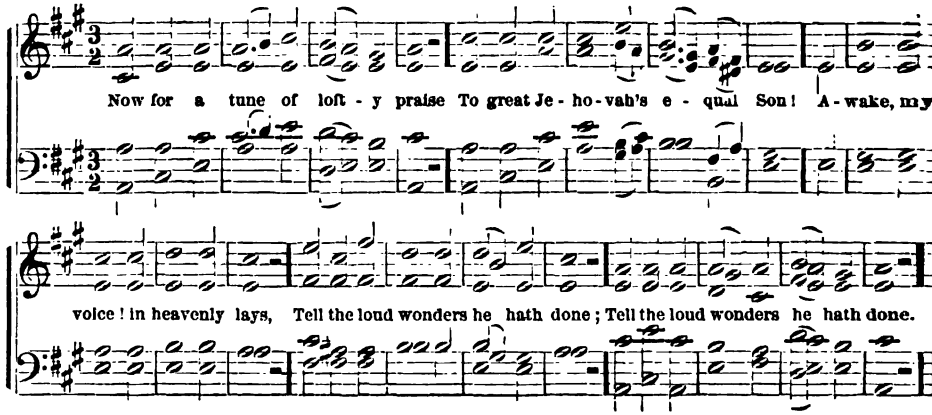
3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 High on his holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink, and die away;
Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

5 Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God,
In one great chorus join,
Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

Charles Wesley, 1747.

PARK STREET. L. M. From *Frederick M. A. Venua*, cir. 1810.



483.

Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

1 Now for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice! in heavenly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

2 Sing — how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above, —
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

484.

Christ's Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumph.

1 The mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise,
That e'er the God of love designed,
Employs and fills my laboring mind.

2 Begin, my soul! the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue;
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

3 Proclaim inimitable love; —
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

4 He, that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans;
The Prince of life resigns his breath,
The King of glory bows to death.

5 But see the wonders of his power!
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And, whilst by Satan's rage he fell,
He dashed the rising hopes of hell.

6 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And sin was drowned in Jesus' blood:
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

Isaac Watts, 1736.

485.

Psalm 68.

1 Lord! when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

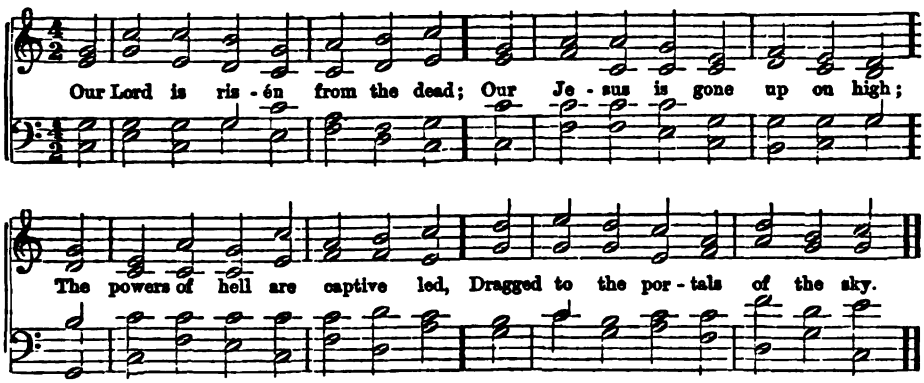
2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

HULL. L. M. German.



486.

PSALM 24.

1 OUR Lord is risén from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way.

3 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in."

4 "Who is the King of glory? — who?"
"The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name."

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay: —
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."

6 "Who is the King of glory? — who?"—
"The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blessed."

Charles Wesley, 1741.

487.

Christ, dying, rising, and reigning.

1 HE dies! — the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, — lo! what sudden joys I see! —
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him — welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints! and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing, — how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains.

5 Say, — "Live for ever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, — "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

Isaac Watts, 1706.
v. 1, altered by *John Wesley*, 1739.

488.

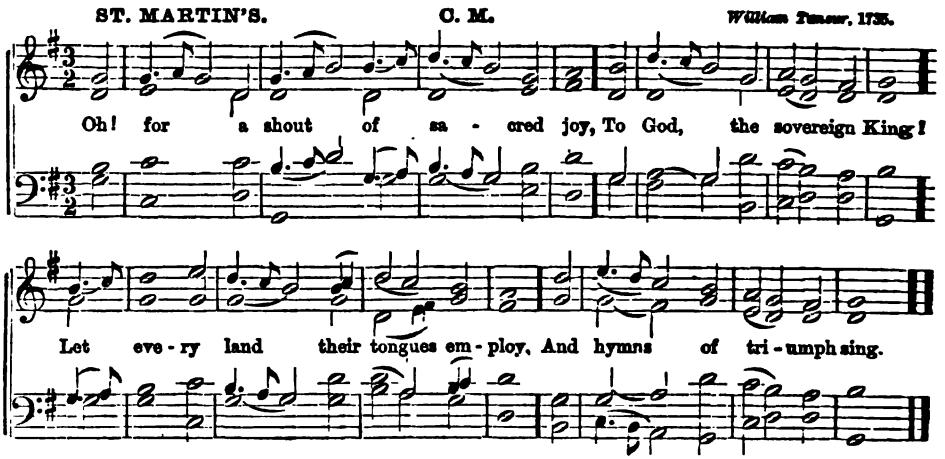
PSALM 24.

1 REJOICE, ye shining worlds on high!
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be? —
The mighty Lord, the Saviour, 's he.

2 Ye heavenly gates! your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way;
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

3 Raised from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

Isaac Watts, 1712.



489.

PSALM 47.

1 OH! for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honor sing;—
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne:—
He loved that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

490.

The Resurrection of Christ.

1 THE Sun of righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
Adore the Scatterer of your fears;
Your rising Sun adore.

2 The saints, when he resigned his breath,
Unclosed their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death;
Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran.
Alone the wine-press trod;
He dies and suffers as a man;
He rises as a God.

4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal
Forbid an early rise
To him, who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

Samuel Wesley, Jr., 1736.

491.

"Chorus novæ Jerusalem."

1 YE choirs of new Jerusalem!
Your sweetest notes employ,
The paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

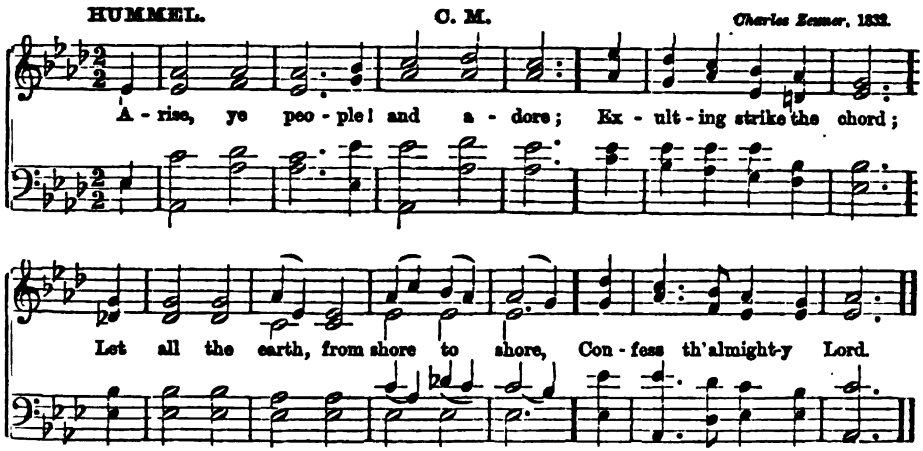
2 For Judah's Lion bursts his chains,
Crushing the serpent's head;
And cries aloud, through death's domains,
To wake th' imprisoned dead.

3 Devouring depths of hell their prey
At his command restore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where Jesus goes before.

4 Triumphant in his glory now,
To him all power is given;
To him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

5 While we, his soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore,
Within his palace bright to bring,
And keep us evermore.

Lat. of *Fulbert*, 1020.
Tr., *Robert Campbell*, 1850. a.



492. PSALM 47.

1 ARISE, ye people! and adore;
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess th' almighty Lord.

2 Hark! the glad shouts, wide echoing round,
Th' ascending God proclaim;
Th' angelic choir respond the sound,
And shake creation's frame.

3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
In that triumphant hour;
And God exalts his conquering Son
To the right hand of power.

4 Arise, ye people! and adore;
Exulting strike the chord:
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess th' almighty Lord.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

493. *The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues!
To reach his blessed abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

5 Bright angels! strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

494. *The Resurrection-Morn.*

1 BLESSED morning! whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode!

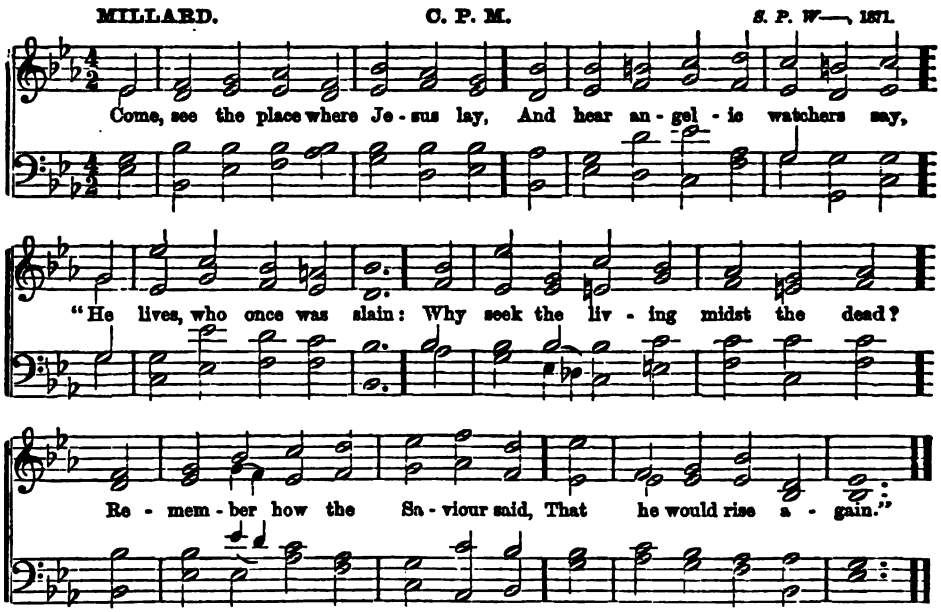
2 In the cold prison of a tomb,
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force,
To hold our God, in vain;
The sleeping Conquĕror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord!
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation, and immortal praise,
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

Isaac Watts, 1707.



495.

The First-Begotten of the Dead.

1 COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
"He lives, who once was slain:
Why seek the living midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said,
That he would rise again."

2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by his own Almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!
Now let our songs his triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

3 The First-Begotten of the dead,
For us he rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What, though the saints like him shall die?
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord! in thee we live,
To thee our ransomed souls we give,
To thee our bodies trust.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.
Altered by *Henry W. Baker*, 1861.

496.

The Triumph of our Lord.

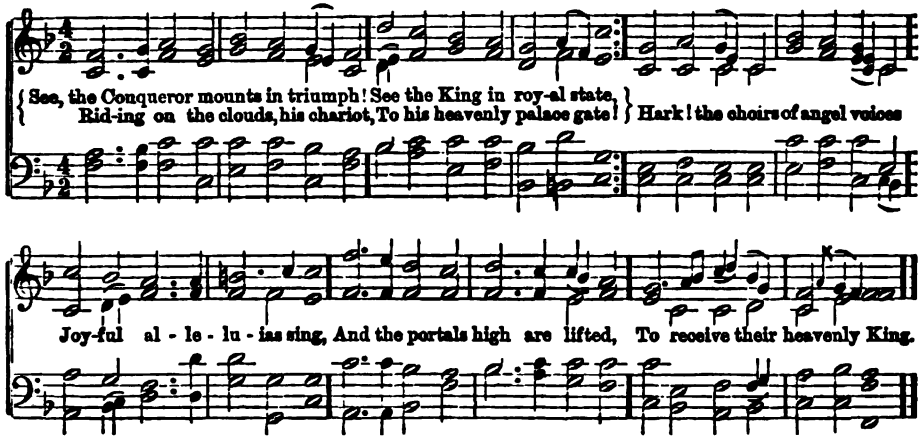
1 JESUS, who died a world to save,
Revives and rises from the grave,
By his almighty power:
From sin, and death, and hell, set free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

2 Oh! may we all from sin awake,
In paradise our places take,
Near our exalted Head;
May all our souls to heaven aspire,
In thought, in will, in strong desire,
To carnal pleasures dead!

3 Children of God! look up and see
Your Saviour clothed in majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,
In heaven your mansions he prepares,
And soon will take you home.

4 His church is still his joy and crown;
He looks with love and pity down
On her he did redeem:
He tastes her joys, he feels her woes,
And prays that she may spoil her foes,
And ever reign with him.

William Hammond, 1745.



497.

The glorious Conqueror.

1 See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph!
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
To his heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victóry;
He, who on the cross did suffer,
He, who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord! in thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

4 Lift us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations,
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where he sits enthroned in glory,
In the heavenly citadel.

5 So at last, when he appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles',
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet him in the air,
Rise to realms where he is reigning,
And may reign for ever there.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

498.

Christ triumphant.

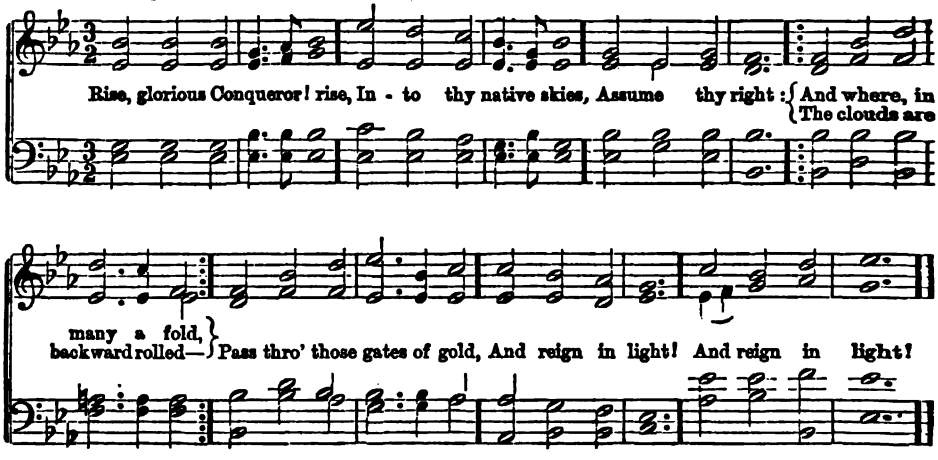
1 Come, ye saints! look here and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst his bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away:
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs! — sing ye praises; —
By his death he overcame:
Thus the Lord his glory raises;
Thus he fills his foes with shame:
Sing ye praises —
Praises to the victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! — countless legions
Come from heaven, to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessèd regions,
They shall join his praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches rin-

Thomas Kelly, 1804

CONQUEROR. 6s & 4s. John Zundel, 1855.



499.

The ascending Saviour.

1 Rise, glorious Conqueror! rise,
Into thy native skies, —
Assume thy right:
And where, in many a fold,
The clouds are backward rolled —
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And claps his wings of fire. —
Thou Lamb, once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour! triumphant, go
And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah! hail! —
And let thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years!
Claim for thine own the spheres;
For thou has bought with tears
Thy heritage.

Samuel Egerton Brydges, 1820.

500.

The Lamb that was slain.

1 Archangels! fold your wings:
Seraphs! keep mute the strings
Of all your lyres:
The Lamb of God is slain! —
But see! — he lives again,
O'er earth and heaven to reign: —
Wake all your choirs!

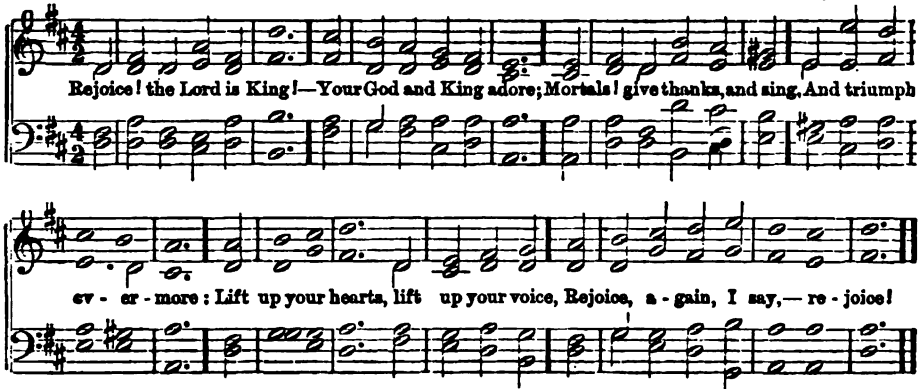
2 Bow down in gloom, ye skies!
The Lamb for sinners dies, —
He dies — in love:
Now lift your voices high,
Ye powers of earth and sky!
He lives, no more to die,
He reigns above.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!
His praises spread abroad;
Wake, heart and voice!
Sinners, with guilt distressed!
Saints, wrapt in blissful rest!
Souls, waiting to be blest!
In Christ rejoice.

4 Worthy is he alone
To fill the Father's throne,
And share his praise:
Slain to redeem our race,
Blest Jesus! full of grace,
In heaven now take thy place,
Ancient of days!

Samuel Egerton Brydges, 1820. a.

DARWELL. H. M. *John Darwell, circ. 1750.*



501.

The Reign of Christ.

1 Rejoice! the Lord is King!—
Your God and King adore;
Mortals! give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts,—lift up your voice,
Rejoice! again, I say,—rejoice!

2 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your hearts,—lift up your voice,
Rejoice! again, I say,—rejoice!

3 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts,—lift up your voice,
Rejoice! again, I say,—rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound,—Rejoice!

Charles Wesley, 1746.

502.

The Offices of Christ.

1 Great Prophet of our God!
Our tongues would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath shed his blood and died;
My guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone;
And now it pleads before the throne.

3 O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and our King!
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing;
Thine is the power; Oh! make us sit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.

Isaac Watts, 1709, a.

503.

The Cross celebrated.

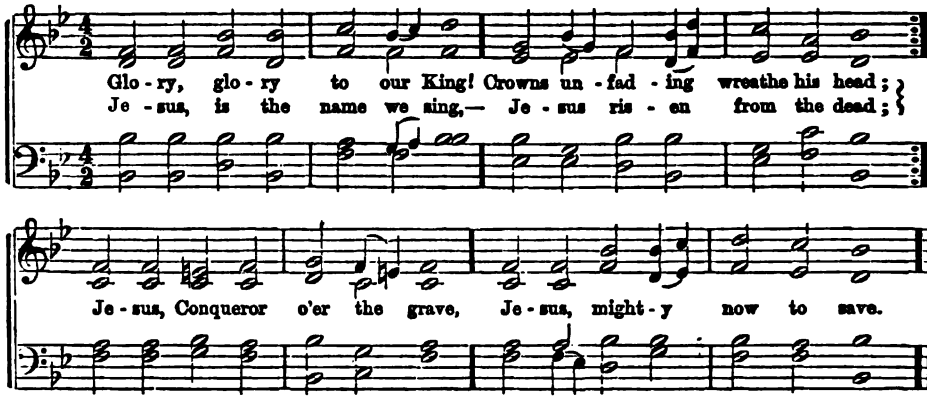
1 Ye saints! your music bring,
Attuned to sweetest sound;
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound:
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

2 The cross—the cross alone—
Subdued the powers of hell;
Like lightning from his throne,
The prince of darkness fell:
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

3 The cross has power to save,
From all the foes that rise;
The cross has made the grave
A passage to the skies:
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

Andrew Reed, 1817

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 4 or 6 LINES. *Cæsar Malan, 1830.*



504. *Christ enthroned.*

1 GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreathe his head;
Jesus is the name we sing,—
Jesus, risen from the dead;
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high;
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing:
"Open now, ye heavenly gates!
'T is the King of glory waits."

3 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace!
Oh! for hearts and tongues to sing—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

4 Jesus! on thy people shine;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss, and swell their songs:
Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Lord! be thine for evermore!

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

505. *The Coronation of Christ.*

1 CROWNS of glory, ever bright,
Rest upon the Victor's head;
Crowns of glory are his right,—
His, "who liveth and was dead."

2 He subdued the powers of hell;
In the fight he stood alone;
All his foes before him fell,
By his single arm o'erthrown.

3 His, the fight, the arduous toil,
His, the honors of the day,
His, the glory and the spoil;
Jesus bears them all away.

4 Now proclaim his deeds afar;
Fill the world with his renown:
His alone, the Victor's car,
His, the everlasting crown!

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

506. *The Victor's Triumph.*

1 SONS of Zion! raise your songs,
Praise to Zion's King belongs;
His, the victor's crown and fame:
Glory to the Saviour's name!

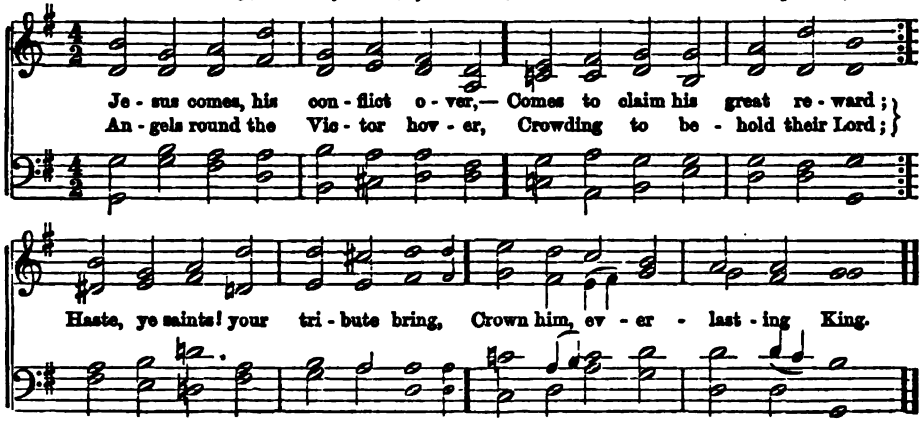
2 Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the Victor's eyes:
Glorious is the work achieved,—
Satan vanquished, man relieved!

3 Sing we then the Victor's praise;
Go ye forth and strew the ways;
Bid him welcome to his throne:
He is worthy, he alone!

4 Place the crown upon his brow;
Every knee to him shall bow:
Him the brightest seraph sings;
Heaven proclaims him "King of kings!"

Thomas Kelly, 1839.

FRANKFORT. 8s, 7s & 7s, or 8s & 7s. 6 LINES. *Johann Christoph Bach, 1680.*



507.

The Coronation of Jesus.

1 JESUS comes, his conflict over, —
Comes to claim his great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne for him erected,
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the Man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at his feet:
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

3 Day and night they cry before him, —
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore him,
All obey his sovereign word;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

508.

The victorious Saviour.

1 "WHO is this that comes from Edom."
All his raiment stained with blood,
To the slave proclaiming freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good,
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoils he bears?

2 'T is the Saviour, now victorious,
Traveling onward in his might!
'T is the Saviour! Oh! how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Mighty to redeem the slave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Mighty Victor! reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall thy people, never,
Cease to sing what thou hast done;
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou wilt heal thy people's woes.

Thomas Kelly, 1839.

509.

Coronation of the King of Kings.

1 LOOK, ye saints! — the sight is glorious;
See the "Man of sorrows" now!
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him! crown him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

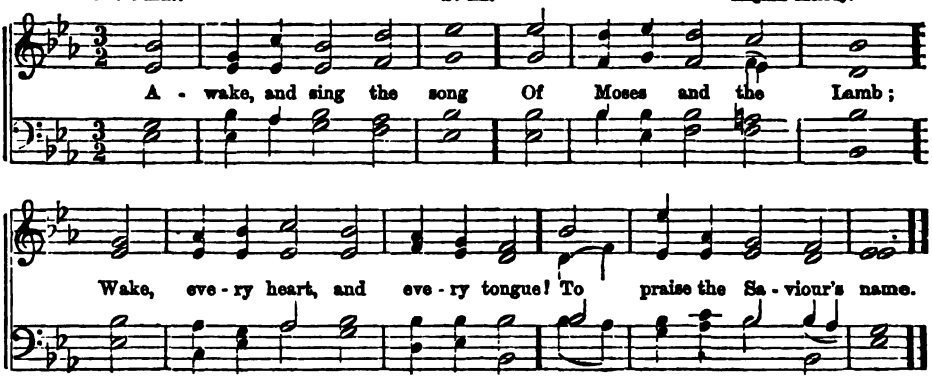
2 Crown the Saviour! angels! crown him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings: —
Crown him! crown him!
Crown the Saviour, "King of kings!"

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels! crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him! crown him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh! what joy the sight affords!
Crown him! crown him!
"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

DOVER. S. M. English Melody.



510. *The Song of Moses and the Lamb.*

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue!
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing — how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners! sing;
Sing on, rejoicing, every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessèd children! come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

William Hammond, 1745.
Altered, by *Martin Madan*, 1760.

511. *The atoning Blood.*

1 How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain:
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord! we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace
And thine atoning blood.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

512. "*Summi Parentis Filio.*"

1 To Christ, the Prince of peace,
And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come, —
Sing we with holy joy.

2 Deep in his heart for us
The wound of love he bore, —
That love, which still he kindles in
The hearts that him adore.

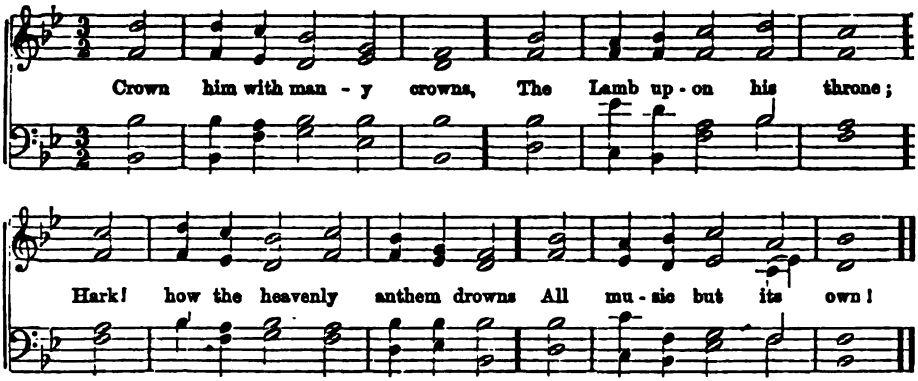
3 O Jesus, Victim blest!
What else, but love divine,
Could thee constrain, to open thus
That sacred heart of thine?

4 O Fount of endless life!
O Spring of waters clear!
O Flame celestial! cleansing all
Who unto thee draw near!

5 Hide me in thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly; [death
There seek thy grace through life, in
Thine immortality.

Roman Breviary.
Tr., *Edward Caswall*, 1849.

STATE STREET. S. M. *Jonathan C. Woodman, 1844.*



513. *The Song of the Seraphs.*

1 Crown him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!

2 Awake, my soul! and sing
Of him who died for thee;
And hail him as thy matchless King,
Through all eternity.

3 Crown him, the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side, —
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:

4 Crown him, the Lord of peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways,
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise:

5 Crown him, the Lord of years!
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!

Matthew Bridges, 1852.

514. *Praise to Christ.*

1 Jesus, the Christ of God!
The Father's blessèd Son!
The Father's bosom thine abode,
The Father's love thine own: —

2 Jesus, the Lamb of God!
Who, us from hell to raise,
Hast shed thy reconciling blood; —
We give thee endless praise.

3 God, and yet man, thou art;
True God, true man art thou;
Of man, and of man's earth, a part,
One with us thou art now; —

4 Great Sacrifice for sin!
Giver of life for life!
Bestorer of the peace within!
True ender of the strife!

5 To thee, the Christ of God,
Thy saints exulting sing;
The bearer of our heavy load,
Our own anointed King.

6 Rest of the weary, thou!
To thee our rest we come;
In thee to find our dwelling now,
Our everlasting home.

Horatius Bonar, 1861.

515. *Christ enthroned.*

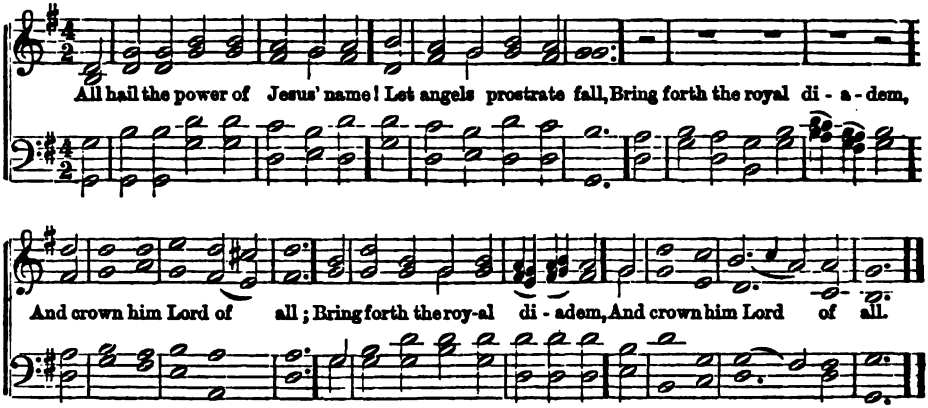
1 Enthroned is Jesus now
Upon his heavenly seat;
The kingly crown is on his brow,
The saints are at his feet.

2 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood
Each wears his diadem.

3 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost!
Thy blessèd help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

Thomas James Judkin, 1857, a.

CORONATION. C. M. *Oliver Holden, 1793.*



516. *Crowning Jesus Lord of all.*

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God!
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race!
Ye ransomed from the fall!
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall.
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Oh! that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1780, a.

517. *Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.*

1 Jesus, our Lord! ascend thy throne,
And near the Father sit:
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore; —
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more."

4 Jesus, our Priest, for ever lives,
To plead for us above:
Jesus, our King, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

518. *The wondrous Name.*

1 Jesus! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

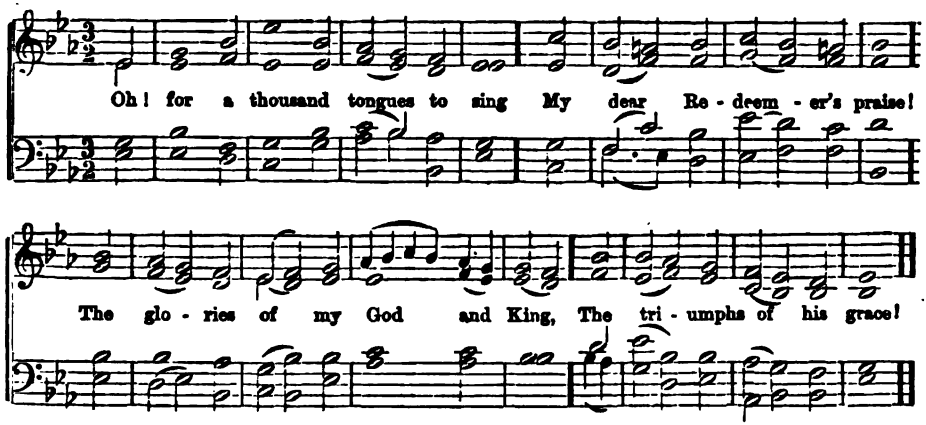
2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Oh! that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

4 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'T is all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

Charles Wesley, 1740.

LIVERPOOL. C. M. *Robert Wainwright, 1747-1782.*



519. *The saving Name.*

1 Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus — the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, — and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

520. *God reconciled in Christ.*

1 Dearest of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God!
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'T is by the merits of thy death,
The Father smiles again;
'T is by thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But, if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast; —
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

521. *"Jesu! nostra Redemptio."*

1 O Christ! our Hope, our heart's Desire,
Redemption's only Spring!
Creator of the world art thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

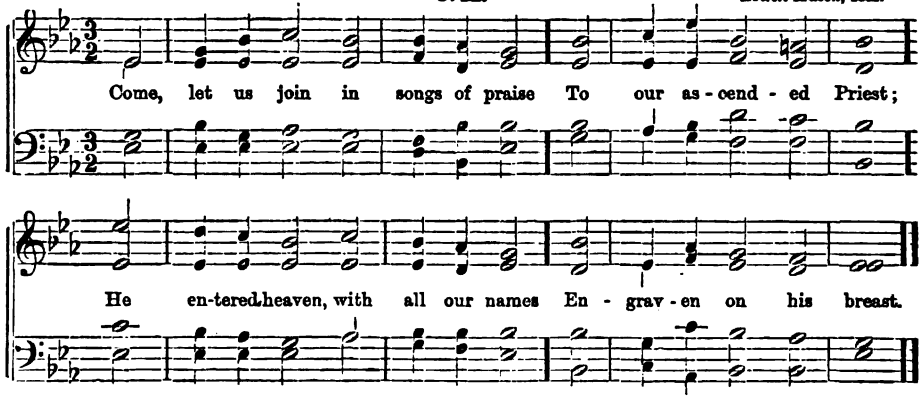
2 How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on thee,
And led thee to a cruel death,
To set thy people free!

3 But now the bonds of death are burst
The ransom has been paid:
And thou art on thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

4 O Christ! be thou our present joy,
Our future great reward!
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord!

Lat., Ambrose (?), 390.
Tr., John Chandler, 1837.

DOWNS. C. M. *Lowell Mason, 1832.*



522. *The Sympathy of Jesus.*

1 Come, let us join in songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven, with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 Below he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which he himself o'ercame.

4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervors of his love;
For us he died in kindness here,
Nor is less kind above.

5 Oh! may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to wear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
Our mouths his praise proclaim.

Anon., 1818.

523. *The almighty Friend.*

1 He, who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide,
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.

3 While harps unnumbered sound his praise,
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

4 How glorious he, how happy they,
In such a glorious Friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

John Newton, 1779.

524. *Our High-Priest in Heaven.*

1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-Priest above;
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And, high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned;—

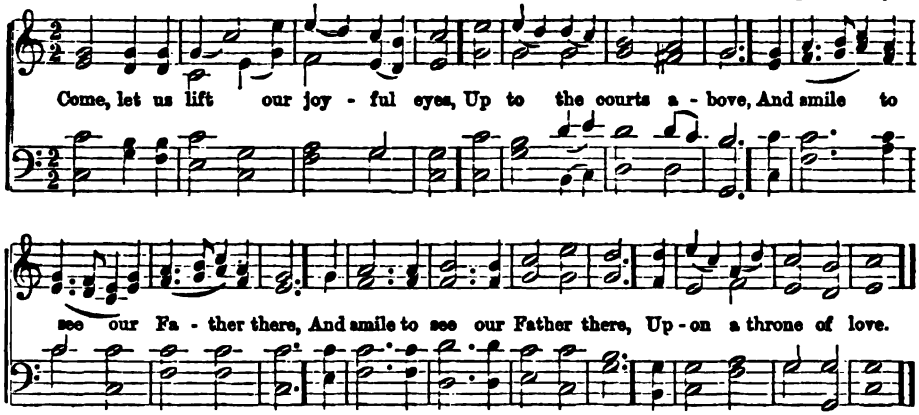
3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,—
Our everlasting trust,—
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,—
To endless ages borne.

Philip Doddridge, 1736.

CONWAY. C. M. English Melody.



525.

Access to the Throne of Grace.

1 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes,
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise the notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his fury by.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

526.

Psalm 46.

1 Hail, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign,
At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

4 And, when thy victories are complete,
When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet,
To sing thy conquering grace,

5 Oh! may my humble soul be found,
Among that favored band;
And I, with them, thy praise will sound,
Throughout Immanuel's land.

Benjamin Wallin, 1776.

527.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and — Oh! amazing love! —
He ran to our relief.

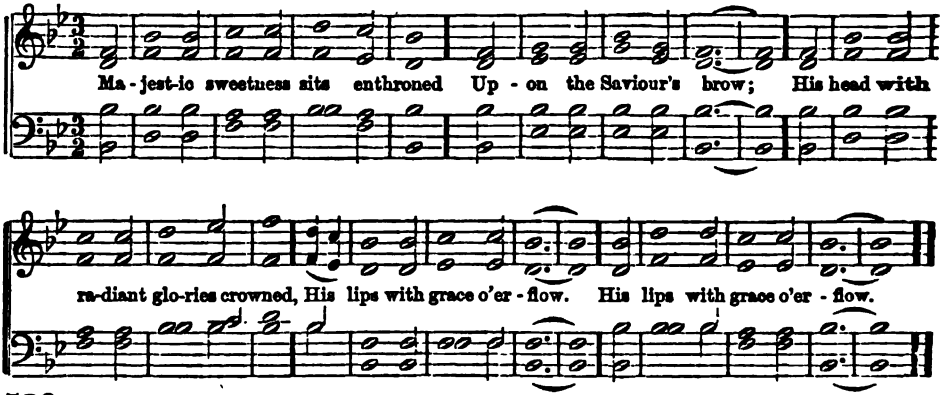
3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels! assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. *Thomas Hastings, 1837.*



528. *The Excellencies of Jesus.*

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he, than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress;
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

529. *Perfect through Suffering.*

1 The head, that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his, — is his by right;
"The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
And heaven's eternal Light:

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, — an everlasting name;
Their joy, — the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy — to know
The mystery of his love.

6 The cross he bore is life and health, —
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

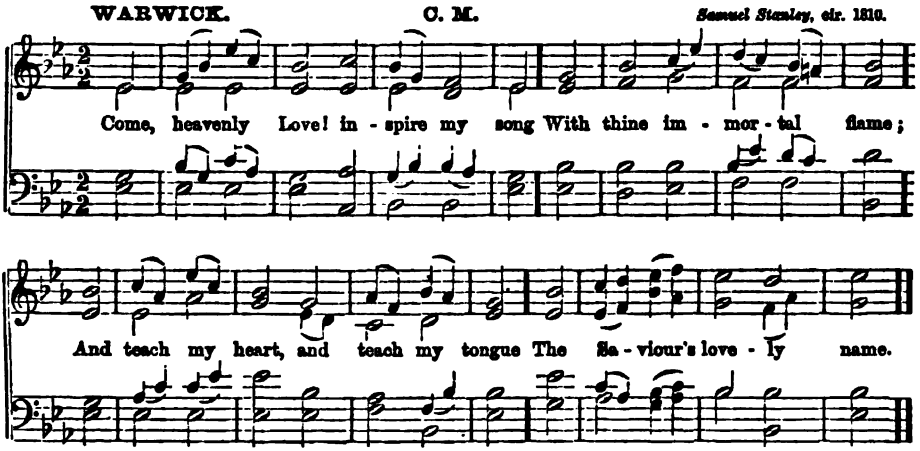
Thomas Kelly, 1820.

530. *Hosanna to Jesus.*

1 Hosanna to the Prince of grace!
Sion! behold thy King!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came!
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

Isaac Watts, 1719.



531.

Redeeming Love.

1 Come, heavenly Love! inspire my song
With thine immortal flame; [tongue.
And teach my heart, and teach my
The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour! Oh! what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

3 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode; [eyes,
While angels viewed with wondering
And hailed th' incarnate God.

4 Oh! the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour! let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

Anne Steele, 1760.

532.

The all-sufficient Sacrifice.

1 When, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'T is Jesus' blood, that washes white,
His hand, that brings relief; [joys,
His heart, that 's touched with all our
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in thy wounded side.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, 1858.

533.

The mighty Conqueror.

1 Jesus, immortal King! arise;
Assume, assert thy sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute bring,
And distant lands obey.

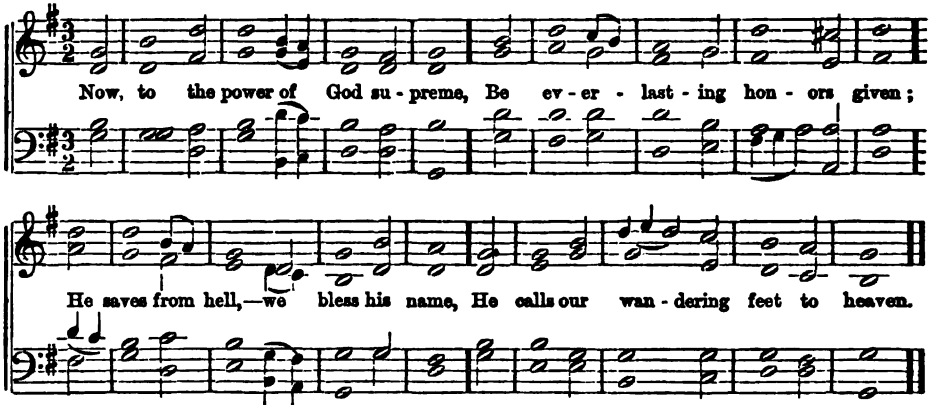
2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror! ride,
Till all thy foes submit;
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
This spacious earth around:
Till every soul, beneath the sun,
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored;
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

A. C. Hobart Seymour, 1810.

PILESGROVE. L. M. *Nahum Mitchell, 1812.*



534. *Salvation by Grace in Christ.*

1 Now, to the power of God supreme,
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell, — we bless his name,
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties, or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'T was his own purpose, that begun
To rescue rebels, doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ, his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies, — and, in that dreadful night,
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising — he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

535. *"O Amor! quem exstatious."*

1 O LOVE! how deep, how broad, how high!
It fills the heart with ecstacy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

2 He sent no angel, to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

3 For us he prayed, for us he taught,
For us his daily works he wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not himself, but us.

4 For us to wicked men betrayed, [rayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe ar-
He bore the shameful cross and death,
For us at length gave up his breath.

5 For us he rose from death again,
For us he went on high to reign,
For us he sent his Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

Tr., *John Mason Neale, 1851, a.*

536. *Christ in Glory.*

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove!
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

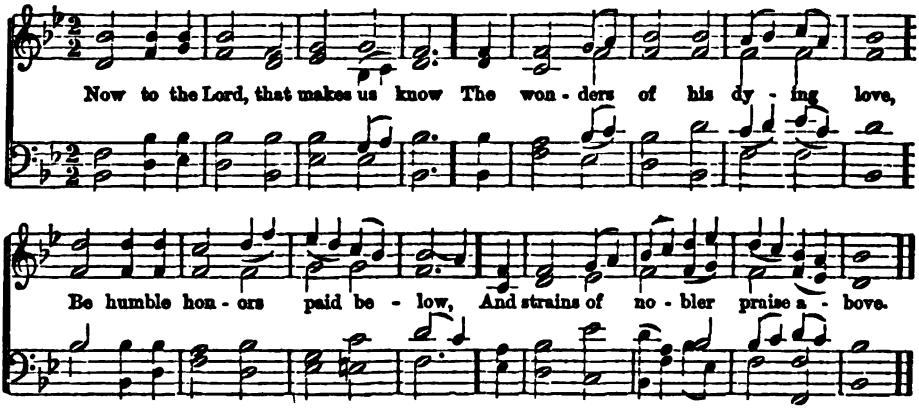
2 Oh! for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

3 Adoring saints around him stand, [fall;
And thrones and powers before him
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

4 Oh! what amazing joys they feel.
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

Isaac Watts, 1707.

ORLAND. L. M. *William Arnold, 1768 1832.*



537. *Christ, our High-Priest, King, and Judge.*

1 Now to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love.
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'T was he that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his richest blood;
'T is he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Tho' with our sins we pierced him once,
Still he displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord! nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

538. *Love inscribed on the Cross.*

1 We sing the praise of him who died, —
Of him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, — "God is Love:"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross! — it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

Thomas Kelly, 1815.

539. *Christ, our Wisdom and Righteousness.*

1 Buried in shadows of the night,
We lie, till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

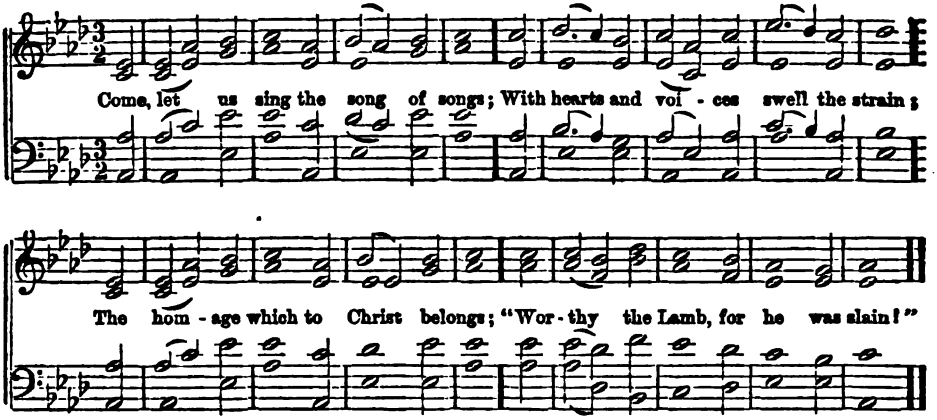
2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord, our Righteousness.

3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

4 Poor helpless worms, in thee, possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and rightcousness:
Thou art our mighty All; — and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord! to thee.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

LOUVAN. L. M. *Virgil C. Taylor, 1869.*



540. *The Song of Songs.*

1 Come, let us sing the song of songs,
With hearts and voices swell the strain;
The homage which to Christ belongs; —
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God;
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

3 To him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be! —
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 To him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth pertain,
Honor, and majesty, and might; —
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

5 Come, Holy Spirit! from on high,
Our faith, our hope, our love sustain,
Living to sing, and dying cry, —
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

James Montgomery, 1853.

541. *The Intercession of Christ.*

1 He lives, the great Redeemer lives; —
What joy the blest assurance gives! —
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But, in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts!
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend, —
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Anne Steele, 1760.

542. *Christ, the Lord of Angels.*

1 Great God! to what a glorious height,
Hast thou advanced the Lord, thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

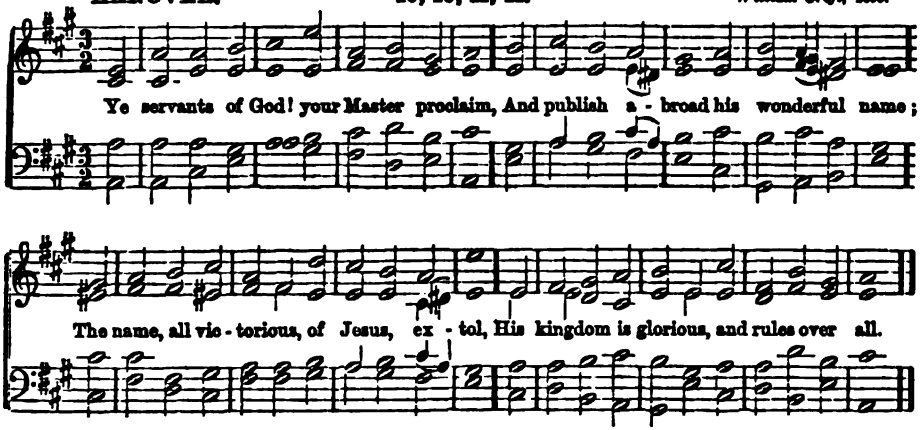
2 Before his feet their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance and of love.

3 Now they are sent to guide our feet,
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet,
In travéling the heavenly road.

4 Lord! when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home,

Isaac Watts, 1709.

HANOVER. 10, 10, 11, 11. *William Croft, 1660.*



543. *The Praises of Jesus.*

1 Ye servants of God! your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name, all-victorious, of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Charles Wesley, 1744.

544. *"Te Deum laudamus."*

1 How can we adore, or worthily praise,
Thy goodness and power, thou God of all grace!
With honor and blessing, before thee we fall,
Most gladly confessing thee—Father of all.

2 The heavens and earth, and water, and air,
To thee owe their birth, subsist by thy care;
While angels are singing thy praises above,
We mortals are bringing our tribute of love.

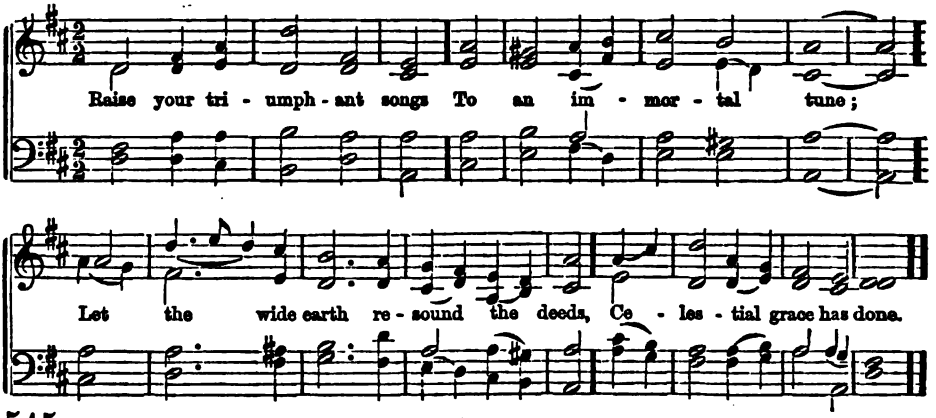
3 Thou Saviour! art one with God, the supreme,
His coæval Son, and equal with him;
Invested with glory, on high dost thou sit,
Whilst angels adore thee and bow at thy feet.

4 How great was thy love! how wondrous thy grace!
Thou cam'st from above, to save a lost race;
And, man to deliver, of Mary wast born,
That every believer to God might return.

5 How soon will thy seat of judgment appear!
Prepare us to meet and welcome thee there;
Thy witnessing Spirit in us shed abroad,
And bid us inherit the kingdom of God!

William Hammond, 1745.

WATCHMAN. S. M. *James Leach, 1792.*



545. *Christ's Commission.*

1 Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds,
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears;
Nor terror clothes his brow,
No bolts, to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'T was mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by, [down
When Christ was sent, with pardons,
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners! dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord! we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou has brought,
And love and praise thy name.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

546. *The Gospel Trumpet.*

1 Ye trembling captives! hear;
The gospel trumpet sounds;
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heart-felt wounds.

2 'T is not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's thunders' roar;
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.

3 Grace, pardon, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims,
And earth, the jubilee's release,
With eager rapture, claims.

4 Far, far to distant lands,
The saving news shall spread;
And Jesus all his willing bands,
In one blest triumph, lead.

Boyse, 1827.

547. *The Voice of the Spirit and the Bride.*

1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, — "Sinner! come!"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims,
To all his children, — "Come!"

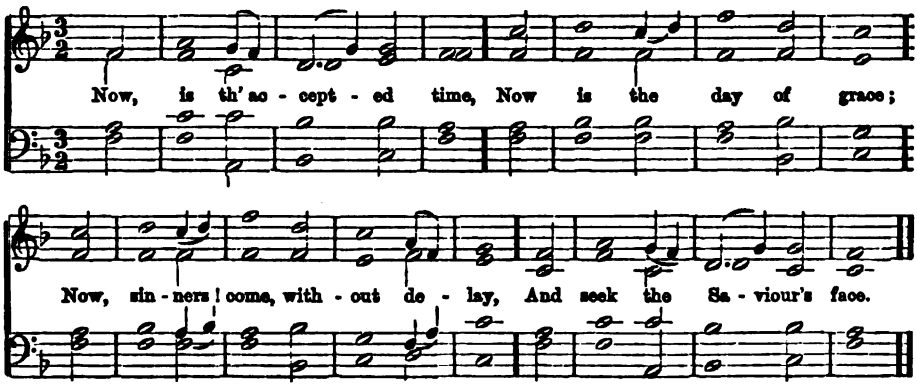
2 Let him that heareth say,
To all about him, — "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the Fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh! let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, — "I quickly come:"
Lord! even so; I wait thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour! come!

Henry U. Onderdonk, 1820.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M. *Aaron Chapin, obt. 1823.*



548. *The accepted Time.*

1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
Pardon and peace he freely gives: —
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise, in his word,
Declares there yet is room.

John Dobell, 1806.

549. *To-Day.*

1 To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wretched wanderers! come;
O ye benighted, dying souls!
Why will you longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh! hearken to him now;
Within these consecrated walls,
To Jesus come and bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
To him for refuge fly;
For soon the storm of justice falls,
And death is ever nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his saving power;
Oh! do not grieve him now away, —
'T is mercy's tender hour.

Anon., 1831, a.

550. *To-Day.*

1 Ye sinners! fear the Lord,
While yet 't is called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

2 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er;
And soon your injured angry God
Will hear your prayers no more.

3 Then, while 't is called to-day,
Oh! hear the gospel's sound;
Come, sinners! haste, Oh! haste away,
While pardon may be found.

Timothy Dwight, 1800, a.

551. *Grieving the Spirit.*

1 And canst thou, sinner! slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

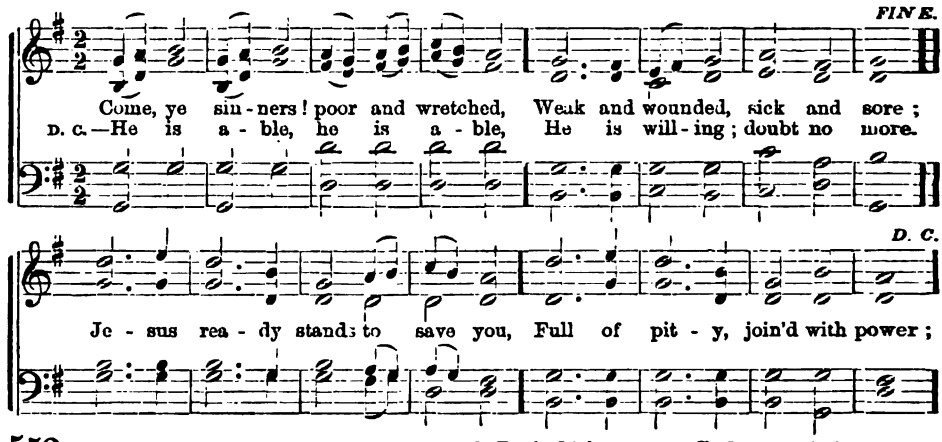
2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave,
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pard'ning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But, grace so dearly bought
If yet thou wilt despise, [fraught,
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance
Will fill thee with surprise.

Mrs. Ann B. Hyde, 1825.

BELMONT. (VISITATION). 8s, 7s & 4. Anon., 1830.



552.

Welcome to Jesus Christ.

1 Come, ye sinners! poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you.
Full of pity, joined with power;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy! come and welcome
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance.
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

553.

Come and Welcome.

1 Come, ye weary, heavy laden!
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

2 View him prostrate in the garden;
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,—
"It is finish'd!"
Sinner! will not this suffice?

3 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

4 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

554.

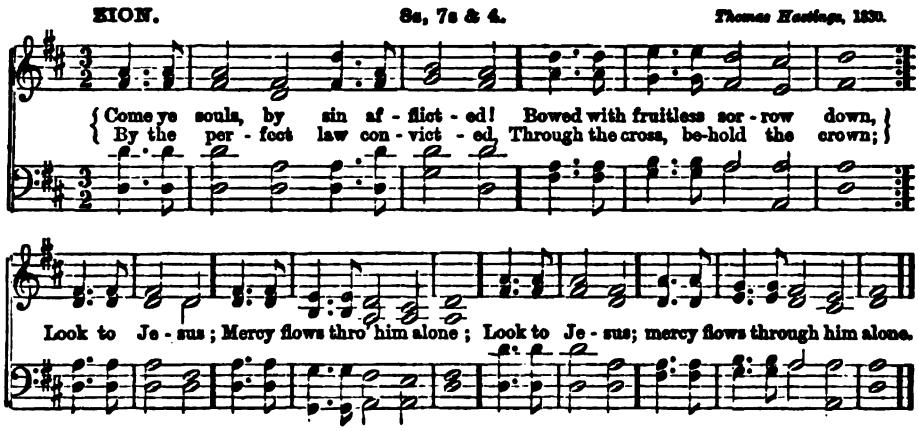
The healing Fountain.

1 Come to Calv'ry's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you,—to me,—to all,—
In a full perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,—
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more:—

3 He that drinks shall live for ever,—
'T is a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful;—God will never
Break his covenant in blood,—
Signed, when our Redeemer died,
Sealed, when he was glorified.

James Montgomery, 1825.



555. *Welcome to the Saviour.*

1 Come, ye souls, by sin afflicted!
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,
By the perfect law convicted,
Through the cross, behold the crown;
Look to Jesus;
Mercy flows through him alone.

2 Take his easy yoke, and wear it;
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While his wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where his ransomed captives meet.

3 Sweet, as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly-opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies;
All, who taste it,
Shall to rest immortal rise.

Joseph Swain, 1792.

556. *The Gospel Message.*

1 Sinners! will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, Oh! how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Sion's King proclaim, —
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name!"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name!"

3 Who hath our report believéd?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?
Offered to you by the Lord.

4 O ye angels! hovering round us, —
Waiting spirits! speed your way,
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay, —
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

Jonathan Allen, 1801, a.

557. *The Voice of Mercy.*

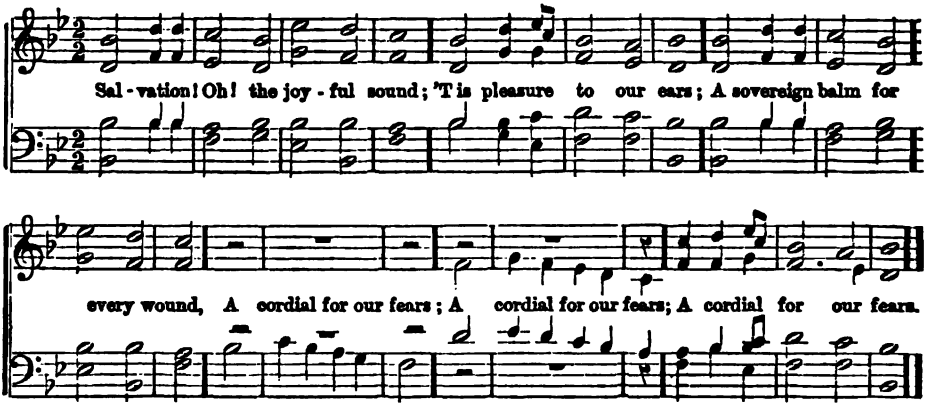
1 Listen, sinner! mercy hails you;
With her sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you hasten to the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Listen, sinner!
'T is the voice of mercy calls.

2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread!
Hark! the awful thunders rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head!
Flee, O sinner!
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.

3 Haste, ah! hasten to the Saviour;
Sue his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over; —
Soon your life will pass away;
Hasten, sinner!
You must perish, if you stay.

Andrew Reed, 1817.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. *John Randall, 1790.*



558. *Salvation.*

1 Salvation! — Oh! the joyful sound;
'T is pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! — let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

559. *Christ's Commission.*

1 Come, happy souls! approach your God,
With new melodious songs,
Come, render to almighty grace,
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless, was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus! were not armed
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners! you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord! our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

560. *"Yet there is Room."*

1 Come, sinner! to the gospel feast;
Oh! come without delay;
For there is room, in Jesus' breast,
For all who will obey.

2 There 's room, in God's eternal love,
To save thy precious soul;
Room, in the Spirit's grace above,
To heal and make thee whole.

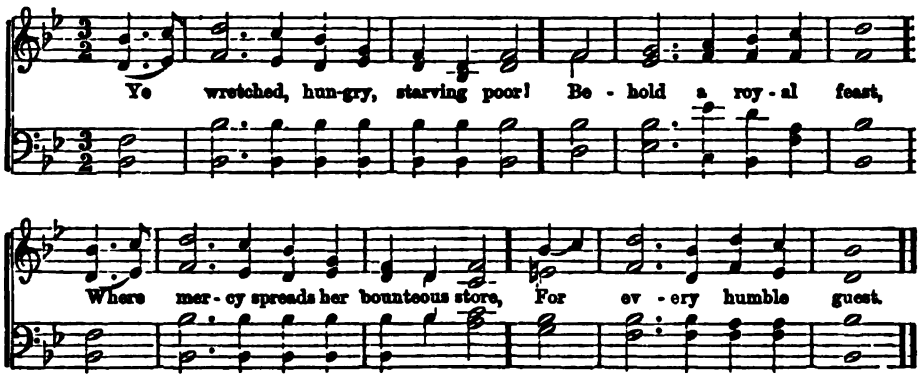
3 There 's room, within the church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine; [vened,
Room, in the white-robed throng, con-
For that dear soul of thine.

4 There 's room, in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There 's room, around thy Father's board,
For thee and thousands more:
Oh! come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.

Anon., 1843.

GLASGOW. C. M. *George F. Root, 1849.*



561.

The Gospel Feast.

1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor!
Behold a royal feast, [store,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands, with open arms;
He calls, — he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But, see! there yet is room.

3 Room, in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 Oh! come, and, with his children, taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls! the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

Anne Steele, 1760.

562.

Welcome to the Young.

1 Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm!
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 The soul, that longs to see his face,
Is sure his love to gain;
And those, that early seek his grace,
Shall never seek in vain.

4 What object, Lord! my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys!
Vain tempters of the mind;
'T is here I fix my lasting choice,
And here, true bliss I find.

Philip Doddridge, 1740

563.

The Way to Zion.

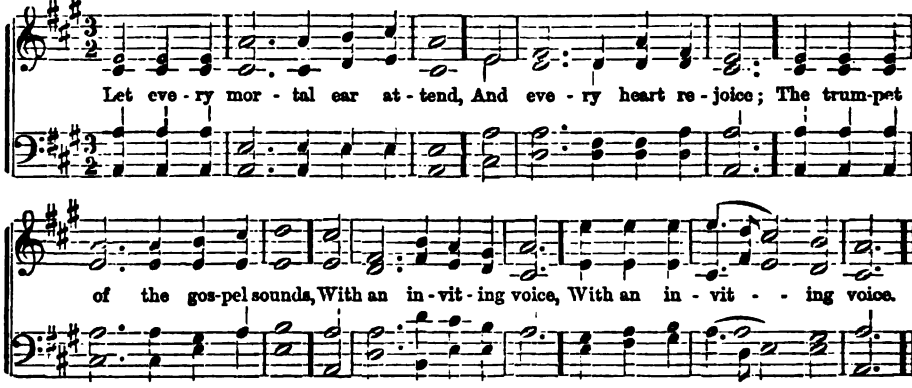
1 Inquire, ye pilgrims! for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.

2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool, humbly bow,
And pour out fervent prayer.

3 Come, let us join our souls to God
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

ARCADIA. C. M. *Thomas Hastings, 1839.*



564.

The spiritual Banquet.

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls!
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind; —

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites,
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die!
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord! we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

565.

The Fountain of living Waters.

1 Oh! what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found,
Suited to every sinner's case
Who knows the joyful sound!

2 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, eternal love, abounds, —
A deep, celestial spring.

3 This spring with living waters flows,
And living joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls! your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

566.

Room at the Gospel Feast.

1 The King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace, to dying men,
And endless life, are given;
Through the rich blood, that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.

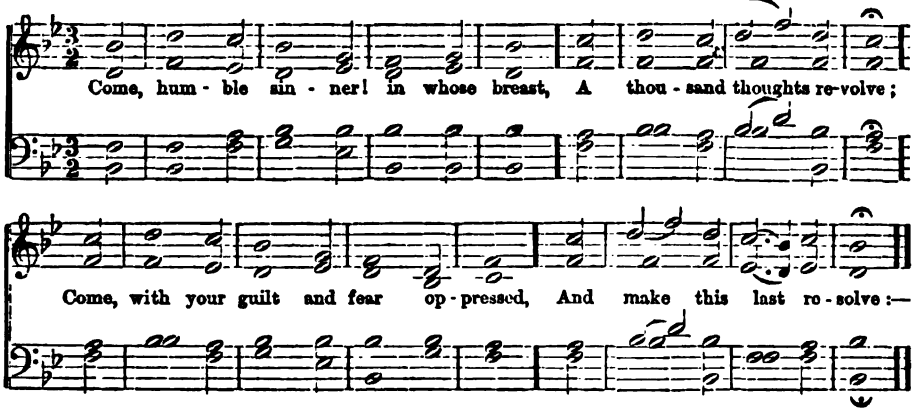
3 Ye hungry poor! that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come, from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

BALERMA. C. M. Spanish Melody. Adapted by R. Simpson.



567. *The repenting Sinner returning.*

1 Come, humble sinner! in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve: —

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For, if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

Edmund Jones, 1777.

568. *The Saviour's Invitation.*

1 The Saviour calls; — let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls! dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners! come; 't is mercy's voice:
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys, —
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

Anne Steele, 1760

569. *The Saviour at the Door.*

1 Amazing sight! the Saviour stands,
And knocks at every door;
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
To satisfy the poor.

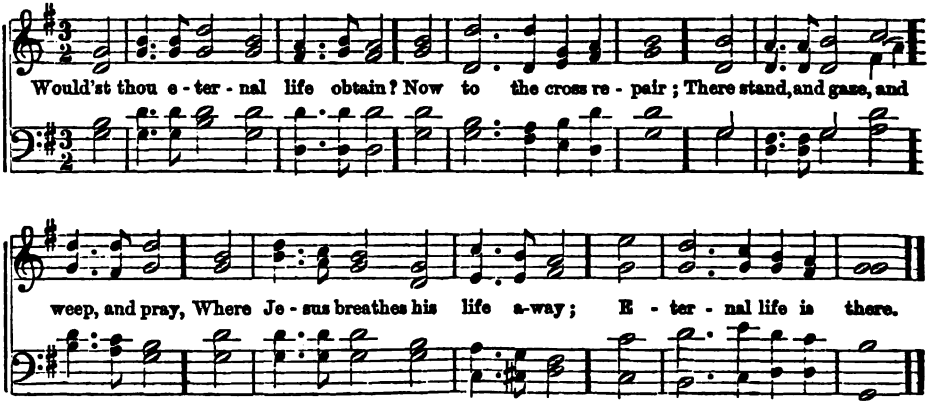
2 "Behold!" he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest;
Hear, sinners! while I'm passing by,
And be for ever blessed.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or, in the glorious realms above,
With me, for ever dwell?

4 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

Anon, 1808.

WOODLAND. C. M. *Nathaniel D. Gould*, 1832.



570.

Life at the Cross.

1 Wouldst thou eternal life obtain?
Now to the cross repair; [pray,
There stand, and gaze, and weep, and
Where Jesus breathes his life away;
Eternal life is there.

2 Go;—'t is the Son of God expires!
Approach the shameful tree;
See, quivering there, the mortal dart,
In the Redeemer's loving heart,
O sinful soul! for thee.

3 Go;—there, from every streaming wound,
Flows rich atoning blood;
That blood can cleanse the deepest stain,
Bid frowning justice smile again,
And seal thy peace with God.

4 Go;—at that cross thy heart, subdued,
With thankful love shall glow;
By wondrous grace thy soul set free,
Eternal life, from Christ, to thee,
A vital stream shall flow.

Ray Palmer, 1832.

571.

Sufficiency of Pardon.

1 Why does your face, ye humble souls!
Those mournful colors wear? [faith,
What doubts are these that waste your
And nourish your despair?

2 What, though your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And, aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?

3 What, though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And has its cursed foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?

4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase!

5 It rises high and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound:
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our hearts! adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

572.

The Gospel Feast.

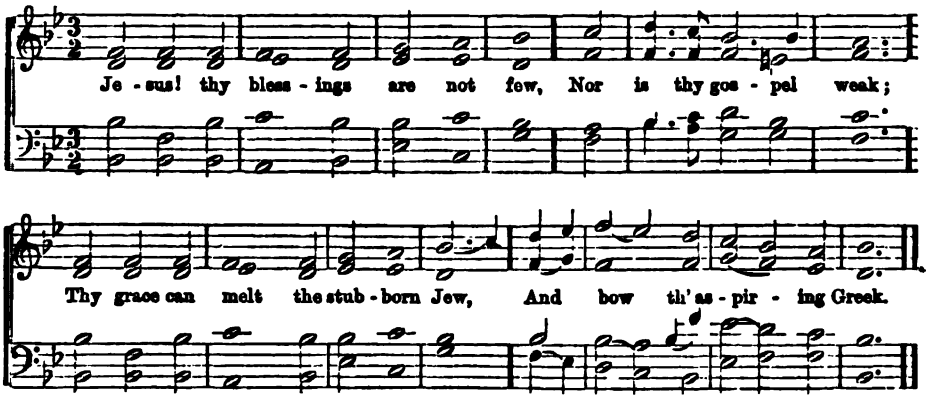
1 On Zion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare;
And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,
Shall in the banquet share.

2 See, to the vilest of the vile,
A free acceptance given!
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven.

3 But Oh! what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven!

Thomas Gibbons, 1769.

BEVERLY. C. M. *Johann Simon Mayer, 1763-1845.*



573. *None excluded from Hope.*

1 JESUS! thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow th' aspiring Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow;
'T is not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye vilest sinners! come;
He 'll form your souls anew:
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is almighty love;
There 's virtue, in his name,
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

574. *The Call of Divine Mercy.*

1 SINNERS! the voice of God regard;
'T is Mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace:
A thousand stings, within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 But he, that turns to God, shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

4 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

5 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

John Fawcett, 1782.

575. *The Call of God.*

1 "REPENT!" the voice celestial cries;
Nor longer dare delay:
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

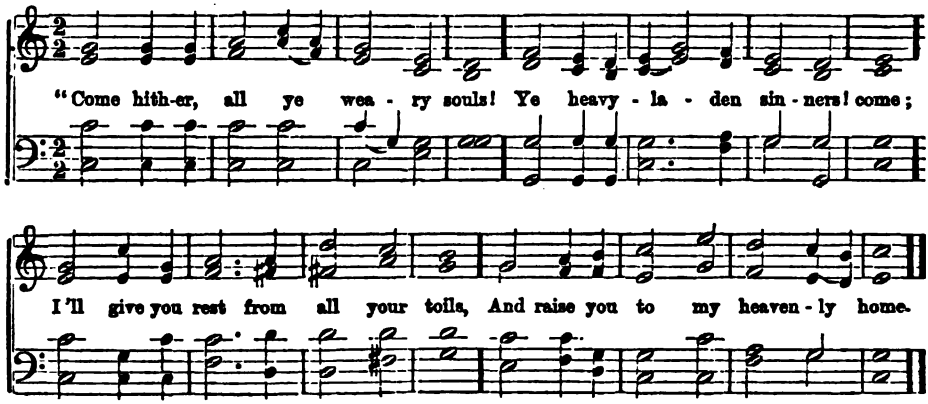
2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are dispatched abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with the grace.

4 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts subdued by goodness fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

ZEPHYR. L. M. *William B. Bradbury, 1844.*



576.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

1 "Come hither, all ye weary souls!
Ye heavy-laden sinners! come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest, that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blessed is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck, [light."
My grace shall make the burden

4 Jesus! we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits, to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

577.

Rest for the weary Penitent.

1 Come, weary souls! with sin distressed,
The Saviour offers heavenly rest;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

3 Lord! we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come, with trembling; yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

4 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

Anne Steele, 1760.

578.

Christ at the Door.

1 Behold! a stranger's at the door!
He gently knocks,—has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

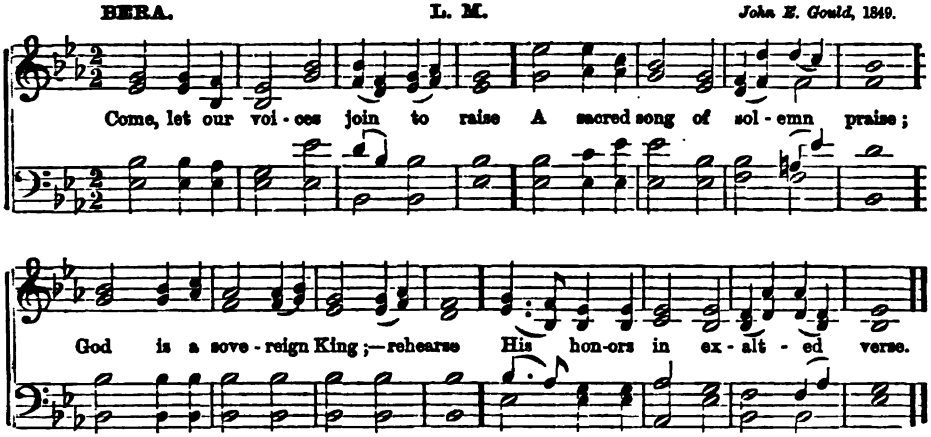
2 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The Man of Nazáreth,—'t is he,
With garments dyed at Calváry.

3 Oh! lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart, and laden hands:
Oh! matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That hateful, hell-born monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn;
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him,—or the hour 's at hand,
When, at his door, denied you 'll stand.

Joseph Grigg, 1765.



579.

PSALM 95.

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sovereign King; rehearse
His honors in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures with his word;
He is our Shepherd; — we the sheep,
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Look back, my soul! with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead:
Attend the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

5 Seize the kind promise, while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, — and take the promised rest;
Obey, — and be for ever blessed.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

580.

Hope for the Prisoner.

1 PRIS'NERS of sin and Satan too!
The Saviour calls — he calls for you;
Ye, who have sold yourselves for naught!
Jesus your liberty has bought.

2 The great Redeemer lived and died,
The Prince of life was crucified;
He shed his own most precious blood,
To ransom guilty souls for God.

3 He came to set the captive free;
He came to publish liberty,
To bind the broken hearted up,
And give despairing sinners hope.

4 Pris'ners of hope! why will you die?
Why from the only refuge fly?
Jesus, our hiding place and tower,
Invites the guilty and the poor.

5 He came to comfort those that mourn;
He sweetly says to sinners, — "Turn!"
Pris'ners of hope! his voice attend,
Nor slight the calls of such a friend.

Joseph Hoskins, 1783.

581.

Life, the only accepted Time.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given;
But soon, — ah! soon, — approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

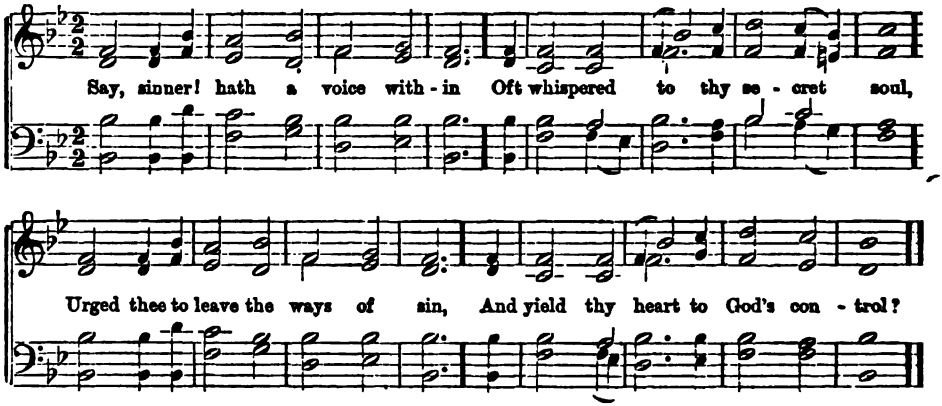
2 While God invites, how blessed the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners! haste, Oh! haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God he 's found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

WARD. L. M. Old Scotch: Arr. by *Lowell Mason*, 1830.



582.

The Strivings of the Spirit.

1 Say, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice, —
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps, this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh! should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Mrs. Ann B. Hyde, 1825.

583.

The Mercy of God in Christ.

1 Not to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son, to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners! believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

584.

Just as thou art.

1 Just as thou art — without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace, —
Or meetness for the heavenly place, —
O guilty sinner! come, — now come.

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free; —
O wretched sinner! come, — now come.

3 Burdened with guilt, would'st thou be blessed?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed; —
O weary sinner! come, — now come.

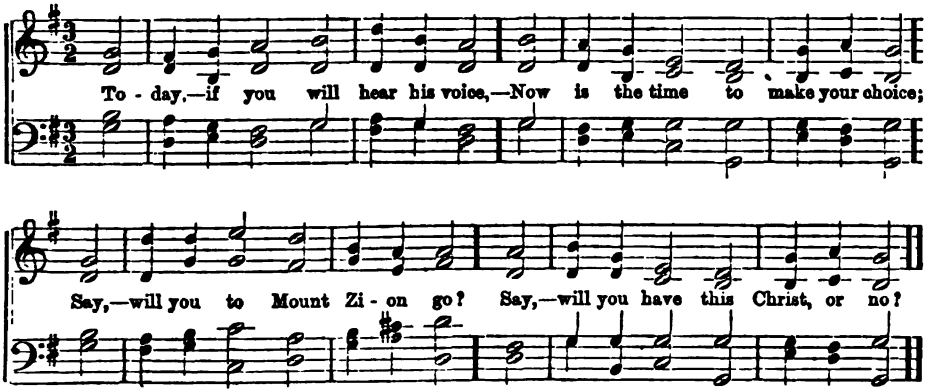
4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross:
My grace repays all earthly loss; —
O needy sinner! come, — now come.

5 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'T is mercy's voice salutes thine ears; —
O trembling sinner! come, — now come.

6 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come; —
Thy Saviour bids thee come, — now come.

Russell S. Cook, 1836, a.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. *Lowell Mason, 1830.*



585.

The happy Choice.

1 To-day,—if you will hear his voice,—
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say,—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say,—will you have this Christ, or no?

2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest!
Say,—will you be for ever blessed?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Come now, dear youth! for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Once more we ask you in his name,—
For yet his love remains the same,—
Say,—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say,—will you have this Christ or no?

Anon., 1808, a.

586.

The Waters of Life.

1 "Ho! every one that thirsts! draw nigh;"—
'T is God invites the fallen race;
"Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 "Nothing ye in exchange shall give,—
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,—
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

3 "Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners! obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers! home,
And find my grace is free for all."

Charles Wesley, 1740.

587.

The Sinner entreated.

1 Return, O wandérer! return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wandérer! return,
He hears thy deep repentant sigh;
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.

3 Return, O wandérer! return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive,

4 Return, O wandérer! return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'T is God, who says—"No longer mourn!"
'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

William B. Collyer, 1812.

588.

Mad Sinners reasoned with.

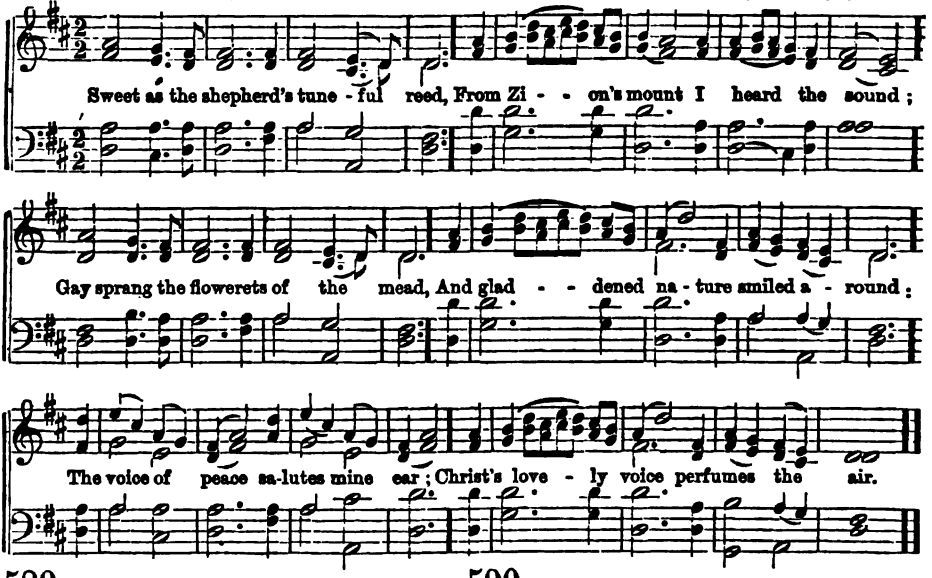
1 Sinner! Oh! why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner! on the gospel plains;
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold!

Isaac Watts, 1707.
Altered by John Rippon, 1787.

MAZZINGHI. (PALESTRINA). L. M. 6 LINES. *Joseph Mazzinghi, 1810.*



589.

Invitation to Christ.

1 SWEET as the shepherd's tuneful reed,
From Zion's mount I heard the sound;
Gay sprang the flowerets of the mead,
And gladdened nature smiled around:
The voice of peace salutes mine ear;
Christ's lovely voice perfumes the air:—

2 "Peace, troubled soul! whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the note of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold! the precious balm is found,
Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound.

3 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
Unburden here the weighty load;
Here find thy refuge, and thy rest,
Safe on the bosom of thy God:
Thy God 's thy Saviour, —glorious word!
That sheaths th' avenger's glittering sword.

4 As spring, the winter,—day, the night,—
Peace, sorrow's gloom shall chase away;
And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
Shall tend thy steps and near thee stay;
Whilst glory weaves th' immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own."

Walter Shirley, 1774.

590.

The constraining Love of Christ.

1 O LOVE divine! what hast thou done?
Th' incarnate God hath died for me;
The Father's coëternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
Th' incarnate God for me hath died;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

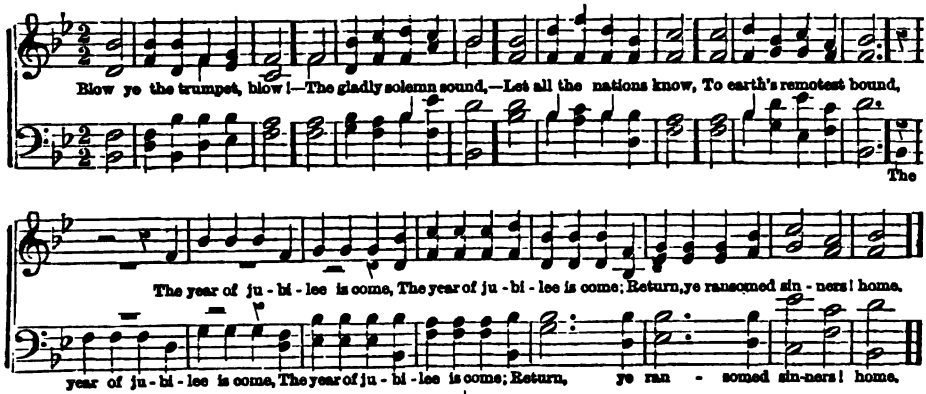
2 Behold him, all! as ye pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, sinners! see your Saviour die,
And say, — Was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified; —

3 Is crucified for me and you
To bring us, rebels, back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
Pardon for all flows from his side;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but dross,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside; —
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Charles Wesley, 1742, a.

LENOX. H. M. *J. Edson, 1782.*



591.

The Jubilee proclaimed.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, — blow! —
The gladly solemn sound; —
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound, —
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits! rest,
Ye mournful souls! be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God, —
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world, proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell!
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

5 Ye, who have sold for naught
Your heritage above!
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

Charles Wesley, 1755.

592.

Yet there is Room.

1 Ye dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe!
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you;
Ye perishing and guilty! come;
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

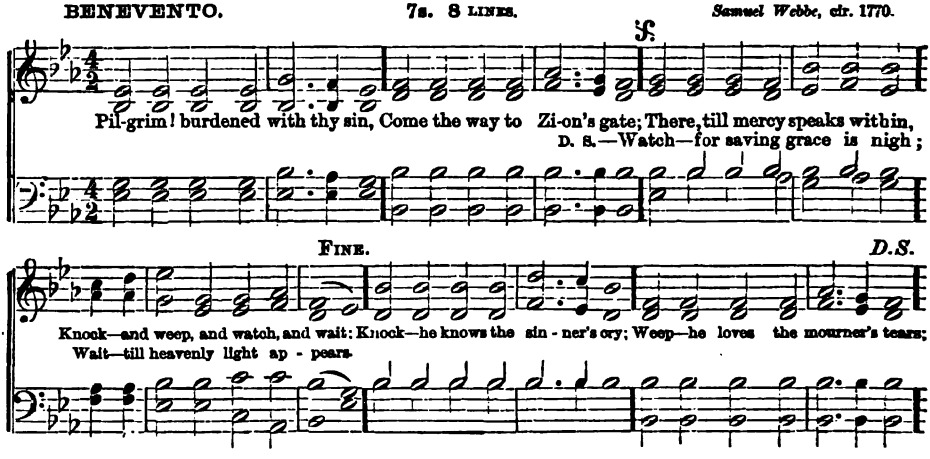
2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame;
All things are ready, sinners! come,
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word,
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name;
Backsliding souls! return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep! draw near;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear;
Let whosoever will now come,
In mercy's arms there still is room.

James Boden, 1777.

BENEVENTO. 7s. 8 LINES. *Samuel Webbe, cir. 1770.*



593. *The Christian Pilgrim.*

1 PILGRIM! burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:
Knock — he knows the sinner's cry;
Weep — he loves the mourner's tears;
Watch — for saving grace is nigh;
Wait — till heavenly light appears.

2 Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice, —
"Welcome, pilgrim! to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and sealed, and bought, and blest:
Safe — from all the lures of vice;
Sealed — by signs the chosen know;
Bought — by love, and life the price;
Blest — the mighty debt to owe.

3 Holy pilgrim! what for thee,
In a world like this, remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pain:
Fear — the hope of heaven shall fly,
Shame — from glory's view retire;
Doubt — in certain rapture die,
Pain — in endless bliss, expire.

George Crabbe, 1807.

594. *Expostulation.*

1 SINNERS! turn, why will you die?
God, your Maker, asks you — Why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live, —
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands, —
Why, ye thankless creatures! why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners! turn, why will you die?
God, your Saviour, asks you — Why?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that you might live:
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners! why
Will you slight his grace, and die?

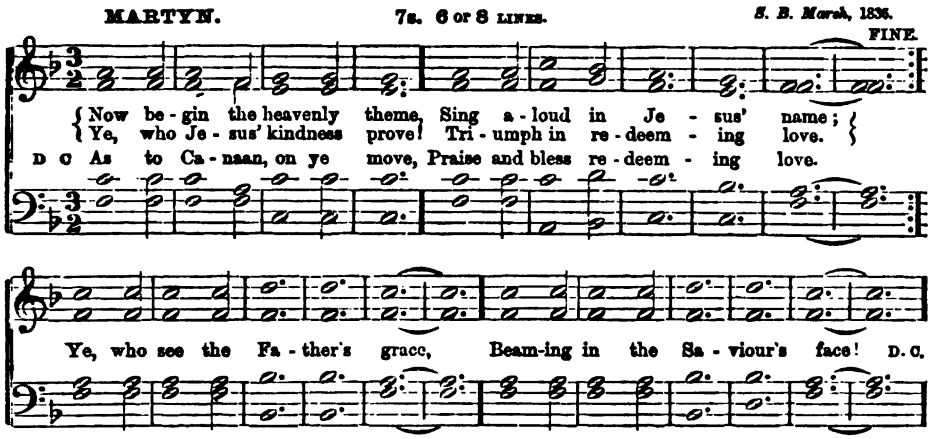
3 Sinners! turn, why will you die?
God, the Spirit, asks you — why?
God, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love:
Will you not the grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners! why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

Charles Wesley, 1758.

595. *The Saviour's Call.*

1 COME! ye weary sinners! come;
All, who groan beneath your load;
Jesus calls his wanderers home;
Hasten to your pardoning God:
Come, ye guilty souls oppressed!
Answer to the Saviour's call;
"Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, and I will save you all."

Charles Wesley, 1742.



596.

Redeeming Love.

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove!
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face!
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise, and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove, —
Canceled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all, by sin oppressed, —
Welcome to his sacred rest!
Nothing brought him from above, —
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals! join the hosts above, —
Join to praise redeeming love.

Martin Madan, (?) 1763.

597.

The Voice of Jesus.

1 COME, says Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim! hither come.

2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed this barren waste.
Weary pilgrim! hither haste.

3 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain!
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn! —

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1812.

598.

Delay.

1 HASTEN, sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is she to be won.

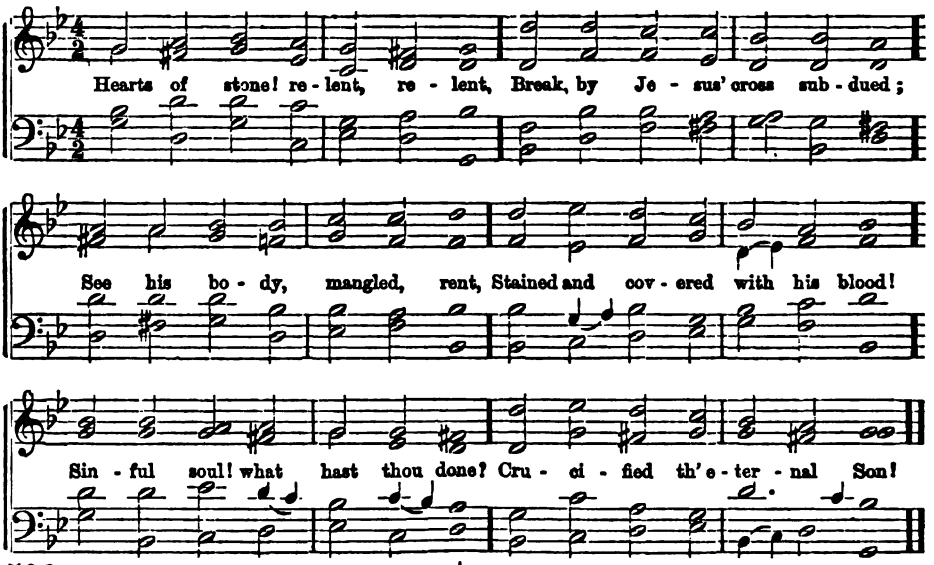
2 Hasten, mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner! to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun.
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner! to be blessed,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott, 1773.

MOUNT CALVARY. 7s. 6 LINES. From *Johann Rosenmüller*, 1655.



599.

Repentance at the Cross.

1 HEARTS of stone! relent, relent;
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Stained and covered with his blood!
Sinful soul! what hast thou done?
Crucified th' eternal Son!

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed;
Driven the nails that fixed him there;
Crowned with thorns his sacred head;
Plunged into his side the spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice, —
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain, —
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew?
No; — with all my sins I'll part,
Saviour! take my broken heart!

Ger., John Kruger, 1640.
Tr., by Charles Wesley, 1745.

600.

Come and welcome.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear! —
"Love's redeeming work is done, —
Come and welcome, sinner! come.

2 Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner! come.

3 Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner! come!"

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

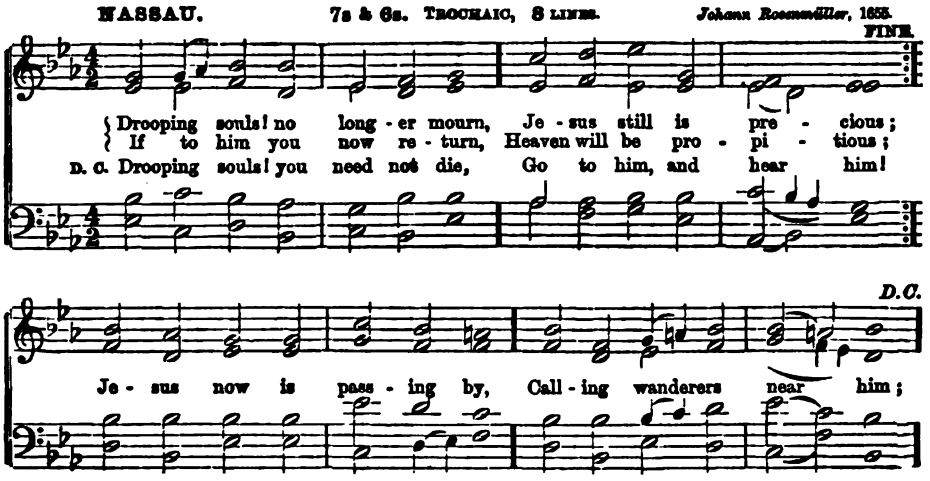
601.

Looking to Jesus.

1 YE that in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin and care!
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bloody sacrifice,
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

Rowland Hill, 1774.



602.

Comfort for the mourning.

1 DROOPING souls! no longer mourn,
Jesus still is precious;
If to him you now return,
Heaven will be propitious;
Jesus now is passing by,
Calling wanderers near him;
Drooping souls! you need not die,
Go to him, and hear him!

2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Still he cries — "Come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden!"
Though your sins, like mountains high,
Rise, and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
All his saints adore him;
He to save the dying came; —
Prostrate, bow before him!
Wandering sinners! now return;
Contrite souls! believe him!
Jesus calls you; cease to mourn;
Worship him; receive him.

Thomas Hastings, 1831.

603.

Salvation in Christ alone.

1 DYING souls! fast bound in sin,
Trembling and repining,
With no ray of light divine
On your pathway shining;
Why in darkness wander on,
Filled with consternation?
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

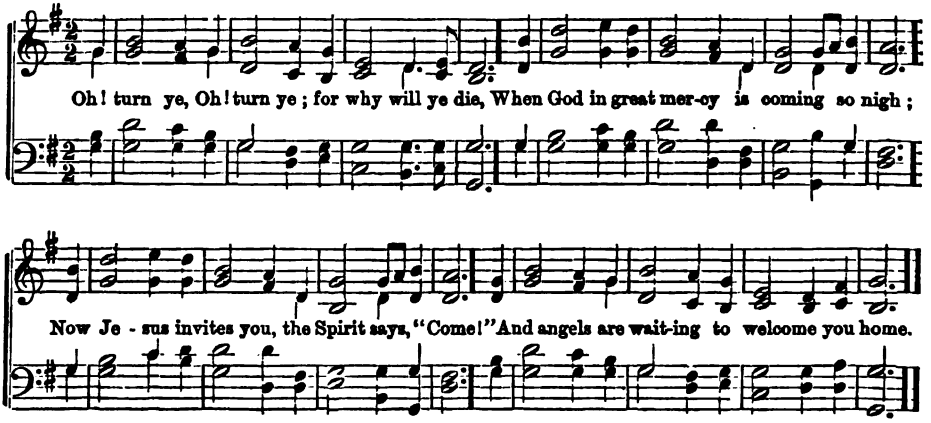
2 Guilty, helpless, and distressed,
Ruined and despairing,
Toiling for deceitful rest,
Rebel, heaven-daring, —
Prostrate bow before the throne,
Take the lowest station;
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

3 Prostrate bow; confess your guilt;
Own your lost condition;
Yield, to him whose blood was spilt,
Unreserved submission;
Then no more in anguish groan;
See his mediation;
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

4 Linger not in all the plain;
Vengeance is pursuing;
Mid the dying and the slain,
Save your souls from ruin;
Flee to him who can atone;
Flee from condemnation;
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

Thomas Hastings, 1831.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s. *Josiah Hopkins, 1830.*



604.

All Things ready.

1 Oh! turn ye, Oh! turn ye; for why will ye die, [nigh?
When God in great mercy is coming so
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come!" [home.
And angels are waiting to welcome you

2 How vain the delusion, that, while you delay, [away!
Your hearts may grow better by staying
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be, [free.
While streams of salvation are flowing so

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive; [believe?
Oh! how can you question, if you will
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'T is you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain, [pain?
To soothe your affliction, or banish your
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see, [and free.
And prove that his mercy is boundless

Josiah Hopkins, 1830.

605.

Danger of Delay.

1 Delay not, delay not; O sinner! draw near, [thee;
The waters of life are now flowing for
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here, [free.
Redemption is purchased, salvation is

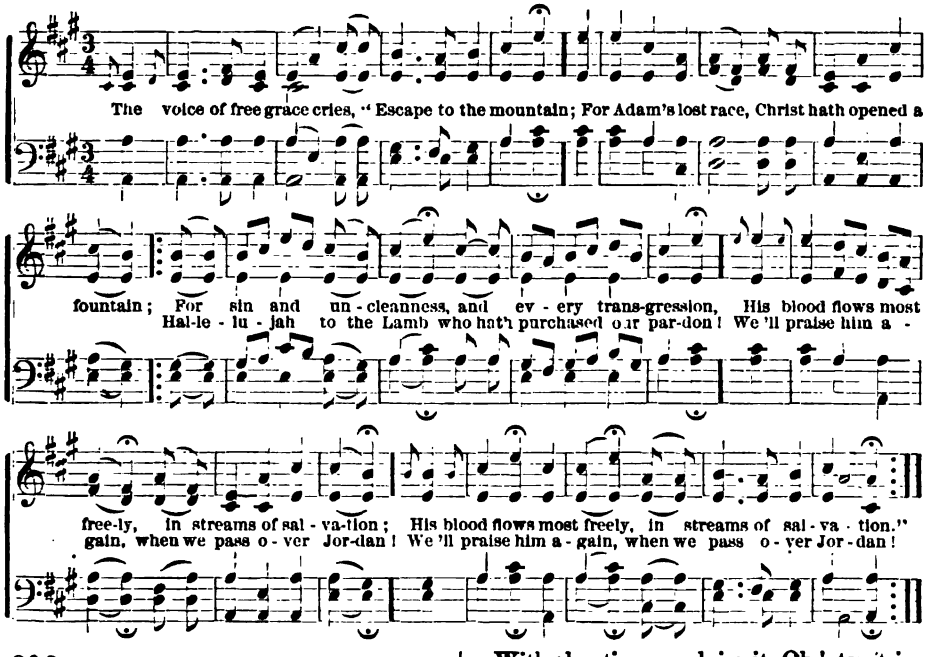
2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God? [refuse
A fountain is opened, — how canst thou
To wash, and be cleansed in his pard-'ning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner! to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb, —
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away,

4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race, —
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

Thomas Hastings, 1831.

SCOTLAND. 12s. *John Clarke*, cir. 1800.



606. *The Voice of Free Grace.*

1 The voice of free grace cries, — "Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race, Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin, and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation."
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon!
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan!

2 Ye souls that are wounded! repair to the Saviour;
He calls you in mercy, 'tis infinite favor;
Your sins are increased as high as a mountain, —
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain.
Hallelujah, &c.

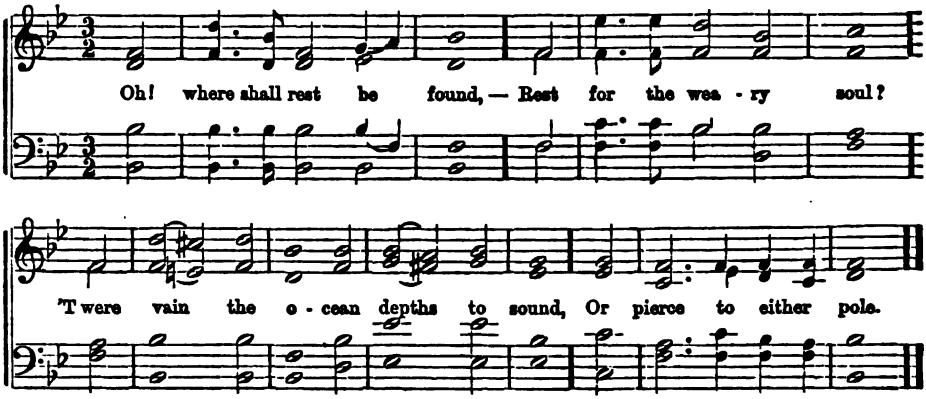
3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious;
With shouting proclaim it, Oh! trust in his passion,
He saves us most freely, Oh! glorious salvation!
Hallelujah, &c.

4 Our Jesus his name now proclaims all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious:
To Jesus, we'll join with the great congregation,
In triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.

5 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we will praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever!
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon!
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan!

Richard Burdsall, 1806, a.

BRADEN. S. M. *William B. Bradbury, 1844.*



607. *The Issues of Life and Death.*

1 Oh! where shall rest be found, —
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in thee,
The life of perfect love, — the rest
Of immortality.

James Montgomery, 1819.

608. *Penitential Prayer.*

1 Thou Lord of all above,
And all below the sky!
Prostrate before thy feet I fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
Bid a repenting sinner live,
Through thine incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 The burden which I feel,
Thou canst alone remove;
Do thou display thy pard'ning grace,
And thine unbounded love.

Benjamin Beddome, 1790.

609. *Resignation to Christ.*

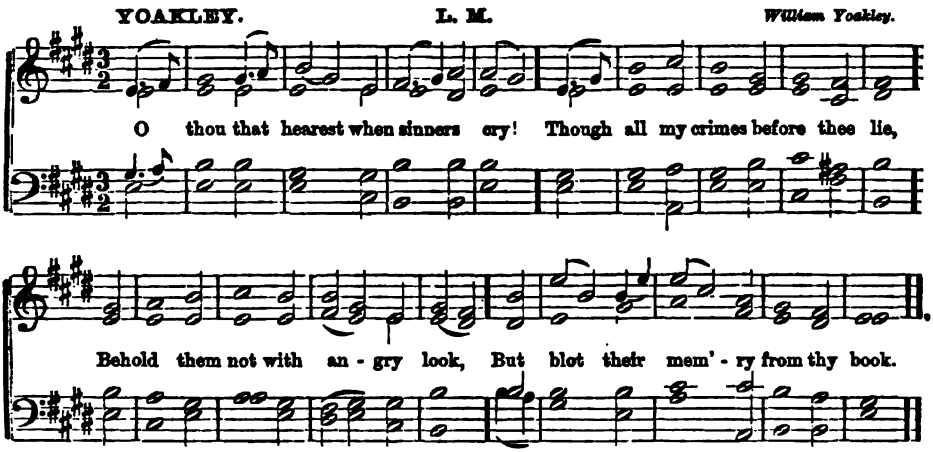
1 When shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life;
Ah! whither shall I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord! at thy feet I fall,
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

Charles Wesley, 1749.



610.

PSALM 51.

1 O THOU, that hearest when sinners cry!
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God! restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord!
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

611.

PSALM 51.

1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King!
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord! with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

4 Oh! may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength, and righteousness.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

612.

Pleading for Mercy.

1 WHEN at thy footstool, Lord! I bend,
And plead with thee for mercy there,
Oh! think thou of the sinner's Friend,
And for his sake receive my prayer.

2 Oh! think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

3 Think, Lord! how I am still thine own,
The trembling creature of thy hand!
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

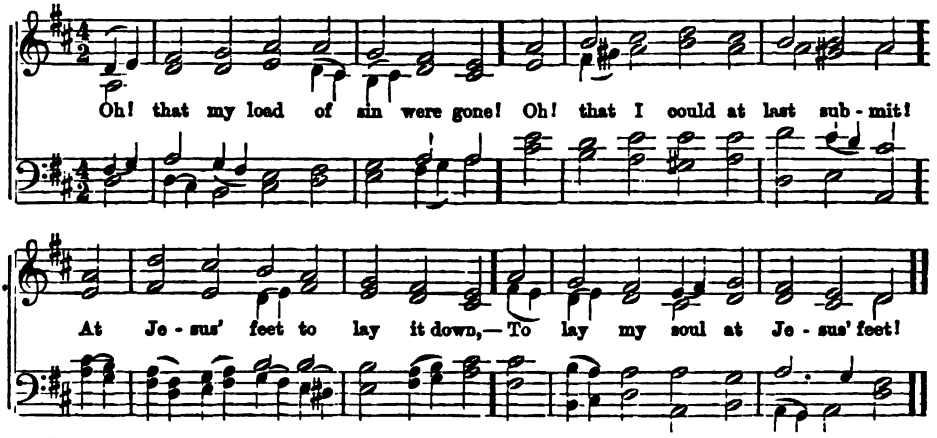
4 Oh! think upon thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how thy glory is — to spare.

5 Oh! think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with thy grace divine:
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let his merits stand for mine.

6 Thine eye, thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here! my heart is full:
Behold, and spare, and succor me!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1833.

EISENACH. L. M. *Johann Hermann Schein, 1628.*



613.

Seeking Rest in Christ.

1 Oh! that my load of sin were gone!
Oh, that I could at last submit!
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all! if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God!
Thy light and easy burden prove,—
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace!

6 Come, Lord! the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour! come away!

Charles Wesley, 1742.

614.

Lost and saved.

1 Jesus, the sinner's Friend! to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'T is thou alone canst make me whole;
I cannot rest, till thou art mine,
Until in me thine image shine,

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee;
Here then, to thee, I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say, thy grace to move?
Lord! I am sin, but thou art love;
I give up every plea beside; [died.
Lord! I'm condemned, but thou hast

Charles Wesley, 1739, a.

615.

The departing Spirit stayed.

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit! stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

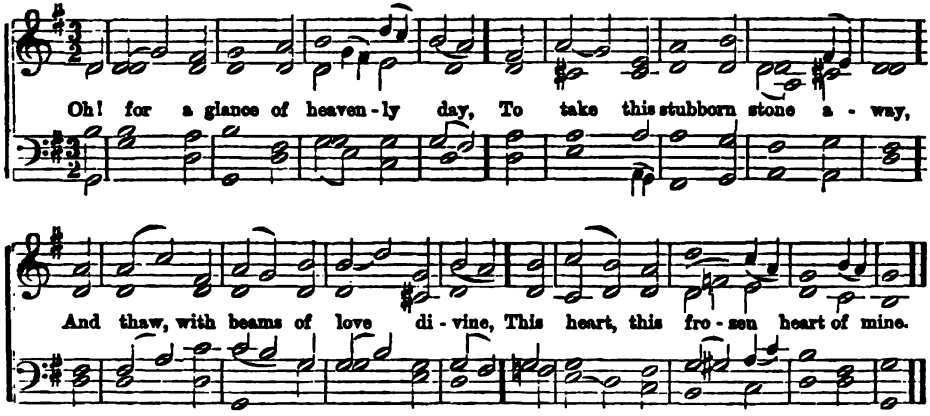
2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet, Oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High-Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

4 Now, Lord! my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand;
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

SUPPLICATION. L. M. From *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*, 1756-1791.



616.

The stony Heart.

1 Oh! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart, of mine!

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord! an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,—
Amazing thought!—which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed;
And, Lord! that something much I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move, and melt this heart of mine.

Joseph Hart, 1762.

617.

The Prayer of the Prodigal.

1 With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord! I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God! be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea;
O God! be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see;
O God! be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds, that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God! be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me!

Cornelius Elven, 1832.

618.

The winning Voice.

1 With tearful eyes I look around,—
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper,—"Come to me!"

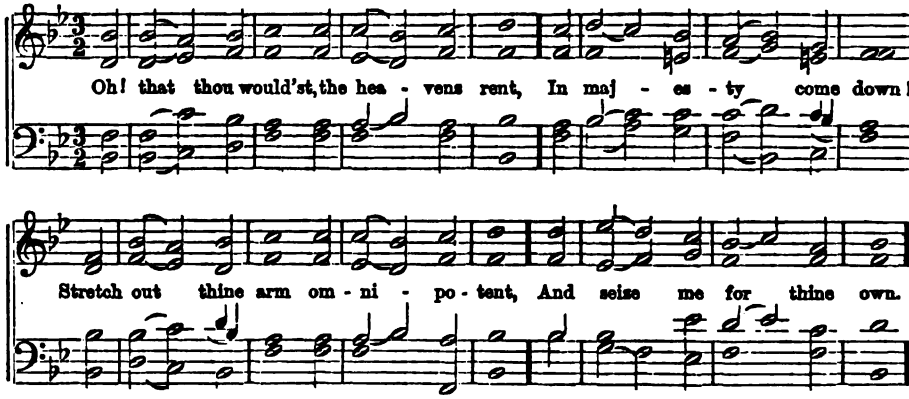
2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding,—"Come to me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heav'nward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy Portion;—"Come to me!"

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper,—"Come to me!"

Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

ARMENIA. C. M. *Sylvanus B. Pond, 1835.*



619.

All-subduing Grace.

1 Oh! that thou wouldst, the heavens rent,
In majesty come down!
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own!

2 Descend, and let thy lightning burn
The stubble of thy foe:
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow!

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

4 What, though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load?
The things impossible to men
Are possible to God.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

620.

Pardoning Love.

1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls — "Return!"
Dear Lord! and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh! take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pard'ned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace! thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can, to life and bliss, restore
So vile a heart as mine!

5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour! I adore;
Oh! keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

Anne Steele, 1760.

621.

Contrition.

1 O thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said — "Return?"

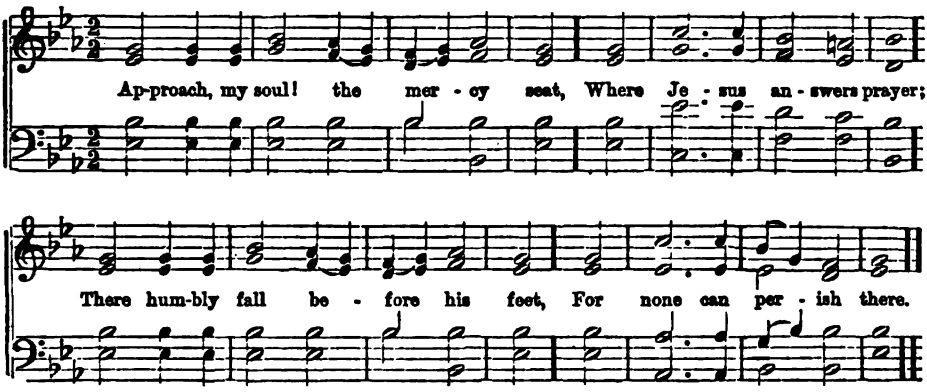
3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Absent from thee, my Guide! my Light!
Without one cheering ray, [night,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy
How desolate my way!

5 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

NAOMI. C. M. *Lowell Mason, 1836.*



622.

Coming to Christ.

1 APPROACH, my soul! the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callést burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him — "Thou hast died."

5 Oh! wondrous love, — to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

John Newton, 1779.

623.

The Friend of Sinners.

1 JESUS! thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace, —
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And, then, remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty — I am vile,
But thy salvation 's free;
Then, in thine all abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

5 And, when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer God!
I pray, remember me.

Richard Burnham, 1783, a.

624.

PSALM 51.

1 O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My loads of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

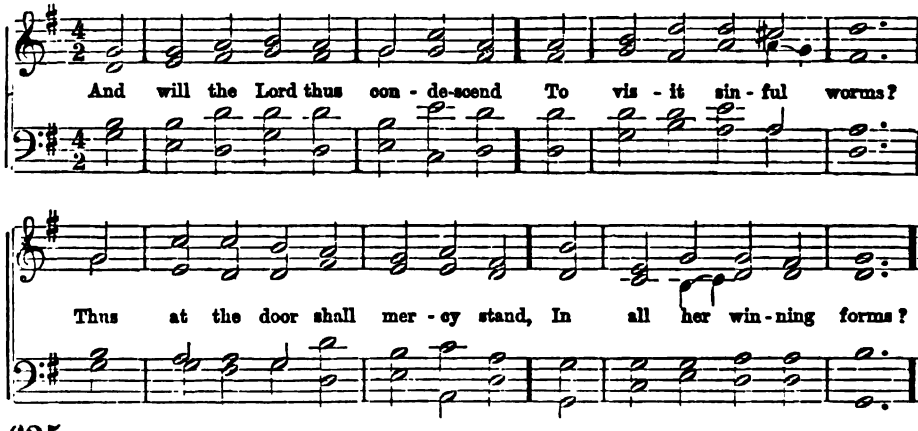
2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul, oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

FARRANT. C. M. *Richard Farrant, 1560.*



625.

The heavenly Guest.

1 And will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2 Shall Jesus for admission sue,—
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barred?

3 'T is sin, alas! with tyrant power,
The lodging has possessed;
And crowds of traitors bar the door,
Against the heavenly guest.

4 Lord! rise in thine all-conquering grace,
Thy mighty power display;
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive my foes away.

5 Ye dangerous inmates! hence depart;
Dear Saviour! enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

Anne Steele, 1760.

626.

Penitence and Hope.

1 Dear Saviour! when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah! vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detained, betrayed,
From Jesus to depart.

3 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

4 Oh! while I breathe to thee, my Lord!
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

5 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And grateful own, how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace!

Anne Steele, 1760.

627.

Inconstancy deplored.

1 With tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false, as mine has been —
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin?

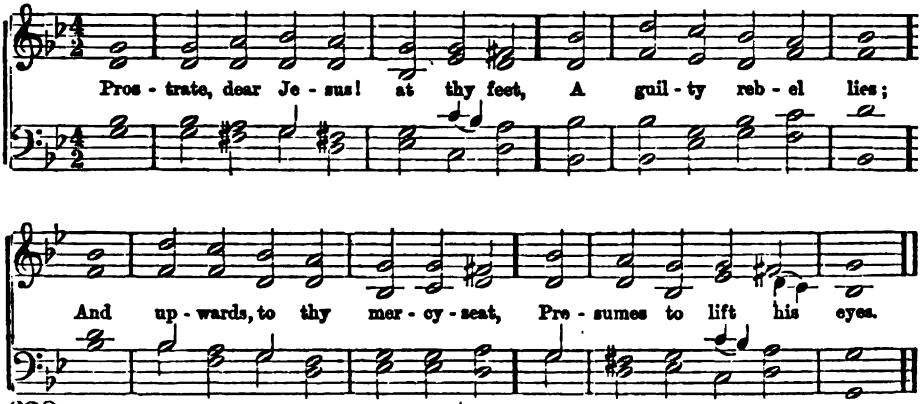
3 How long, dear Saviour! shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest.

4 Break, sovereign grace! Oh! break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God! thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

WINDSOR. (DUNDEE.) C. M.

George Kirby, Ed's Psalter, 1562.



628.

The Penitent.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards, to thy mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh! let not justice frown me hence;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm;
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe, [eyes,
Tears should, from both my weeping
In ceaseless torrents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word,
That bids the sinner live.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

629.

Desiring the Presence of God.

1 MY God! Oh! could I make the claim,
My Father, and my Friend,—
And call thee mine, by every name,
On which thy saints depend;—

2 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred feet.

3 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here I would rest till light returns;—
Thy presence makes my day.

4 Speak, Lord! and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
Oh! smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

5 Then, shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless the healing rays, [sighs,
And change these deep, complaining
For songs of sacred praise.

Anne Steele, 1760.

630.

Contrition.

1 OH! for that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembles at thy word.

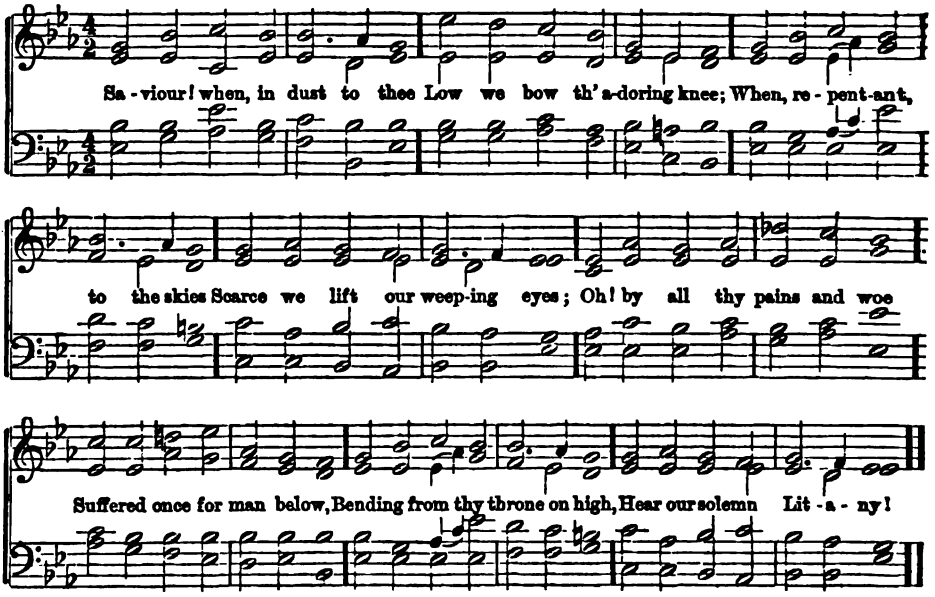
2 Oh! for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour! to me, in pity give,
The sensible distress,—
The pledge, thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace;—

4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come,—
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. 8 LINES. *John B. Dykes, 1861.*



631.

The penitential Plea.

1 SAVIOUR! when, in dust to thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh! by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

2 By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of th' insulting tempter's power,
Turn, Oh! turn a favoring eye;
Hear our solemn Litany!

3 By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!

4 By thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord!
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

Robert Grant, 1815.

632.

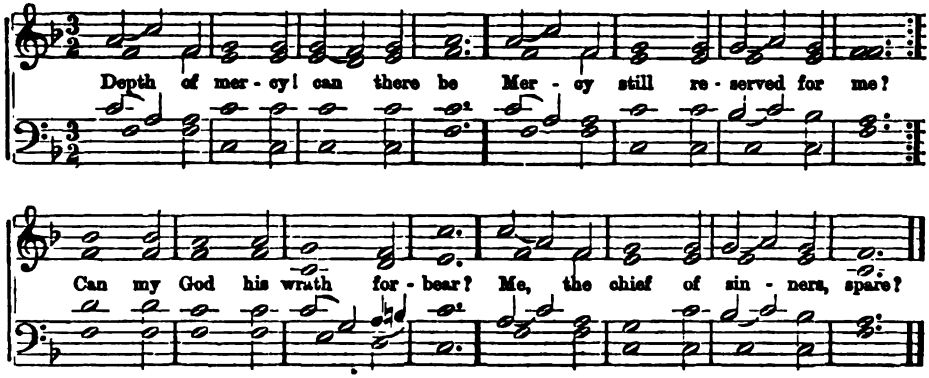
Deep Contrition.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all!
Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
Hear, Oh! hear my ardent cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die:
Vilest of the sons of men,—
Worst of rebels I have been;
Oft abused thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

2 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this broken, bleeding heart;
Justly might thy kindled ire
Blast me in eternal fire:
But with thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound:
Thou canst soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wanderer rest.

Thomas Raffles, 1812.

ALETTA. 7s. 4 or 6 lines. *William B. Bradbury, 1856.*



633.

The Chief of Sinners.

1 Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, — "How shall I give thee up?"—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love; I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

5 Jesus! answer from above;
Is not all thy nature love?
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now.

6 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

634.

Pleading with Jesus.

1 Thou, who didst on Calvary bleed!
Thou, who dost for sinners plead!
Help me in my time of need,
Jesus, Saviour! hear my cry.

2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Jesus! lift to thee mine eye.

3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea thy grace to win,
But that thou canst save from sin,
Jesus! to thy cross I fly.

4 There on thee I cast my care,
There to thee I raise my prayer,
Jesus! save me from despair,
Save me, save me, or I die.

5 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, Saviour! be thou nigh.

James Drummond Burns, 1838.

635.

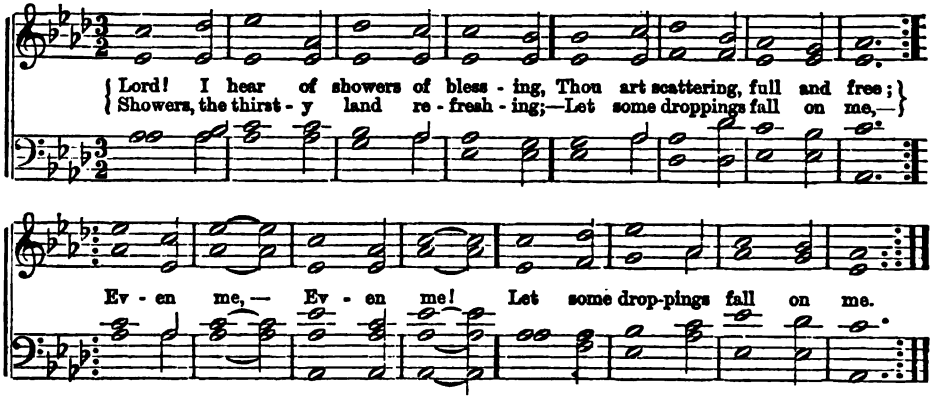
God's Help entreated.

1 O thou God, who hearést prayer,
Every hour, and every where!
Listen to my feeble breath,
Now I touch the gates of death;
For his sake whose blood I plead,
Hear me in the hour of need.

2 Hear and save me, gracious Lord!
For my trust is in thy word;
Wash me from the stain of sin,
That thy peace may rule within;
May I know myself thy child,
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

EVEN ME. 87, 87, 67, or 8s & 7s. 8 LINES. *William B. Bradbury, 1862.*



636.

Pass me not.

1 LORD! I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering, full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me,—
Even me,—even me!
Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,—
Even me, &c.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
When thou comest, call for me,—
Even me, &c.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,—
Even me, &c.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive and rescue me,—
Even me, &c.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,—
Blood of God, so rich and free,—
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—
Magnify them all in me,—
Even me, &c.

7 Pass me not, this lost one bringing,
Satan's slave thy child shall be,
All my heart to thee is springing;
Blessing others, Oh! bless me,—
Even me, &c.

Elizabeth Codner, 1860.

637.

Self-Consecration.

1 TAKE me, O my Father! take me,
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That, which thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let thy will in me be done.

2 Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father! falling,
To thy household take me in.

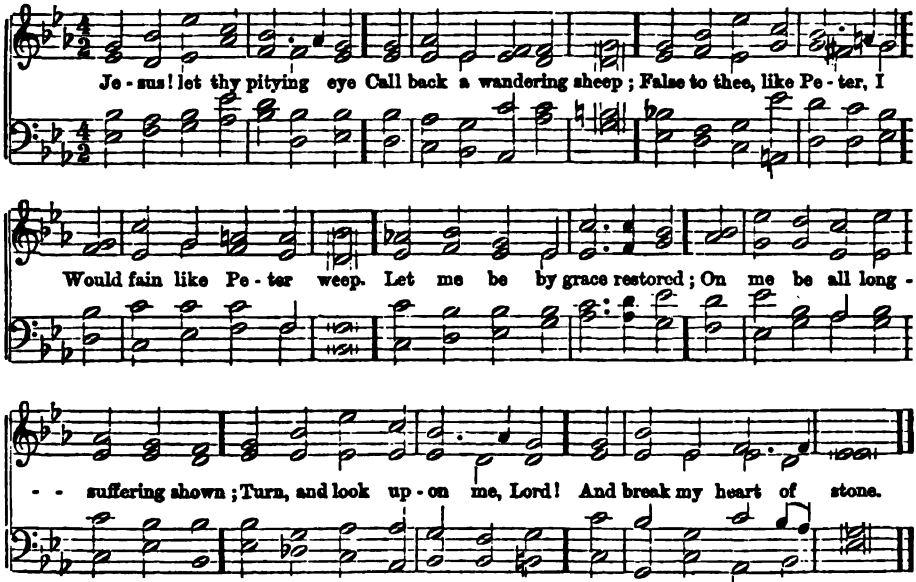
4 Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer—
Gift unworthy love like thine.

5 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee;

6 Father! take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest!

Ray Palmer, 1864.

MATHEWS. 76, 76, 78, 76. S. P. W—, 1871.



638.

The Heart of Stone.

1 JESUS! let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince! enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour! from above,
Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

639.

The Blood of the Lamb.

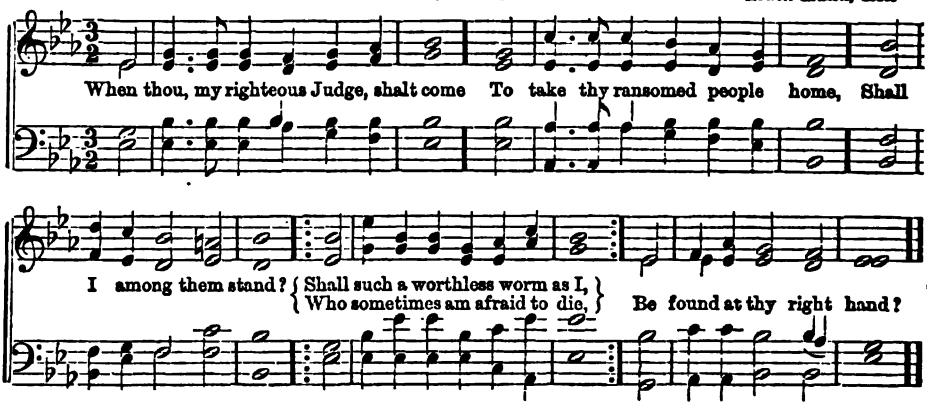
1 GOD of my salvation! hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive;
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye,
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh:
Now as yesterday the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord! to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor;
Dust and ashes is my name;
My all is sin and misery:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb!
Thy blood was shed for me.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

MERIBAH. C. P. M. *Lowell Mason, 1839.*



640. *Preparation for the Judgment.*

1 When thou, my righteous Judge! shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What, if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord! my hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, Oh! let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I 'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Selina Shirley, 1772, a.

641. *The Surrender of the Heart.*

1 Lord! thou hast won; at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee;
Against thy terrors long I strove;
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me.

2 Now, Lord! I would be thine alone;
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powérs waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

John Newton, 1779.

642. *Christ, the only Refuge.*

1 O thou, that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffered once for me.

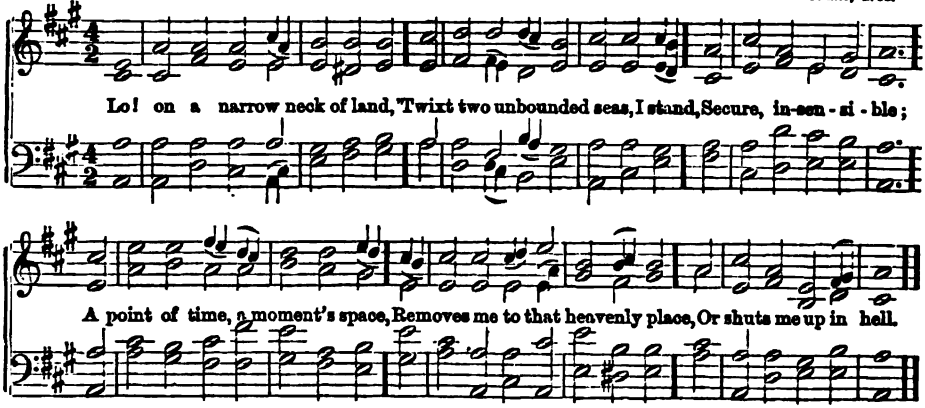
2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
Thy merit, Lord! my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
That bids me come away;
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I 'd mount upon his sable wings,
To everlasting day.

Augustus M Toplady, 1776.

WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M. — *Crane*, 1788.



643.

The Brink of Eternity.

1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God! mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply, on my thoughtful heart,
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou, with clouds, shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord! shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom!

4 Be this my one great business here,—
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour! then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live,
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

644.

The New-Birth.

1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.

2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.

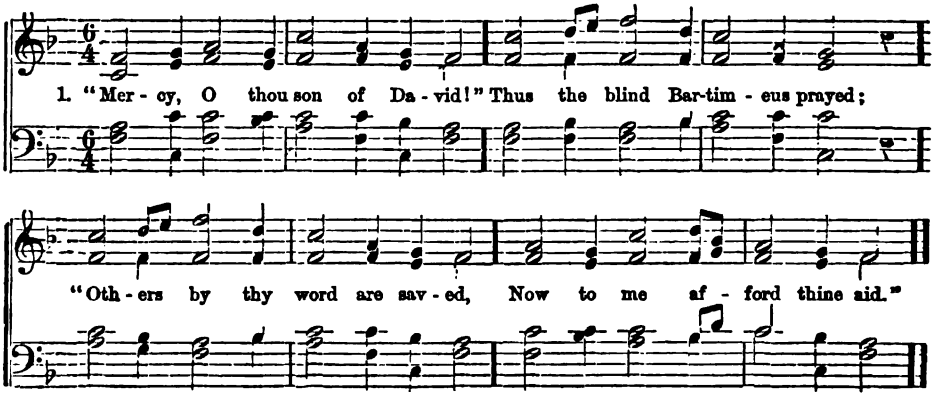
3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load;
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

Samson Occum, 1760.
Altered by *Asahel Nettleton*, 1824.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s. 4 or 6 LINES. *Daniel Read*, 1804.



645. *The blind Man healed.*

1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed;
"Others by thy word are saved,
"Now to me afford thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,—
"Come, and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but he could give:

4 "Lord! remove this grievous blindness,
"Let mine eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Oh! methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends! is not my case amazing?
"What a Saviour I have found!

6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
"And would be advised by me!
"Surely would they hasten to him,
"He would cause them all to see."

John Newton, 1779.

646. *Looking to the Cross.*

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend!

2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace, with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? — I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,—
Life deriving from his death.

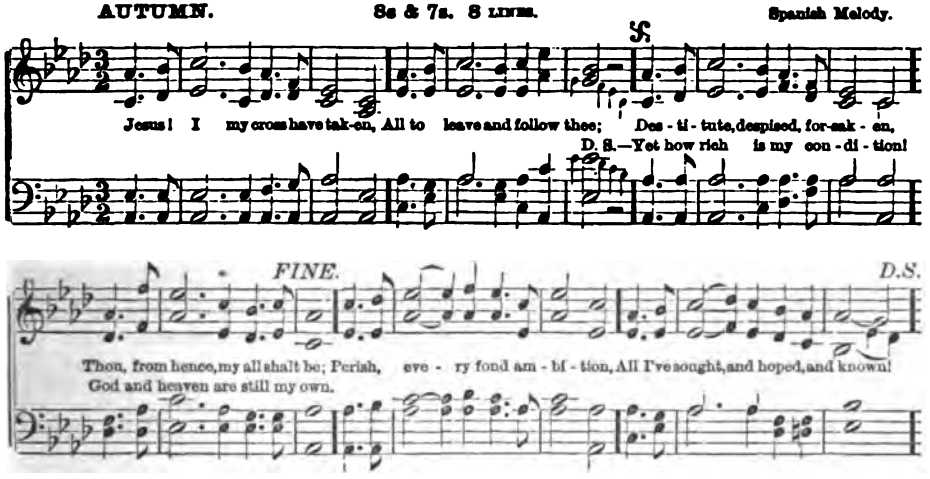
James Allen, 1757
Altered by *Walter Shirley*, 1776.

647. *The Surrender.*

1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer!
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord! I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine;
Thine entirely,—
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near:—
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

W——— M———, 1794.



648.

Forsaking all for Christ.

1 JESUS! I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known!
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain:
I have called thee, — "Abba, Father!"
I have stayed my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me;
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me;
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1829.

649.

Much forgiven.

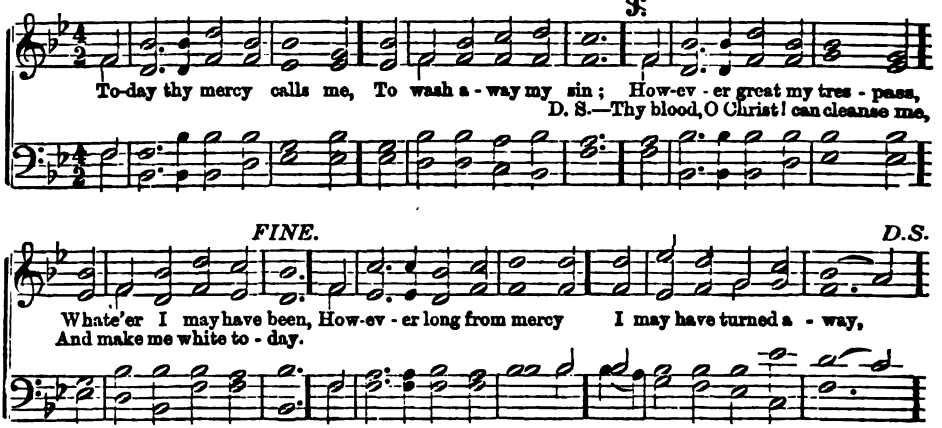
1 HAIL! my ever blesséd Jesus!
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul, thy name is precious,
Thou, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
Oh! what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh! what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I 've much forgiven,
I 'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passéd by:
Witness, all ye host of heaven!
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I 've much forgiven;
I 'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst, astonished, I admire
God's free grace, and boundless love:
That blest moment, I received him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace:
Love I much? I 've much forgiven;
I 'm a miracle of grace.

John Wingrove, 1806.

WEBB. (GOODWIN.) 7s & 6s. 8 LINES. *George James Webb, 1837.*



650. *Yielding to-Day.*

1 To-DAY thy mercy calls me,
To wash away my sin;
However great my trespass,
Whate'er I may have been,
However long from mercy
I may have turned away,
Thy blood, O Christ! can cleanse me,
And make me white to-day.

2 To-day thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin;
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A further grace be promised —
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day the Father calls me;
The Holy Spirit waits;
The blessèd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates;
No question will be asked me,
How often I have come;
Although I oft have wandered,
It is my Father's home.

Oswald Allen, 1862.

651. *The Convert's Blessedness.*

1 I've found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain;
I've found a branch of healing,
Near every bitter spring;
A whispered promise stealing
O'er every broken string.

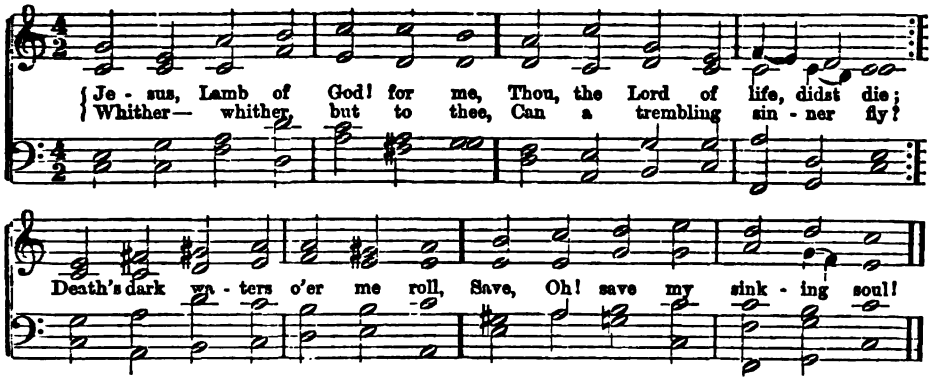
2 I've found a glad hosanna
For every woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna,
When grapes from Eshcol fail;
I've found a Rock of ages,
When desert wells were dry;
And, after weary stages,
I've found an Elim nigh; —

3 An Elim, with its coolness,
Its fountains, and its shade,
A blessing in its fullness,
When buds of promise fade;
O'er tears of soft contrition,
I've seen a rainbow light,
A glory and fruition,
So near — yet out of sight.

4 My Saviour! thee possessing,
We have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm,
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint,
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint.

Mrs. Jane [Fox] Crewdson, 1868.

CRUGER. 7s, 4 or 6 LINES. *Johann Crüger, 1653.*



652.

Repentance at the Cross.

1 JESUS, Lamb of God! for me,
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither — whither, but to thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly?
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, Oh! save my sinking soul!

2 Never bowed a martyred head
Weighed with equal sorrow down;
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown;
To thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

3 All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair:
Lord! thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

4 While with broken heart I kneel,
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life — immortal life — I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast;
Thine — for ever thine — I am;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Ray Palmer, 1865.

653.

Thine for ever.

1 THINE for ever — God of love!
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever — Lord of life!
Shield us through the earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever — Oh! how blest
They who find in thee their rest;
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend!
Oh! defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever — Saviour! keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

Mrs. Mary Fawler Maude, 1848.

654.

Darkness turned to Light.

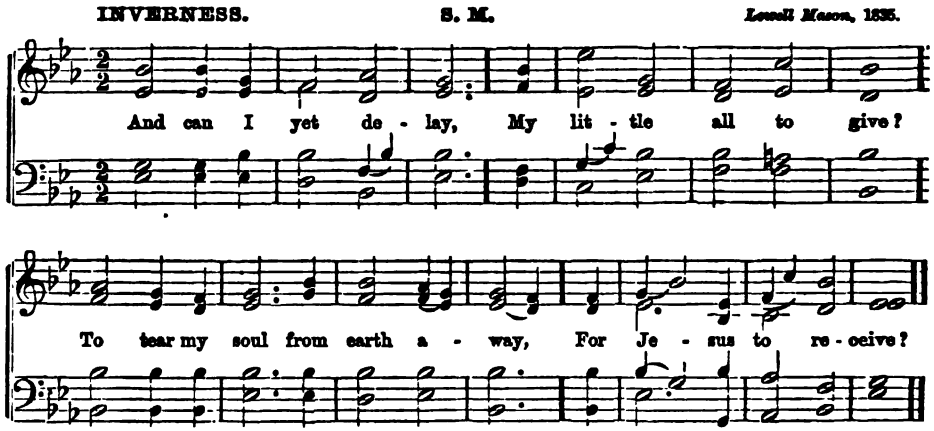
1 BOUNDLESS glory, Lord! be thine;
Thou hast made the darkness shine;
Thou hast sent a cheering ray;
Thou hast turned our night to day.

2 Darkness long involved us round,
Till we knew the joyful sound;
Then our darkness fled away, —
Chased by truth's celestial ray.

3 They are blessed, and none beside, —
They, who in the truth abide;
Clear, the light that marks their way —
Leading to eternal day.

4 Ye, who walk this heavenly road,
Hasting to the saint's abode!
See how bright it shines above!
There appears the God of love.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.



655.

Resignation to Christ.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee, Conquéror!

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer! take, Oh! take,
And seal me ever thine!

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thine only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My Life, my Portion thou!
Thou all-sufficient art;
My Hope, my heavenly Treasure! now
Enter and keep my heart.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

656.

Submission to Christ.

1 Jesus! I come to thee,
A sinner doomed to die;
My only refuge is thy cross,—
Here at thy feet I lie.

2 Can mercy reach my case,
And all my sins remove?
Break, O my God! this heart of stone,
And melt it by thy love.

3 Too long my soul has gone,
Far from my God, astray;
I 've sported on the brink of hell,
In sin's delusive way.

4 But, Lord! my heart is fixed,—
I hope in thee alone;
Break off the chains of sin and death,
And bind me to thy throne.

5 Thy blood can cleanse my heart,
Thy hand can wipe my tears;—
Oh! send thy blessed Spirit down,
To banish all my fears.

Nathan S. S. Beman, 1832.

657.

Psalm 32.

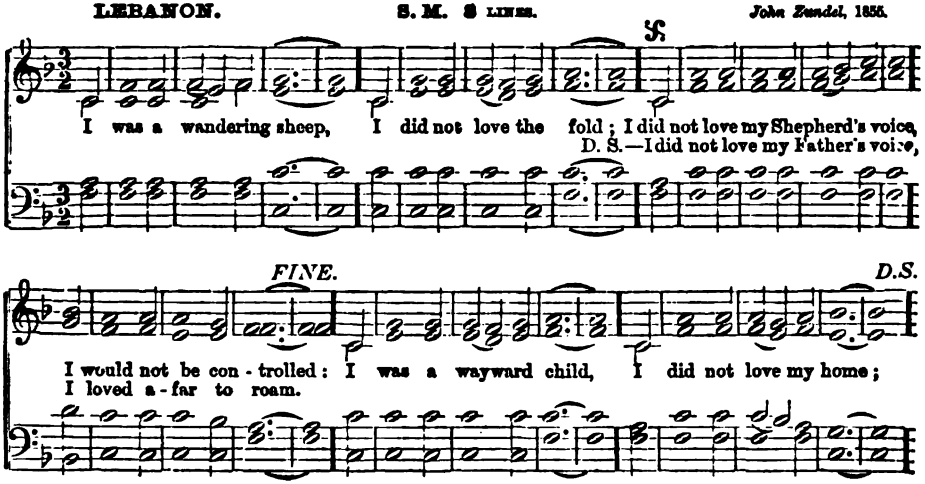
1 Oh! blesséd souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er;—
Divinely blessed, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

LEBANON. S. M. 8 lines. *John Zundel, 1855.*



658.

Lost but found.

1 I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled:
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is, —
'T was he, that loved my soul;
'T was he, that washed me in his blood,
'T was he, that made me whole:
'T was he, that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'T was he, that brought me to the fold,
'T is he, that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold:
I was a wayward child;
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

Horatius Bonar, 1845.

659.

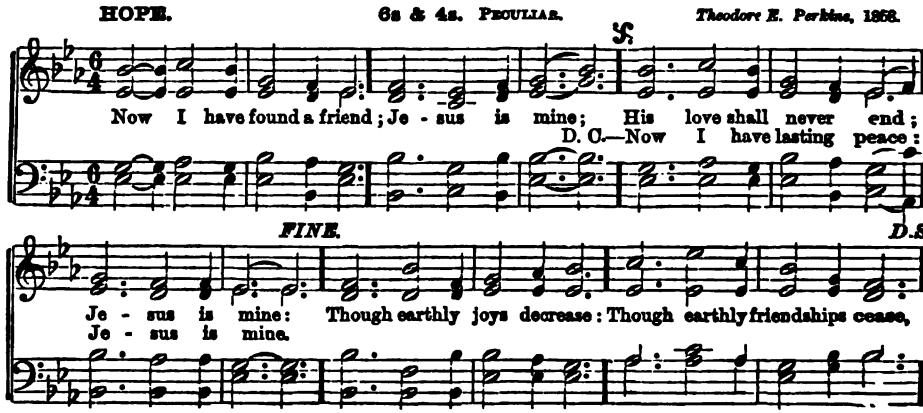
Pilgrimage begun.

1 From Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain:
To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste, with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.

2 Our toils and conflicts cease,
On Canaan's happy shore;
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more:
There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.

3 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there:
How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast; [ness,
We 're journeying through the wilder-
But soon shall gain our rest.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.



660.

Jesus is mine.

1 Now I have found a Friend;
Jesus is mine;—
His love shall never end;
Jesus is mine:
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though earthly friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
Though I grow faint and cold,
Jesus is mine:
He shall my wants supply;
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy;
Jesus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away,—
Jesus is mine,—
In the great judgment day,—
Jesus is mine,—
Oh! what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

4 Father! thy name I bless;
Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace;
Praise shall be thine;
Spirit of holiness!
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus, as mine.

Henry Hope, 1832.

661.

Parting with the World.

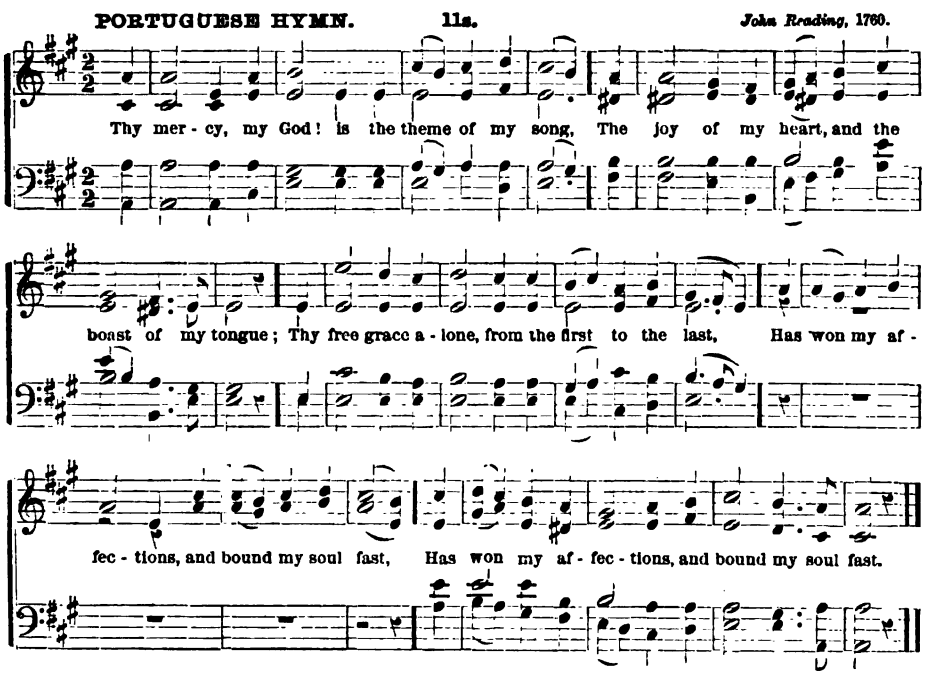
1 Pass away, earthly joy!—
Jesus is mine!
Break every mortal tie;
Jesus is mine:
Dark is the wilderness;
Distant the resting-place;
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine:
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine:
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day!
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night!
Jesus is mine:
Mine is a dawning bright,
Jesus is mine:
All, that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, ye scenes of rest!
Welcome, ye mansions blest!
Welcome, a Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar, 1845.



662.

The divine Mercy.

1 THY mercy, my God! is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Has won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

2 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart:
Dissolved by thy sunshine, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

3 Dear Father! thy merciful word is my all;
Thy promise supports me when ready to fall;
When enemies crowd, to cause doubt and despair,
I conquer them all by the spirit of prayer.

4 Thy mercy, in Jesus, exempts me from hell;
Thy mercy I 'll sing, of thy mercy I 'll tell;
'T was Jesus, my Friend, when he hung on the tree,
That opened the channel of mercy for me.

5 Great Father of mercies! thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son:
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

John Stocker, 1776.

663.

Jehovah Jesus, All in All.

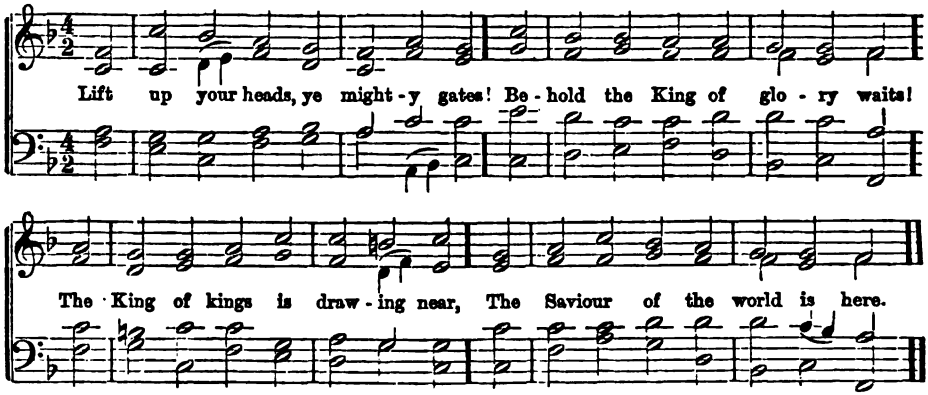
1 I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God;
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Tho' friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree;
Jehovah, my Saviour, was nothing to me.

2 When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me; I trembled to die:
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see:
Jehovah! thou only my Saviour must be.

3 My terrors all vanished before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free:
Jehovah, my Saviour, is all things to me.

Robert M. McCheyne, 1834, a.

FRELINGHUYSEN. L. M. *Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch, 1704. Abridged.*



664. *"Macht hoch die Thür, die Thor macht weit."*

1 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold! the King of glory waits!
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.

2 Life and salvation doth he bring,
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing:
Eternal praise, my God! to thee!
Creator! wise is thy decree.

3 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

4 So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin;
Eternal praise, my God! be thine,
For word, and deed, and grace divine.

5 Redeemer! come; I open wide
My heart to thee; here, Lord! abide;
Let me thine inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

6 Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
Until our glorious goal be won!
Eternal praise, eternal fame,
Be offered, Saviour! to thy name!

Ger., *George Weissel*, 1635.
Tr., *Catherine Winkworth*, 1855.

665. *"Gott rufet noch!"*

1 God calling yet!—shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

2 God calling yet!—shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet!—and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet!—I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world! farewell; from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Ger., *Gerhard Tersteegen*, 1730.
Tr., *Jane Borthwick*, 1853, a.

666. *The Joy unknown in Heaven.*

1 Trembling, before thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own:
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend; Oh! smile, and heal the strife.

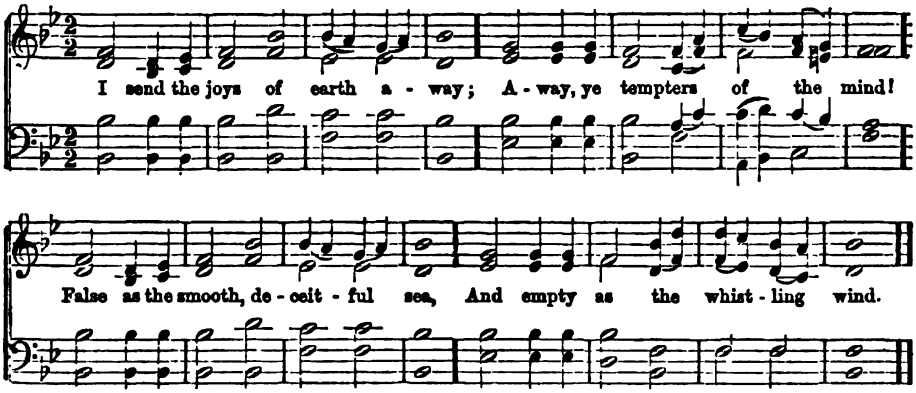
2 The Saviour smiles;—upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;
His voice proclaims my pardon found;
Seraphic transport wings the sound!

3 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,—
The new-born peace of sins forgiven:
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

4 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

Augustus L. Hillhouse, 1822.

ERNAN. L. M. *Lowell Mason*, 1850.



667. *Parting with carnal Joys.*

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair:
And, whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord! I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now, to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
Oh! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

668. *Renouncing All for Christ.*

1 COME, Saviour, Jesus! from above;
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 Oh! let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

3 That path, with humble speed, I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

4 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

5 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast,
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

From the French, *John Wesley*, 1739.

669. *Entire Consecration.*

1 Now I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

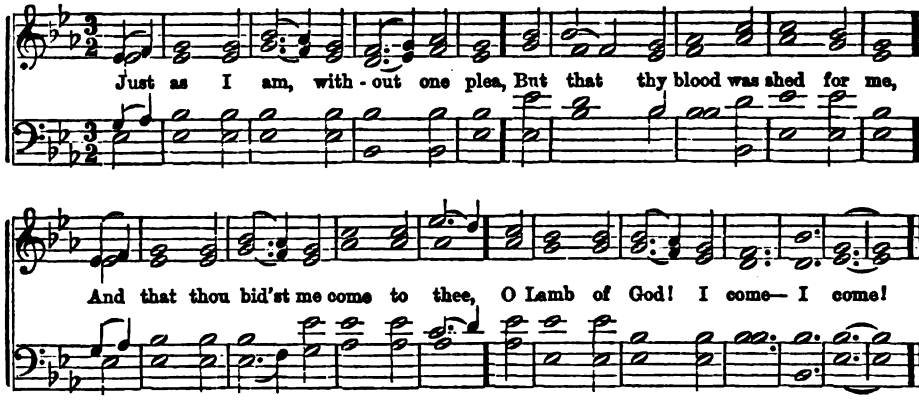
2 Oh! be his service all my joy!—
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And, in his kind commands, rejoice.

4 Oh! may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

Anne Steele, 1760.

WOODWORTH. L. M. *William B. Bradbury, 1849.*



670.

Just as I am.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come — I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God! I come — I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come — I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come — I come!

5 Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come — I come!

6 Just as I am; thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God! I come — I come!

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

671.

Christ and his Righteousness.

1 No more, my God! I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count but loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must, and will, esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh! may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

672.

The Convert.

1 FAR from thy fold, O God! my feet
Once moved in error's devious maze;
Nor found religious duties sweet, [ways.
Nor sought thy face, nor loved thy

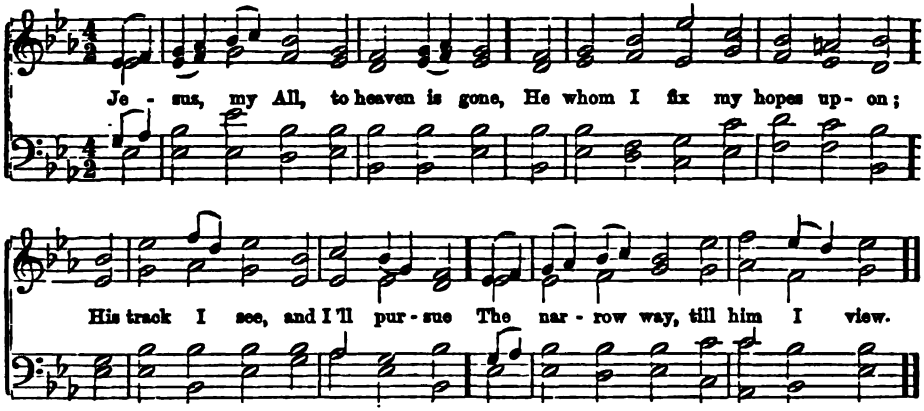
2 With tenderest voice thou bad'st me flee
The paths which thou couldst ne'er approve;
And gently drew my soul to thee,
With cords of sweet eternal love.

3 Now to thy footstool, Lord! I fly,
And low in self-abasement fall;
A vile, a helpless worm, I lie,
And thou, my God! art all in all.

4 Dearer — far dearer — to my heart,
Than all the joys that earth can give;
From fame, from wealth, from friends I'd part,
Beneath thy countenance to live.

Eleanor Taticek, 1798.

ILLINOIS. L. M. *Jonathan Spilman, 1835.*



673.

Way to Canaan.

1 JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul! I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb!
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell, to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say — Behold the way to God!

John Cennick, 1743, a.

674.

The Voice of Mercy.

1 I HEAR a voice that comes from far;
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my soul, and calms my fear;
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

2 And is it true, that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
And rather choose with fools to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?

3 Alas for those! — the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice, they would not hear before.

4 With such, I own, I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard,
Than mercy utters from the cross.

5 But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
'T is due to sovereign grace alone,
That oft selects its proudest foes.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

675.

Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

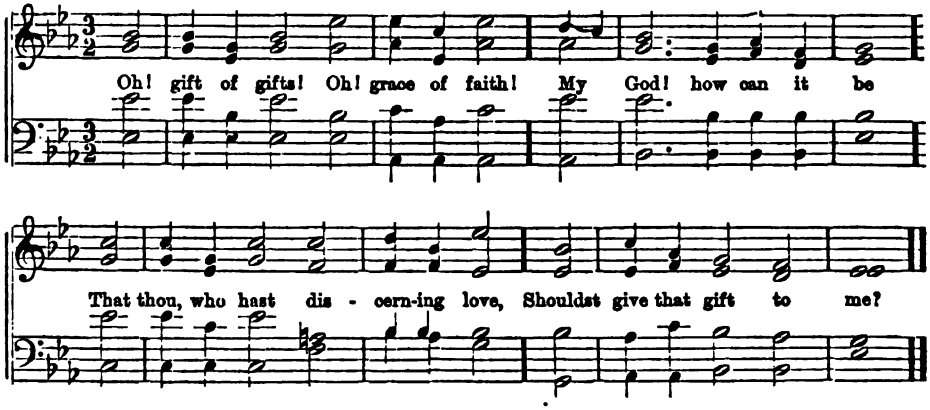
2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

VALENTIA. (FLORENCE.) C. M.

Maximilian Eberwein, 1775-1831.
Adapted by *George Kingsley*, 1838.



676.

The Grace of Faith.

1 Oh! gift of gifts! Oh! grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

2 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 Ah! grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little, and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.

5 Oh! happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith!
The treasure, that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

6 Thy choice, O God of goodness! then
I lovingly adore;
Oh! give me grace to keep thy grace,
And grace t' inherit more.

Frederick Wm. Faber, 1848.

677.

Lost and found.

1 Amazing grace! — how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

John Newton, 1779.

678.

Self-Denial for Christ.

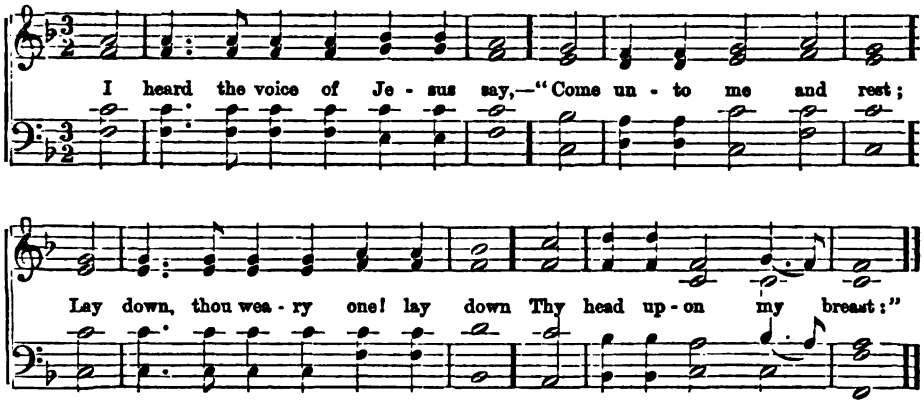
1 And must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord! for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses, I sustain,
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

BYEFIELD. C. M. *Thomas Hastings, 1840.*



679.

The Voice of Jesus.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,—
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one! lay down
Thy head upon my breast:"

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold! I freely give
The living-water; thirsty one!
Stoop down, and drink and live:"

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:"

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found,
In him, my Star, my Sun;
And, in that light of life, I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

680.

Subdued by the Cross.

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agónies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt;
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die, that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystéry of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

John Newton, 1779.

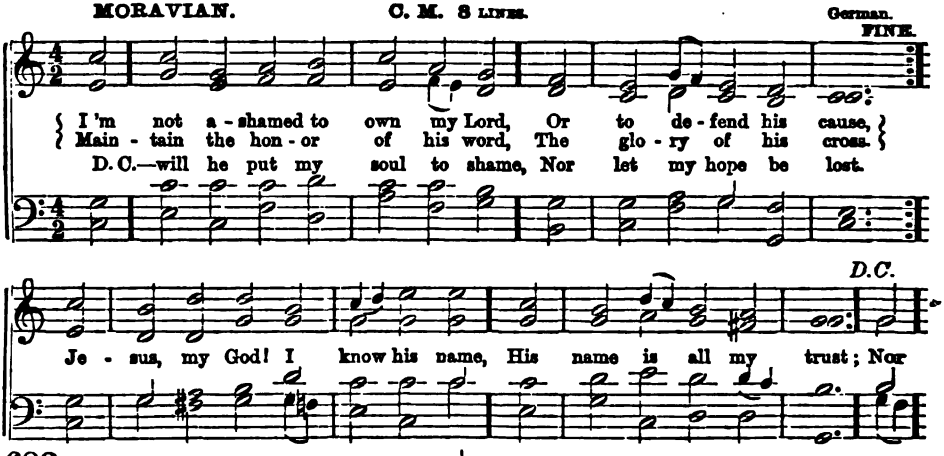
681.

Self-Dedication.

1 WELCOME, O Saviour! to my heart;
Possess thine humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake,—
To thee, I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
And make it all divine.

Hugh Bourne, 1826.



682. *Not ashamed of Christ.*

1 I 'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! — I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I 've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And, in the new Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

683. PSALM 126.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work!" — my neighbors
And owned the power divine; [cried.
"Great is the work!" — my heart re-
"And be the glory thine." [plied, —

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those, that sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'n't deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

684. *Joy over the Penitent.*

1 OH! how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

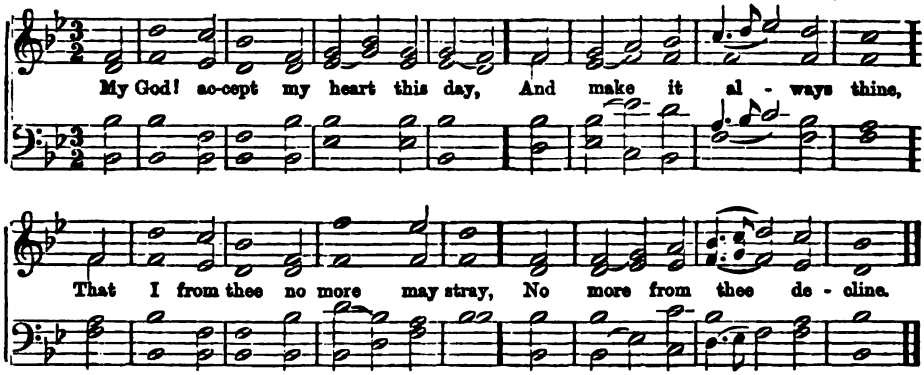
2 Pleased with the news, the saints below,
In songs, their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well-pleased, the Father sees, and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost is found!" they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

John Needham, 1733, a.

RETURN. C. M. *Thomas Hastings, 1831.*



685. *Self-Consecration.*

1 My God! accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified;
Let Christ be all in all.

3 May the dear blood, once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,
That I, from first to last, may be
The purchase of thy love.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord!
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges, 1848.

686. *Salvation by Grace.*

1 Lord! we confess our numerous faults;
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul! for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'T is not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

4 'T is from the mercy of our God,
That all our hopes begin;
'T is by the water, and the blood,
Our souls are washed from sin.

5 'T is through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down, to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

687. *Old Things passed away.*

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

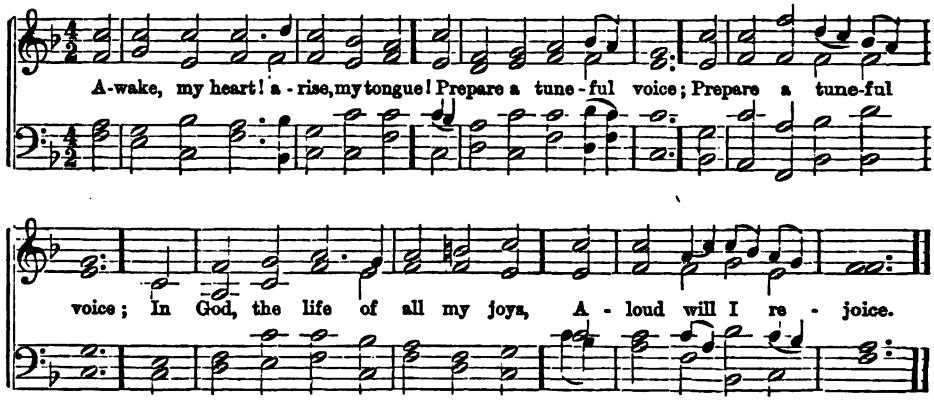
2 As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

3 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

4 But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
Now, Lord! I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee.

John Newton, 1779.

BETHLEHEM. C. M. *Spencer Madan, d. 1813.*



688.

The Robe of Righteousness.

1 AWAKE, my heart! arise, my tongue!
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'T is he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm,
He makes his graces shine.

3 And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 Strangely, my soul! art thou arrayed
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

689.

Redemption and Protection.

1 ARISE, my soul! my joyful powers!
And triumph in my God;
Awake my voice! and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell;
And fixed my standing more secure,
Than 't was before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love,
Beneath my soul he placed;
And on the rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blessed abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

5 Arise, my soul! awake, my voice!
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

690.

The Pearl of great Price.

1 YE glittering toys of earth! adieu;
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

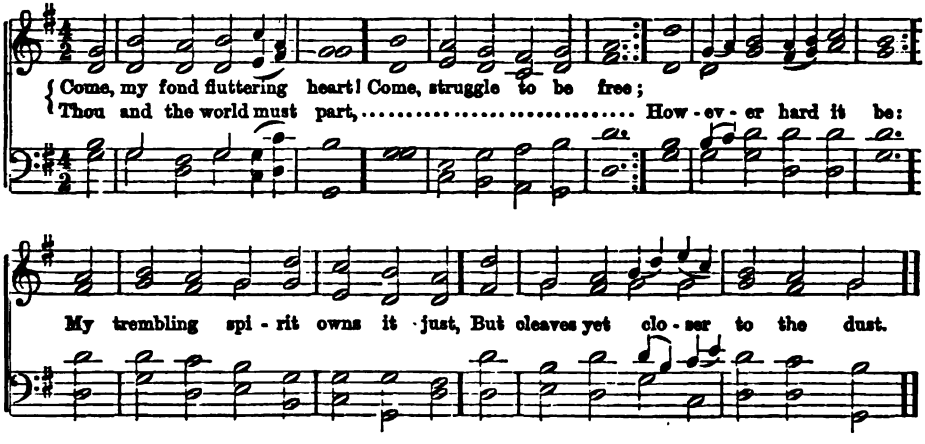
2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye flattering baits of sense!
Inestimable worth appears,—
The pearl of price immense.

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,—
Oh! name, divinely sweet!—
Jesus! in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

4 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possessed,
I 'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever blessed.

Anne Steele, 1760.

BETHESDA. H. M. *Maurice Greene, d. 1755.*



691.

Renouncing the World.

1 COME, my fond fluttering heart!
Come, struggle to be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets! forbear;
Ye dearest idols! fall;
My love ye must not share,
Jesus shall have it all:
'T is bitter pain, — 't is cruel smart, —
But, Oh! thou must consent, my heart!

3 Ye fair enchanting throng!
Ye golden dreams! farewell!
Earth has prevailed too long,
And now I break the spell:
Farewell, ye joys of early years! —
Jesus! forgive these parting tears.

4 In Gilead there is balm,
A kind Physician there,
My fevered mind to calm,
To bid me not despair:
Dear Saviour! help me, set me free,
And I will all resign to thee.

5 Oh! may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare, —
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord! compare:
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

Jane Taylor, 1812, a.

692.

Intercession and Pardon.

1 ARISE, my soul! arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

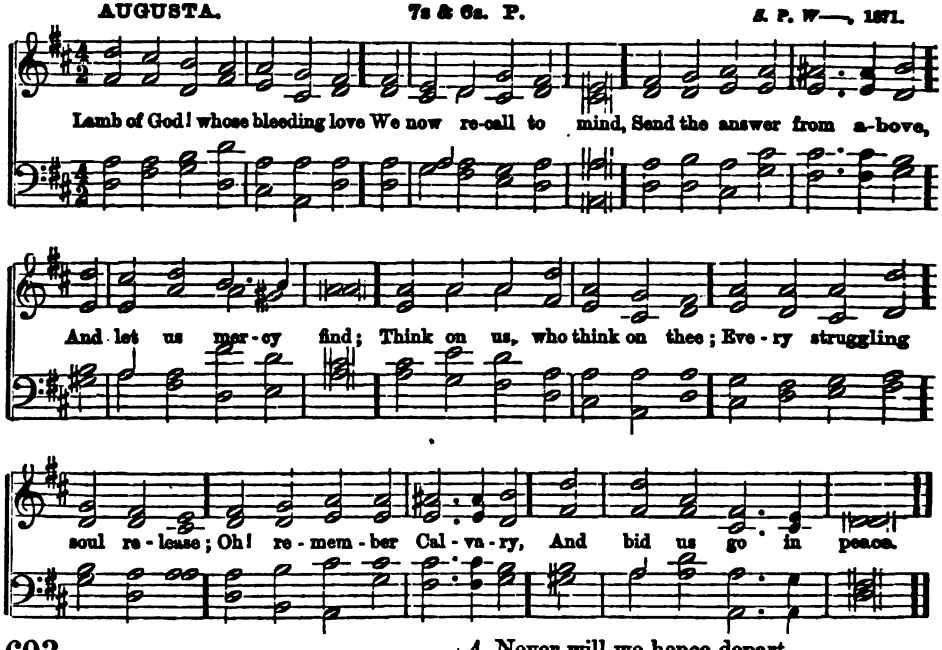
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, Oh! forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me, I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.

Charles Wesley, 1742.



693.

Calvary.

1 Lamb of God! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee;
Every struggling soul release;
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds and set us free,
From iniquity release;
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve?
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give;
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till complete in holiness,—
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

Charles Wesley, 1745.

694.

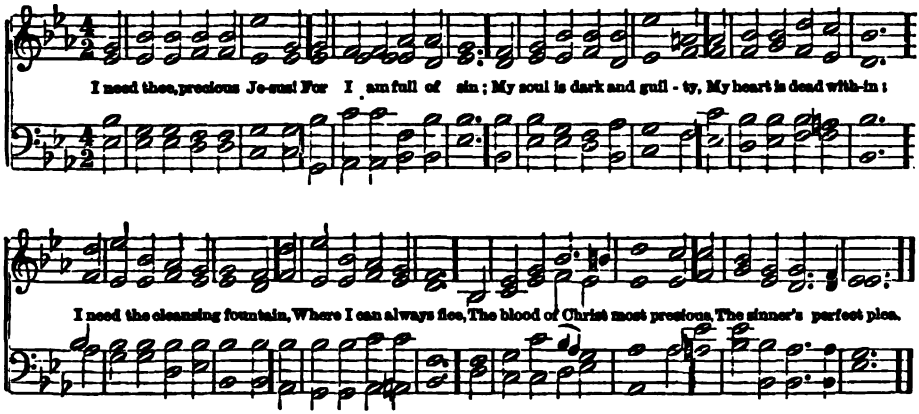
The living Bread.

1 Jesus, Master of the feast!
The feast itself thou art;
Now receive thine every guest,
And comfort every heart!
Give us living bread to eat,
Manna that from heaven comes down;
See us waiting at thy feet,
And make thy favor known.

2 In this earthly wilderness
Thou hast a table spread,
Richly filled with every grace
Our fainting souls can need:
Still sustain us by thy love,
Still thy servant's strength repair,
Till we reach thy courts above,
And feast for ever there.

Charles Wesley, 1745, a.

GREENLAND. 7s & 6s. 8 LINES. Lausanne Psalter.



695. *Jesus Precious.*

1 I NEED thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need thee, blesséd Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, blesséd Jesus!
I need a friend like thee;
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me;
I need the heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need thee, blesséd Jesus,
And hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne;
There, with thy blood-bought children
My joy shall ever be,
To sing thy praise, Lord Jesus!
To gaze, my Lord! on thee.

Frederick Whitfield, 1859.

696. *"O Esca Viatorum."*

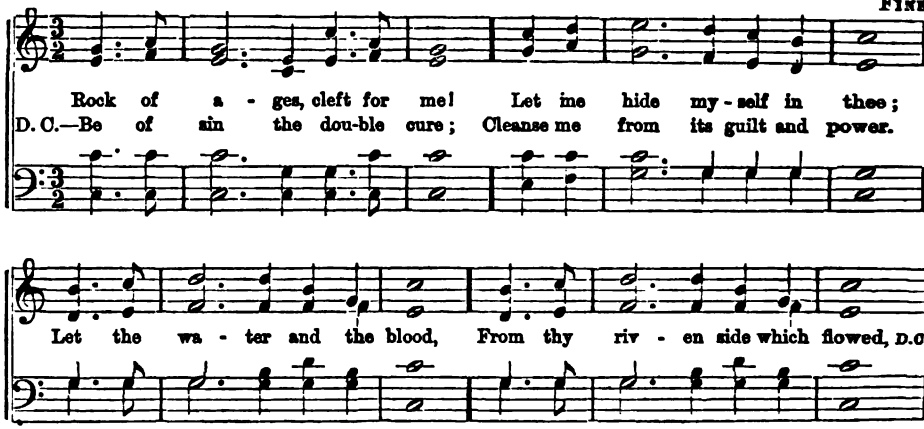
1 O BREAD, to pilgrims given,
O Food, that angels eat,
O Manna, sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O Water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart!
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art;
Oh! let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus! this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more;
Give us, thou true and loving!
On earth to live in thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

Tr., *Ray Palmer*, 1858

ROCK OF AGES. (TOPLADY.) 7s. 6 LINES. *Thomas Hastings, 1830.*



697.

The Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

4 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

698.

The living Food.

1 BREAD of heaven! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat, indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living Bread;
Day by day, with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died.

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'T is thy wounds my healing give;
To thy cross I look, and live;
Thou, my Life! Oh! let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

Josiah Conder, 1824.

699.

Jesus only.

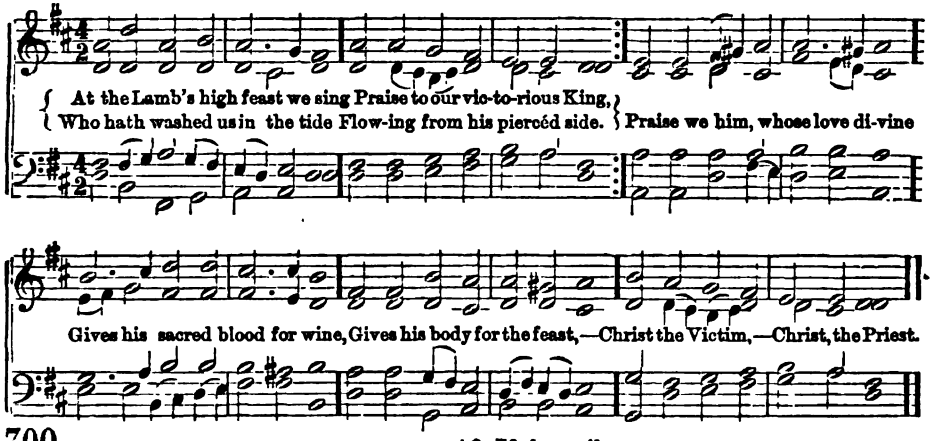
1 BLESSÉD Saviour! thee I love,
All my other joys above:
All my hopes in thee abide,
Thou my Hope, and naught beside:
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day;
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blesséd Saviour! thine am I,
Thine to live, and thine to die;
Height, or depth, or creature power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only thee.

George Duffield, 1858.

SALZBURG. 7s. 6 or 8 LINES. *Johann Rosenmüller, 1652.*



700.

"Ad regias Agni Dapes."

1 At the Lamb's high feast, we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his piercéd side.

2 Praise we him, whose love divine
Gives his sacred blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast,—
Christ, the Victim,—Christ, the Priest.

3 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go,
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

4 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love,
Eat we manna from above.

5 Mighty Victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou has brought us life and light.

6 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risén Lord! to thee we raise;
Holy Father! praise to thee,
With the Spirit, ever be!

Lat., *Roman Breviary.*
Tr., *Robert Campbell, 1849.*

701.

"Dignare me, O Jesu! rogo te."

1 Jesus! grant me this, I pray,
Ever in thy heart to stay;
Let me evermore abide
Hidden in thy wounded side.

2 If the evil one prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
I am safe, when I abide
In thy heart and wounded side.

3 If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
Naught I fear, when I abide
In thy heart and wounded side.

4 Death will come one day to me;
Jesus cast me not from thee:
Dying, let me still abide
In thy heart and wounded side.

Tr., *Henry W. Baker, 1861.*

702.

Peerless Calvary.

1 When, on Sinai's top, I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

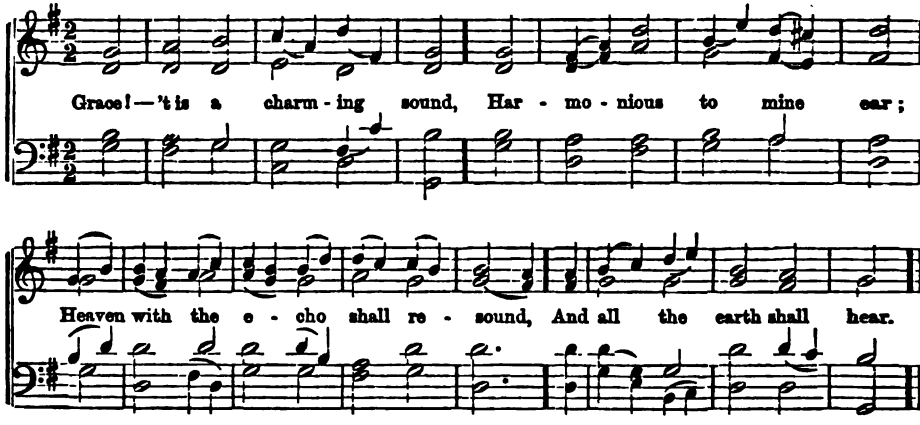
2 When, in ecstacy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too-transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calváry I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calváry!

James Montgomery, 1812

SHIRLAND. S. M. *Samuel Stanley, dr. 1808.*



703. *Salvation by Grace.*

1 Grace!—'t is a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

704. *The Lord's Supper.*

1 Glory to God on high!
Our peace is made with heaven;
The Son of God came down to die,
That we might be forgiven.

2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised for sin;
Remember this, in eating bread,
And that, in drinking wine.

3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garments clad;
Join, every tongue! to praise the Lord,
And, every heart! be glad.

4 The Father gives the Son;
The Son, his flesh and blood;
The Spirit seals, and faith puts on
The righteousness of God.

Joseph Hart, 1762.

705. *Communion with Christ, and his Saints.*

1 Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor, matchless grace,
Of our descending God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

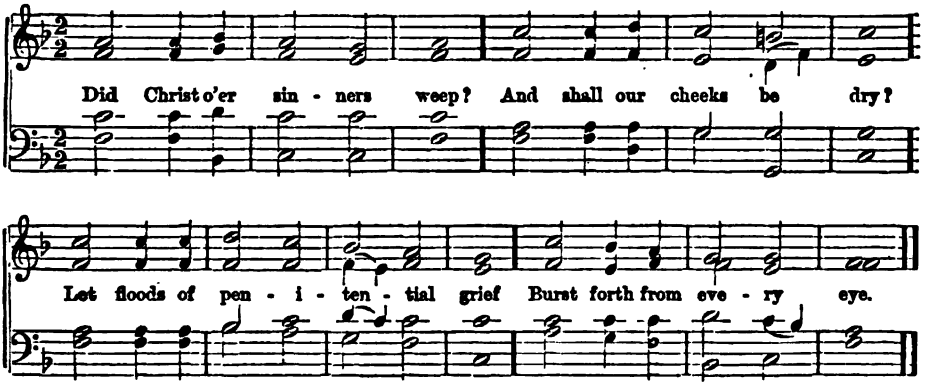
4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;—
We, the young children of his love,
And he, the first-born Son.

5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the Head.

6 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

DETROIT. S. M. *Eurotas P. Hastings, 1846.*



706.

Repentance at the Cross.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep;—
Each sin demands a tear;—
In heaven alone no sin is found,
There is no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

707.

The Banqueting-House.

1 Jesus! we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord.

2 His presence makes the feast;
And now our bosoms feel
The glory not to be expressed,
The joy unspeakable.

3 With pure celestial bliss,
He doth our spirits cheer;
His house of banqueting is this,
And he hath brought us here.

4 He doth his servants feed
With manna from above,
His banner over us is spread,
His everlasting love.

Charles Wesley, 1748.

708.

The Feast of Love.

1 Sweet feast of love divine!
'T is grace, that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord! of thee.

2 That blood, that flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessèd pledge within,
That we are loved of thee.

3 Oh! if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord! above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet?—

4 To see thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare!

Edward Denny, 1839.

709.

The Living Bread.

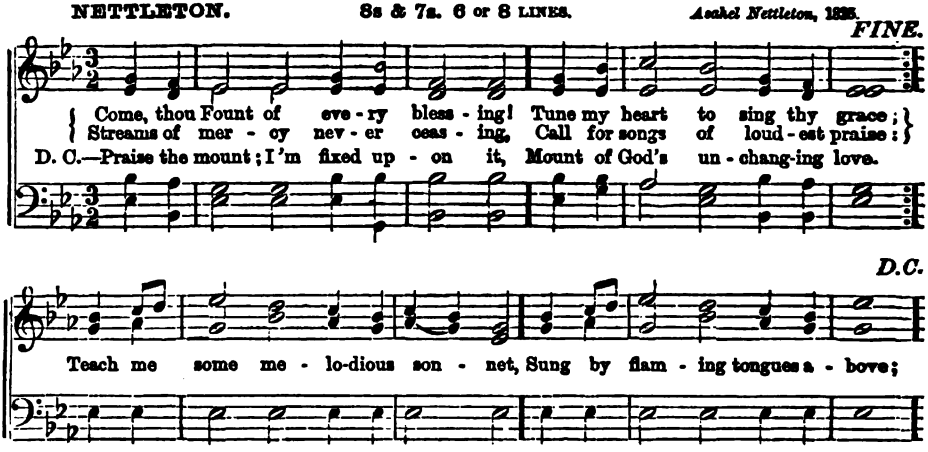
1 Thee, King of saints! we praise
For this, our living bread;
Nourished by thy preserving grace,
And at thy table fed.

2 Yet still a higher seat
We in thy kingdom claim,
Who here begin, by faith, to eat
The supper of the Lamb.

3 That glorious, heavenly prize
We surely shall attain,
And, in the palace of the skies,
With thee for ever reign.

Charles Wesley, 1745.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. 6 or 8 LINES. *Asahel Nettleton, 1835.*



710. *A Memorial of Praise.*

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount; I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Eben-Ezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander,—Lord! I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; Oh! take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

Robert Robinson, 1758.

711. *The Body and Blood of Jesus.*

1 In the name of God, the Father,
In the name of God, the Son,
In the name of God, the Spirit,
One in three, and three in one,
In the name, which highest angels
Speak not, ere they veil their face,
Crying, "Holy, holy, holy!"
Come we to this sacred place.

2 Here, in figure represented,
See the passion once again;
Here behold the Lamb most holy,
As for our redemption slain;
Here the Saviour's body broken,
Here the blood which Jesus shed,—
Mystic food of life eternal,—
See, for our refreshment spread.

3 Here shall highest praise be offered;
Here shall meekest prayer be poured;
Here, with body, soul, and spirit,
God incarnate be adored:
Holy Jesus! for thy coming,
May thy love our hearts prepare;
Thine we fain would have them wholly;
Enter, Lord! and tarry there.

John Wm. Hewett, 1859, a.

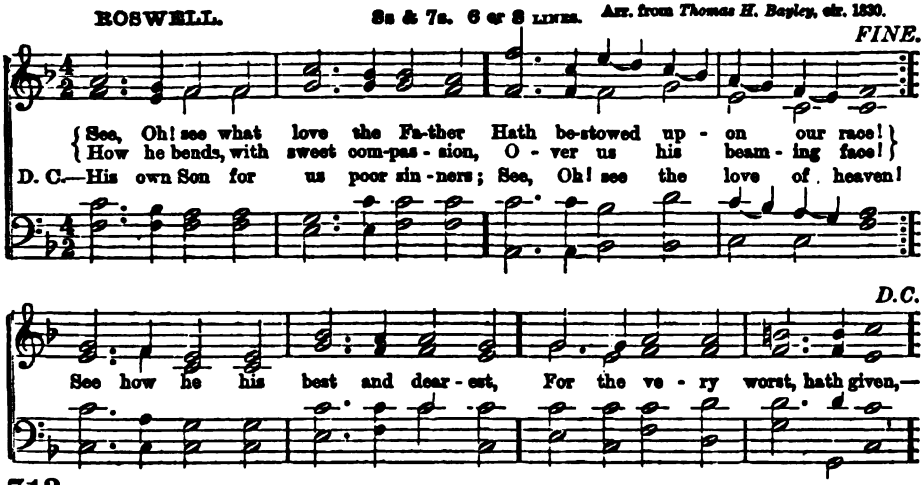
712. *The Close of the Feast.*

1 Now in parting, Father! bless us;
Saviour! still thy peace bestow;
Gracious Comforter! be with us,
As we from thy table go;
Bless us, bless us,
Father, Son and Spirit! now.

2 Bless us here, while still, as strangers,
Onward to our home we move;
Bless us with eternal blessings
In our Father's house above,
Ever, ever,
Dwelling in the light of love.

Horatius Bonar, 1855.

ROSWELL. 8s & 7s. 6 or 8 LINES. ARR. from *Thomas H. Bayley*, etc. 1830.



713.

The Threefold Love.

1 SEE, Oh! see, what love the Father
Hath bestowed upon our race!
How he bends, with sweet compassion,
Over us his beaming face!
See how he his best and dearest,
For the very worst, hath given,—
His own Son for us poor sinners;
See, Oh! see the love of heaven!

2 See, Oh! see, what love the Saviour,
Also, hath on us bestowed!
How he bled for us and suffered,
How he bore the heavy load!
On the cross and in the garden,
Oh! how sore was his distress!
Is not this a love, that passeth
Aught that tongue can e'er express?

3 See, Oh! see, what love is shown us,
Also, by the Holy Ghost!
How he strives with us, poor sinners,
Even when we sin the most,
Teaching, comforting, correcting,
Where he sees it needful is!
Oh! what heart would not be thankful
For a threefold love like this?

Ger., *Carl J. P. Spitta*, 1833.
Tr., *Richard Massie*, 1859.

714.

Remembrance of Christ.

1 JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood;
Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free;—
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord! of thee.

2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth;
In thy fasting and temptation;
In thy labors on the earth;
In thy trial, and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord! remember thee.

Roswell Park, 1838.

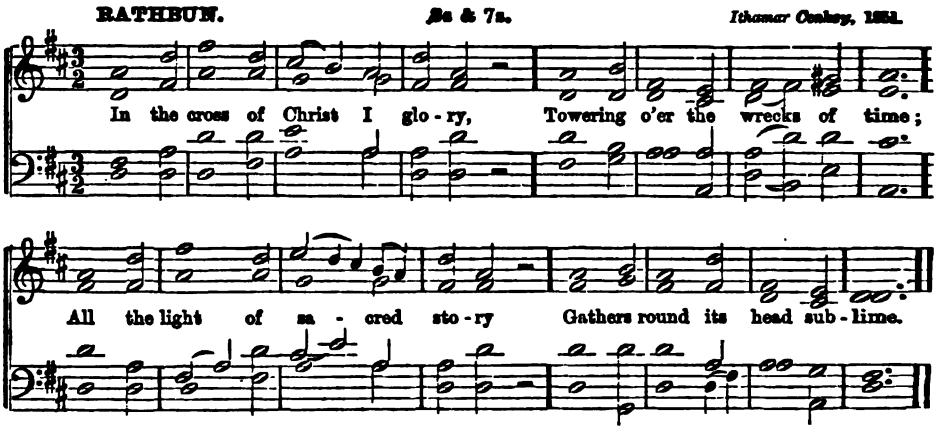
715.

Christ seen at his Table.

1 WHILE, in sweet communion, feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour! may we see thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us thine:
Now, our eyes for ever closing
To this fleeting world below;
On thy gentle breast reposing,
Teach us, Lord! thy grace to know.

2 Though unseen, be ever near us,
With the still small voice of love;
Whispering words of peace to cheer us,
Every doubt and fear remove:
Bring before us all the story
Of thy life, and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

Edward Denny, 1839.



716.

Glorying in the Cross.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance, streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

John Bowring, 1825.

717.

Christ crucified.

1 When I view my Saviour bleeding,
For my sins, upon the tree;
Oh! how wondrous, how exceeding
Great, his love appears to me!

2 Floods of deep distress and anguish,
To impede his labors, came;
Yet they all could not extinguish
Love's eternal, burning flame.

3 Now redemption is completed,
Full salvation is procured;
Death and Satan are defeated,
By the sufferings he endured.

4 Now the gracious Mediator,
Risen to the courts of bliss,
Claims for me, a sinful creature,
Pardon, righteousness, and peace.

5 Sure such infinite affection
Lays the highest claims to mine;
All my powers, without exception,
Should in fervent praises join.

6 Jesus! fit me for thy service;
Form me for thyself alone;
I am thy most costly purchase, —
Take possession of thy own.

Richard Lee, 1794.

718.

The Close of the Feast.

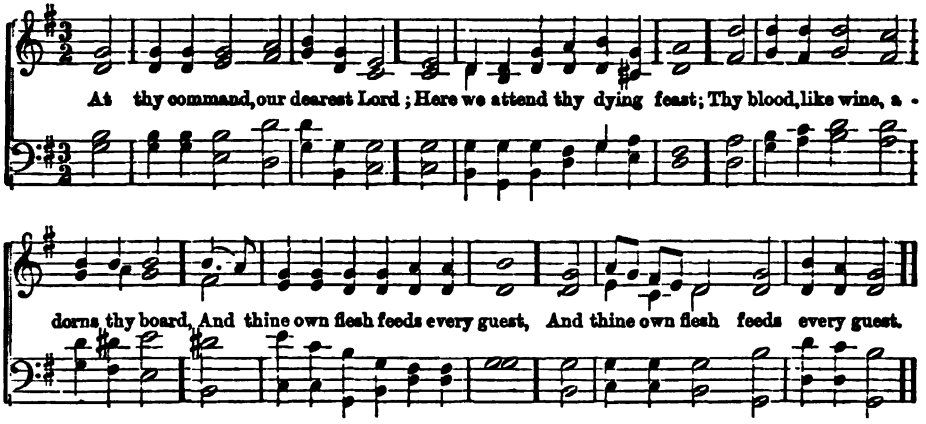
1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow, in all things, like our Head!

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

Anon., 1812.

ROLLAND. L. M. *William B. Bradbury, 1844.*



719.

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 At thy command, our dearest Lord!
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

720.

The Gospel Feast.

1 How rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnished from above;
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

2 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh;
But, at the gospel call, we came,
And every want received supply.

3 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord! we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

4 What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wanderers back to God?

5 It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls, it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.

6 Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransomed sinners lost,—
And pitied rebels, when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

721.

The Feast of Love.

1 My God! and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

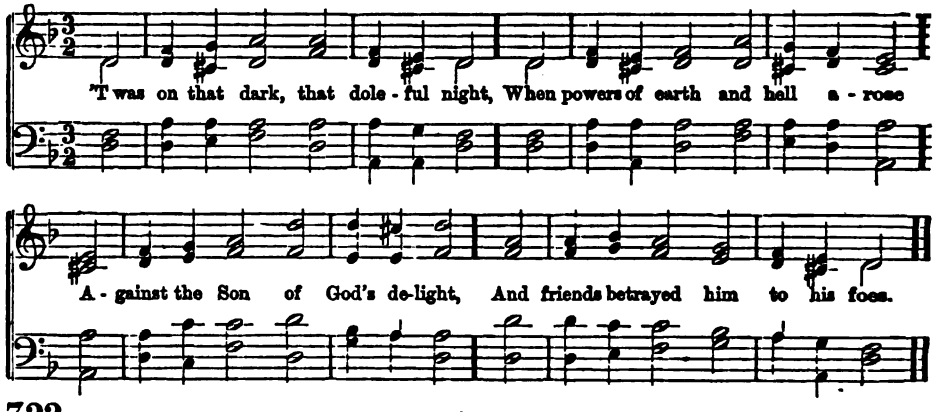
2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

3 Oh! let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared;
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

WINDHAM. L. M. *Daniel Read, 1785.*



722. *The Lord's Supper instituted.*

1 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food:" —
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine,
"'T is the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying Friend;
Meet, at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus! thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

723. *The good Shepherd.*

1 THOU! whom my soul admires, above
All earthly joy, and earthly love, —
Tell me, dear Shepherd! let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep, —
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear, like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove, —
Would never seek another love.

4 The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood:
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my beloved leads me home.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

724. *The Memorial of our Lord.*

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

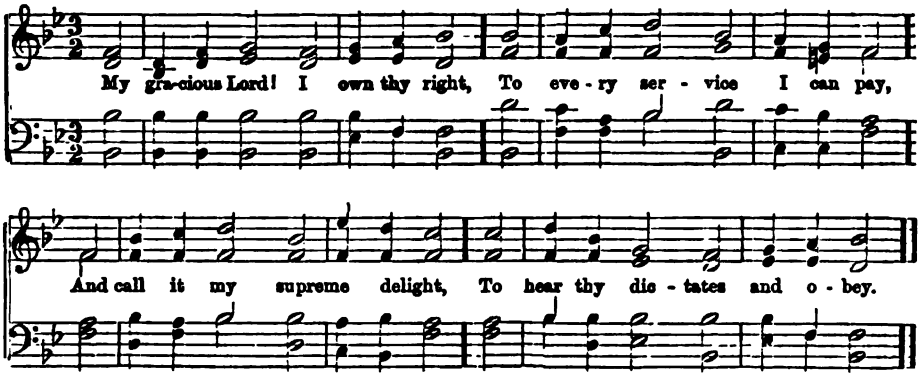
2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

4 While he is absent from our sight,
'T is to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

HEBRON. L. M. *Lowell Mason, 1830.*



725. *Living to Christ alone.*

1 My gracious Lord! I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight,
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ,
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'T is to my Saviour I would live,
To him, who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

726. *Showing forth Christ's Death.*

1 O Jesus! bruised and wounded more
Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat,
The Life of life within our souls,
The Cup of our salvation sweet;

2 We come to show thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, thy broken flesh;
And still the blood is warm to save,
And still the fragrant wounds are fresh.

3 O Heart! that, with a double tide
Of blood and water, maketh pure;
O Flesh! once offered on the cross,
The gift that makes our pardon sure;

4 Let never more our sinful souls
The anguish of thy cross renew;
Nor forge again the cruel nails,
That pierced thy victim body through.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, 1859.

727. *Communion with Christ at his Table.*

1 To Jesus, our exalted Lord,—
Dear name, by heaven and earth adored!
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

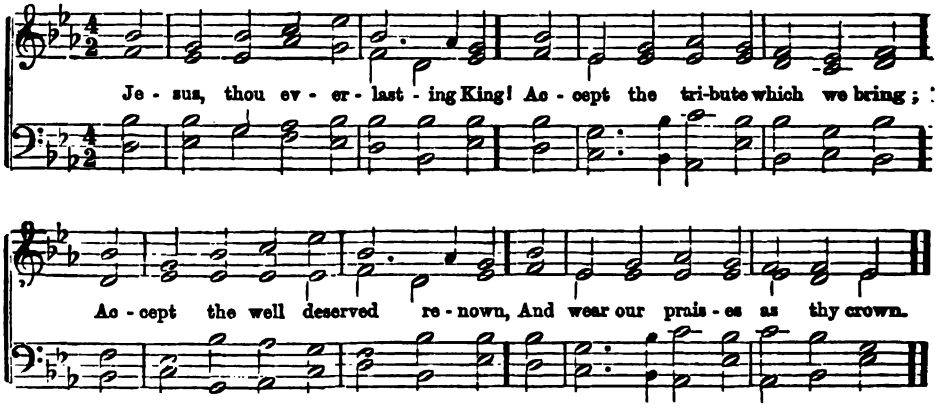
3 Yet, while around his board we meet,
And worship at his glorious feet.
Oh! let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love displayed,—
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

5 Let humble, penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish, flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

Anne Steele, 1760.

ST. GREGORY. L. M. German. Adapted by *William H. Monk*, 1861.



728.

The Day of Espousals.

1 JESUS, thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord! to thee;—
Like the dear hour, when, from above,
We first received thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,—
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4 Each foll'wing minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

729.

"Jesu, Dulcedo Cordium!"

1 JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savést those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee,—All in all!

3 We taste thee, O thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst, our souls from thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus! ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

Lat., *Bernard, of Clairvaux*, 1140.
Tr., *Ray Palmer*, 1833.

730.

"Jesu! dulcis Memoria."

1 JESUS! how sweet thy mem'ry is!
Thinking of thee is truest bliss;
Beyond all honeyed sweets below
Thy presence is it here to know.

2 Tongue cannot speak a lovelier word,
Naught more melodious can be heard,
Naught sweeter can be thought upon,
Than Jesus Christ, God's only Son.

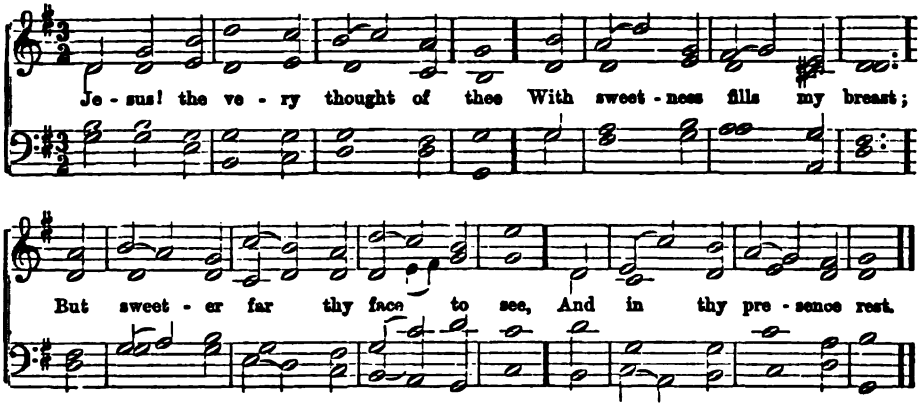
3 Jesus! thou Hope of those who turn,
Gentle to those who pray and mourn,
Ever to those who seek thee, kind,—
What must thou be to those who find?

4 Jesus! thou dost true pleasures bring,
Light of the heart, and living Spring!
Higher than highest pleasures roll,
Or warmest wishes of the soul.

5 Lord! in our bosoms ever dwell,
And of our souls the night dispel;
Pour on our inmost mind the ray;
And fill our earth with blissful day.

Lat., *Bernard, of Clairvaux*, 1140.
Tr., *James W. Alexander*, 1859.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M. Thomas Haweis, cir. 1792.



731. *"Jesu! dulcis Memoria."*

1 JESUS! the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, — what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be thou!
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be thou our glory now,
And through eternity!

Lat., *Bernard, of Clairvaux*, 1140.
Tr., *Edward Caswall*, 1849.

732. *"Jesu, Rex admirabilis!"*

1 O JESUS! King most wonderful,
Thou Conquéror renowned;
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart;
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire, —

4 May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore;
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

Lat., *Bernard, of Clairvaux*, 1140.
Tr., *Edward Caswall*, 1849.

733. *"Jesu, Decus angelicum!"*

1 O JESUS! thou the Beauty art
Of angel worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

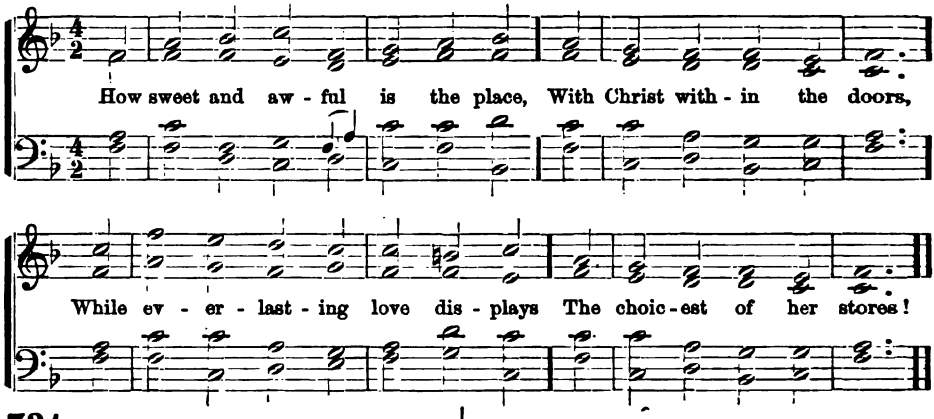
2 O my sweet Jesus! hear the sighs
Which unto thee I send;
To thee mine inmost spirit cries,
My being's Hope and End.

3 Stay with us, Lord! and with thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

4 O Jesus, spotless Virgin-Flower!
Our life and joy! to thee
Be praise, beatitude and power,
Through all eternity!

Lat., *Bernard, of Clairvaux*, 1140.
Tr., *Edward Caswall*, 1849.

DUNDEE. (FRENCH). C. M. *Andro Hart's "Psalter," 1615.*



734. *The Feast of divine Love.*

1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast;
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,—
"Lord! why was I a guest?

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'T was the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

735. *The new Covenant sealed.*

1 "THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good!"—
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word,
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Thy light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'T was purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who blessed us in his will,
And, to his testament of love,
Made his own life the seal.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

736. *Remembrance of Christ.*

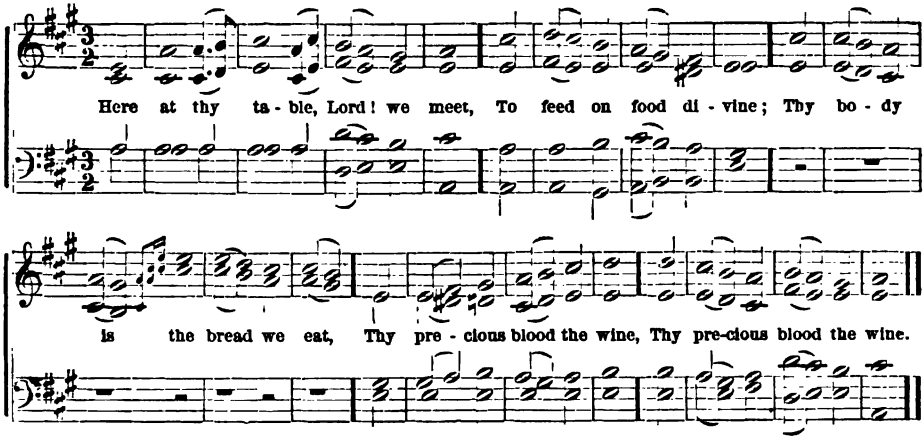
1 ALL praise to him of Nazareth!
The Holy One who came,
For love of man, to die a death
Of agóny and shame!

2 In tender mem'ry of his grave,
The mystic bread we take,
And muse upon the life, he gave
So freely, for our sake.

3 A boundless love he bore mankind;
Oh! may at least a part
Of that strong love descend, and find
A place in every heart!

William C. Bryant, 1864.

SWANWICK. C. M. *J. Lucas, 17—.*



737. *The Body and Blood of Christ.*

1 HERE at thy table, Lord! we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He, that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down, and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Sure, there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour! so divine;
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

4 Yes. thou shalt surely have my heart,
My soul, my strength, my all;
With life itself I'll freely part,
My Jesus! at thy call.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

738. *Love unto Death.*

1 How condescending and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There 's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

4 This was compassion, like a God,
That, when the Saviour knew—
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calváry,
Nor lets his saints forget.

6 Here, let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

739. *Remembering Christ.*

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

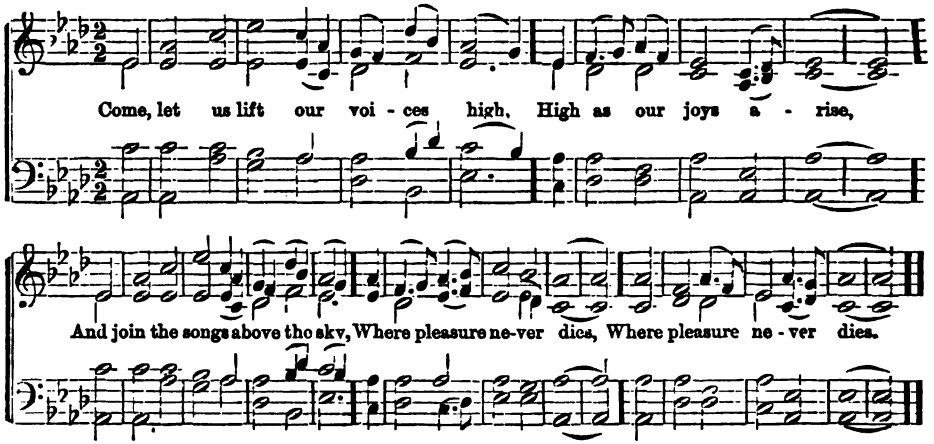
2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died, our fears to quell—
Our more than orphan's woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
"Meet, and remember me!"

4 Remember thee!—thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!—
O mem'ry! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

Gerard T. Noel, 1813.

CHESTER. C. M. *Thomas Hastings, 1836.*



740.

The triumphal Feast.

1 COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

2 Jesus, the Lord, that bled and died,
And conquered when he fell;
That rose again, and reigns supreme
O'er heaven, and earth, and hell;—

3 Jesus, the Lord, invites us here,
To his triumphal feast;
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.

4 Victorious Lord! what can we pay
For favors so divine?
We would devote our hearts away,
To be for ever thine.

5 We give thee, Lord! our highest praise—
The tribute of our tongues:
But themes, so infinite as these,
Exceed our noblest songs.

Isaac Watts, 1707, a.

741.

Grateful Remembrance of Christ.

1 REMEMBER thee! remember Christ!
While mem'ry holds her place,
Can we forget the Lord of life,
Who saves us by his grace?

2 The Lord of life, with glory crowned,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Forgets not those for whom, on earth,
He heaved his dying groan.

3 The promised joy he then obtained,
When he ascended hence,
Up from the grave, to God's right hand,
A Saviour and a Prince?

4 His glory now no tongue of man,
Or seraph bright, can tell:
Yet still the chief of all his joys,
That souls are saved from hell.

5 For this he came and dwelt on earth;
For this his life was given;
For this he fought, and vanquished death;
For this he pleads in heaven.

6 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky!
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

Ralph Wardlaw, 1803.

742.

A present God.

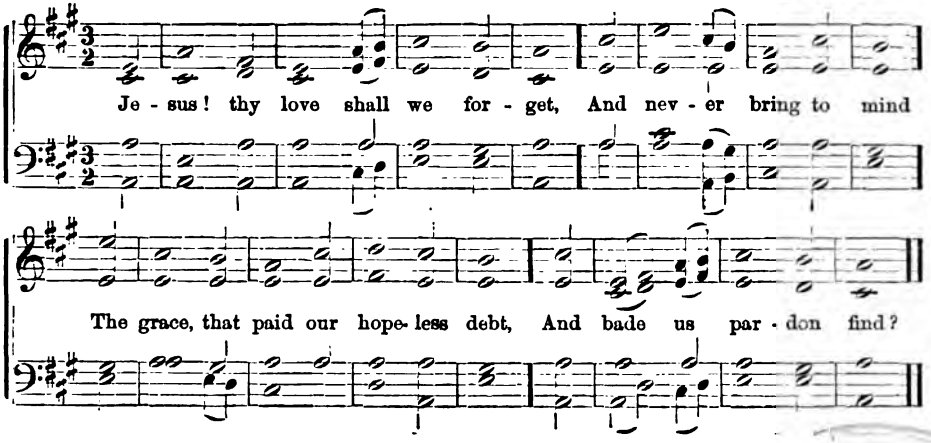
1 O GOD, unseen, yet ever near!
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before thine altar kneel.

2 Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord;
Our drink, his precious blood.

Edward Osler, 1836.

AVON. (MARTYRDOM.) C. M. *Hugh Wilson, 17—*



743. *Lasting Remembrance of Christ.*

1 JESUS! thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace, that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?

3 Gethsemane can we forget,—
Thy struggling agóny,
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

4 Life's brightest joys we may forget,
Our kindred cease to love;
But he, who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

5 Our sorrows and our sins were laid,
On thee, alone on thee:
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
Thine all the glory be!

William Mitchell, 1831.

744. *Remembering Christ.*

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord!
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agóny and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calváry,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me!—
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee;
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus! remember me.

James Montgomery, 1825.

745. *Christ, our Righteousness.*

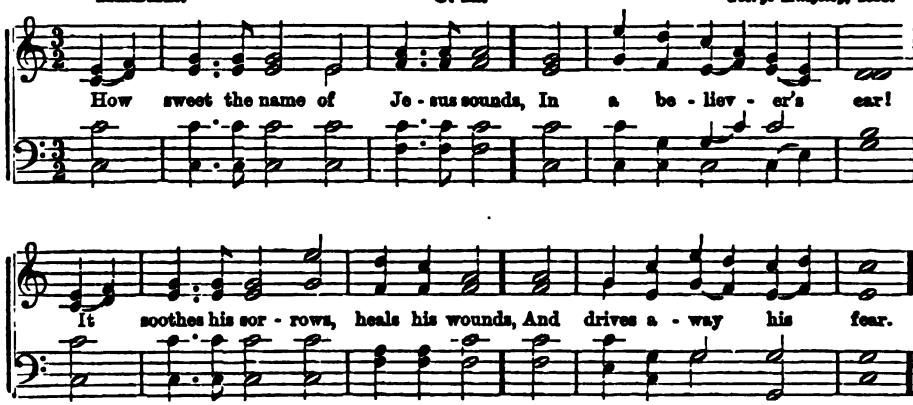
1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,—
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God!
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood!
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope shall in fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

HEBER. C. M. *George Kingsley, 1838.*



746.

The Name of Jesus.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And, to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus!—my Shepherd, Husband, Friend!
My Prophet, Priest, and King!
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see thee as thou art,
I 'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1779.

747.

The peerless Name.

1 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth his worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

2 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me, in a still small voice,
To trust and not to fear.

3 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along the thorny road;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill,
That leads me up to God.

4 And there with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I 'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

Frederick Whitfield, 1859.

748.

The Name of Jesus.

1 Jesus! how much thy name unfolds
To every opened ear!
The pardoned sinner's mem'ry holds
None other half so dear.

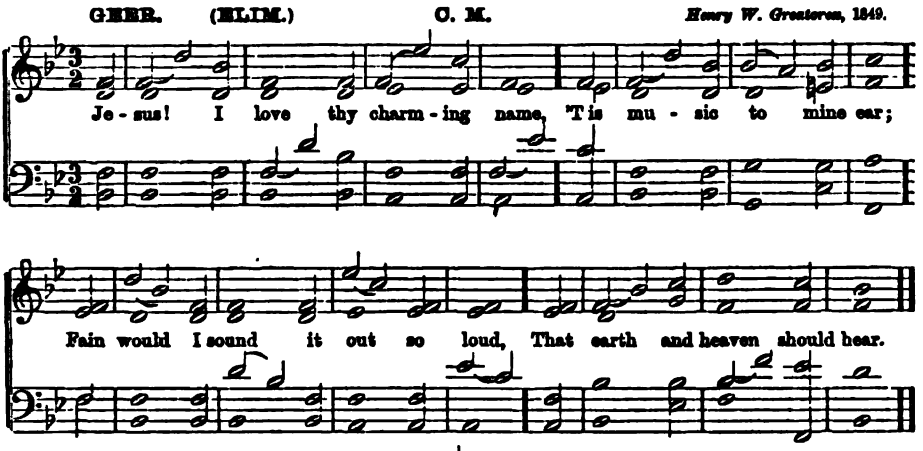
2 It speaks of righteousness complete,
Of holiness to God;
And, to our ears, no tale so sweet
As his atoning blood.

3 Jesus, the One, who knew no sin,
Made sin to make us just!
Worthy art thou our love to win,
And worthy all our trust.

4 Thy name encircles every grace
That God, as man, could show;
There only can the Spirit trace
A perfect life below.

5 The mention of thy name shall bow
Our hearts to worship thee;
The chiefest of ten thousand, thou,—
The chief of sinners, we.

Mrs. Mary [Bowley] Peters, 1848.



749.

Christ precious.

1 Jesus! I love thy charming name,
'T is music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is life so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I 'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

750.

The Grace of Love.

1 T'is pure delight without alloy,
Jesus! to hear thy name;
My spirit leaps with inward joy;
I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
While love inspires my breast;—
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and fear shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful string,
Through the sweet groves of bliss.

4 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace;
I come, O Lord! I come.

5 Sink down, ye sepárating hills!
Let guilt and death remove;
'T is love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

751.

The dearest Name.

1 There is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

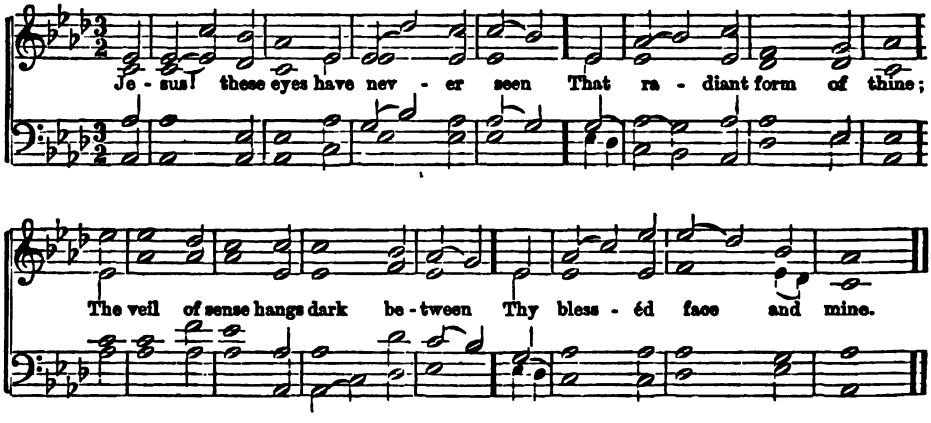
2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And, though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One, whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

Frederick Whitfield, 1860.

MONSON. C. M. *Samuel R. Brown, Arr. Thomas Hastings, 1836.*



752. *Love to the unseen Jesus.*

1 JESUS! these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blesséd face and mine.

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art!

Ray Palmer, 1859.

753. *The great Melchisedec.*

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
I love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Is half so sweet to me.

2 Oh! let me ever hear thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
And in my Priest, will I rejoice,
My great Melchisedec!

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay;
I 'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

John Cennick, 1743.

754. *All-absorbing Love.*

1 O JESUS, Jesus, dearest Lord!
Forgive me, if I say,
For very love, thy sacred name
A thousand times a day.

2 I love thee so, I know not how
My transports to control;
Thy love is like a burning fire
Within my very soul.

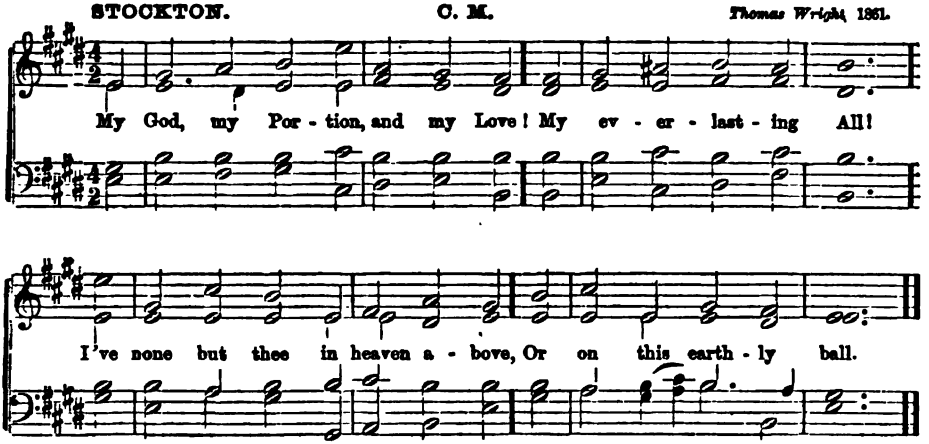
3 Oh! wonderful! that thou shouldst let
So vile a heart as mine
Love thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with thine!

4 O Light in darkness! Joy in grief!
O Heaven begun on earth!
Jesus, my Love, my Treasure! who
Can tell what thou art worth?

5 O Jesus, Jesus, sweetest Lord!
What art thou not to me?
Each hour brings joys before unknown,
Each day new liberty.

Frederick Wm. Faber, 1849.

STOCKTON. C. M. *Thomas Wright*, 1861.



755. *God All in All.*

1 My God, my Portion, and my Love!
My everlasting All!
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light:
'T is thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw,—'t is night.

3 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?

4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,—
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

756. *Christ Jesus, All in All.*

1 I've found the Pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 Christ is my Peace; he died for me,
For me he gave his blood;
And, as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered himself to God.

4 Christ Jesus is my All in All,—
My Comfort, and my Love;
My Life below, and he shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

John Mason, 1683, a.

757. *Jesus, most precious.*

1 Blest Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost—
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

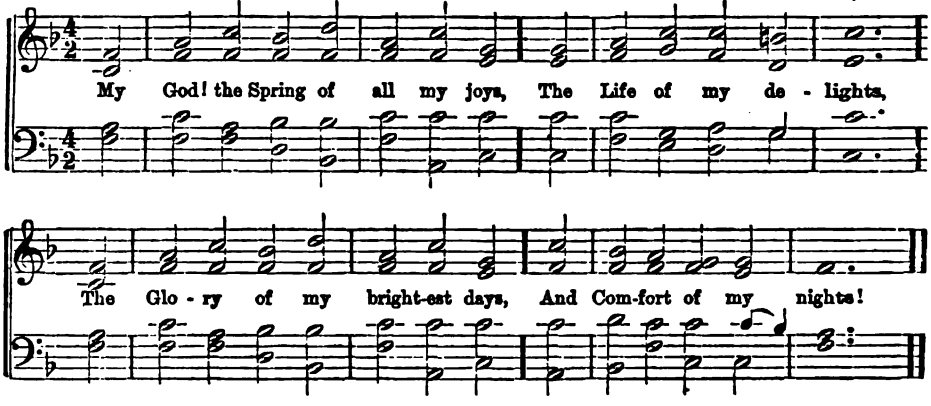
3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?—
Search, Lord!—for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5 No; thou art precious to my heart,
My Portion and my Joy:
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1767.

YORK. *Scotch Psalter, 1615.*



758. *God, the Believer's Sun.*

1 My God! the Spring of all my joys,
The Life of my delights,
The Glory of my brightest days,
And Comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,
And he my rising Sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers — I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

759. *Clinging to Christ.*

1 To whom, my Saviour! shall I go,
If I depart from thee?
My Guide through all this vale of woe,
And more than all to me.

2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
And pay thy death with scorn;
Oh! they could plat thy crown again,
And sharpen every thorn.

3 But I have felt thy dying love
Breathe gently through my heart,
To whisper hope of joys above;
And can we ever part?

4 Ah! no; with thee, I 'll walk below
My journey to the grave:
To whom, my Saviour! shall I go,
When only thou canst save?

Anon., 1825.

760. *Christ, All in All.*

1 Compared with Christ, in all beside,
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord!
Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thine expiring love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow; for thee alone,
I absolutely pray.

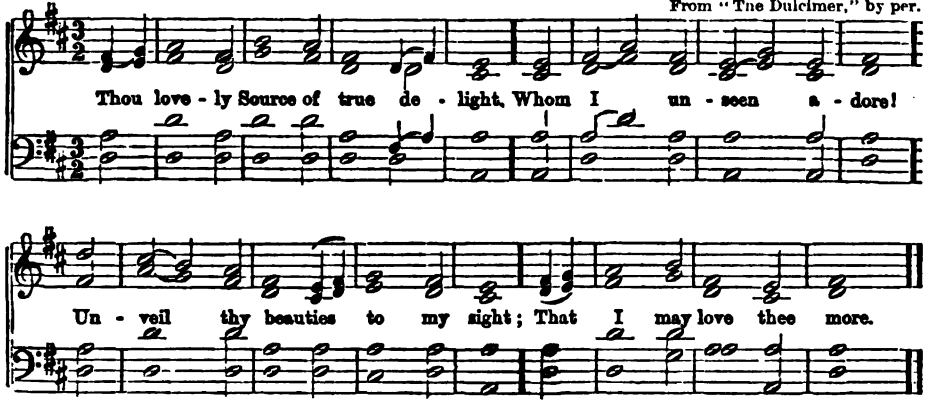
3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I cannot have,
And thou canst give no more.

4 Loved of my God, for him again
With love intense I burn;
Chosen of thee ere time began,
I'd choose thee in return.

5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
Oh! teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
If thou, O God! art mine.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1772

SILOAM. C. M. *Isaac B. Woodbury*, 1850. From "The Dulcimer," by per.



761. *Panting for more Love to Christ.*

1 Thou lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unveil thy beauties to my sight;
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But, in thy sacred word,
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'T is here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But, ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
Oh! come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

Anne Steele, 1760.

762. *Supreme Love to Christ.*

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee, from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still,
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face,
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord!
But, Oh! I long to soar,
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

763. *Panting for the Presence of Christ.*

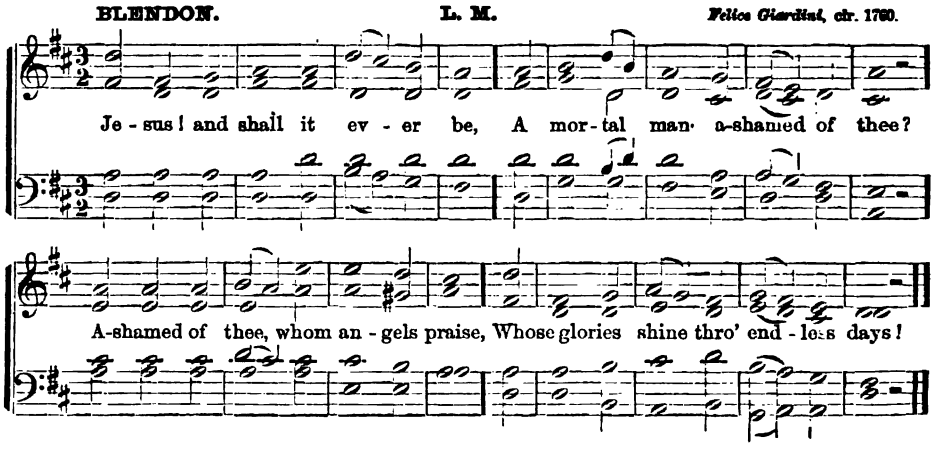
1 Ah! Jesus! let me hear thy voice
Fall gently on mine ear;
Thy voice alone can soothe my grief,
And charm away my fear.

2 Ah! Jesus! let me see thy face
Beaming with truth and love;
I ask no other heaven below,
No other heaven above.

3 Ah! Jesus! let me feel thy grace;
Now hear my earnest cry;
If thou art absent, Oh! behold!
I droop, I faint, I die.

4 I hear his voice; I see his face;
I feel his present grace;
'T is life, 't is heaven, 't is transport thus
To rest in his embrace.

Andrew Reed, 1817.



764.

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'T is midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I 've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, — nor is my boasting vain, —
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain:
And, Oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Joseph Grigg, 1765.
Altered by *Benjamin Francis, 1787.*

765.

Longing to be with Christ.

1 WHEN, at this distance, Lord! we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

2 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!
Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
I see the King of glory shine;
I feel his love, and call him mine.

3 Yet still, our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

766.

The glorious Gift of God.

1 JESUS, my Lord, my chief Delight!
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

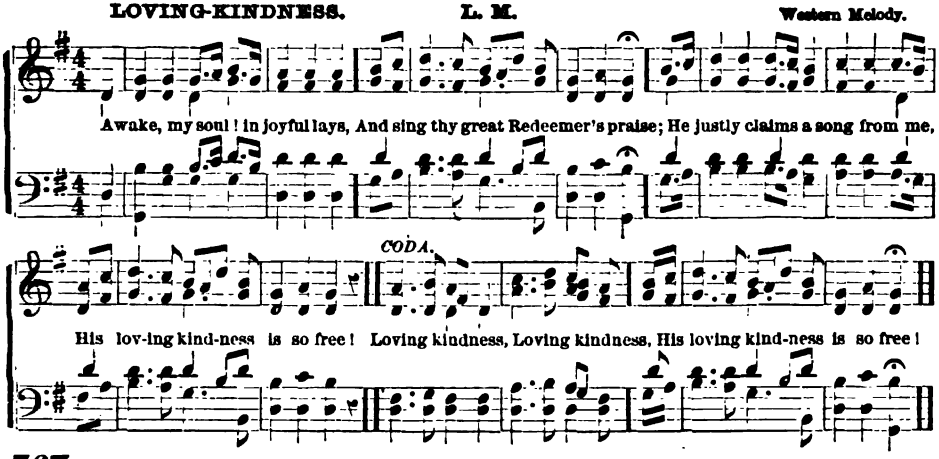
2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face, which often I have seen?
Arise, thou Sun of righteousness!
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distressed;
The first of all his gifts bestowed,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 Could I but say, "This gift is mine!"
The world should lie beneath my feet
Though poor, no more would I repine,
Or look with envy on the great.

5 This precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.



767. *The Loving-Kindness of Christ.*

1 AWAKE, my soul! in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness is so free.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness is so great.

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness is so strong.

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
And, though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

5 So, when I pass death's gloomy vale;
And life, and mortal powers shall fail:
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

6 Then shall I mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
Then shall I sing, with sweet surprise
His loving kindness in the skies!

Samuel Medley, 1787.

768. *All-constraining Love.*

1 JESUS! I love thee evermore,
For thou hast loved me, Lord! before;
I have no freedom, but to be
A willing servant, Lord! to thee.

2 Let memory then no thought retain
Except the glory of thy reign;
Nor let my mind desire below
Aught but the love of Christ to know.

3 I cannot have a wish, or thought,
Except to love thee as I ought;
What by thy gracious gift is mine,
With joy I freely make it thine.

4 From thee I have, to thee I give;
In thy commands, Oh! let me live!
My wants will then be all supplied,
For all are only dreams beside.

Erastus C. Benedict, 1838.

769. *All-engrossing Love.*

1 JESUS! my heart within me burns,
To tell thee all its conscious love;
And from earth's low delight it turns,
To taste a joy like that above.

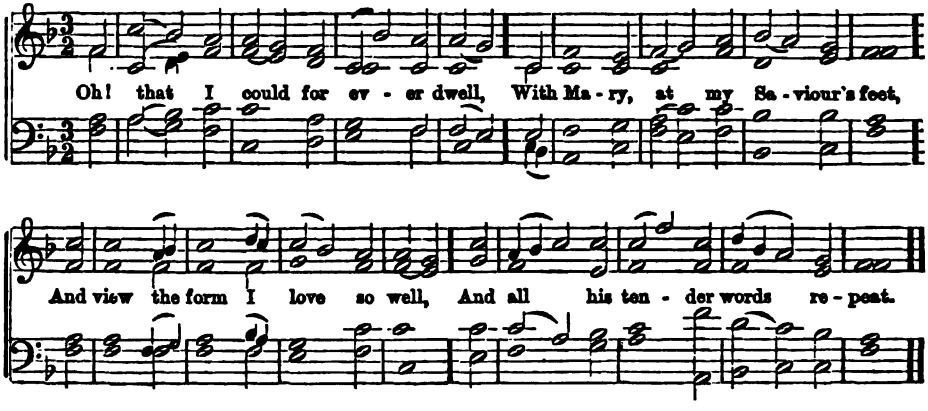
2 Though oft these lips my love have told,
They still the story would repeat;
To me the rapture ne'er grows old,
That thrills me, bending at thy feet.

3 I breathe my words into thine ear;
I seem to fix mine eyes on thine;
And, sure that thou dost wait to hear,
I dare in faith to call thee mine.

4 Reign thou sole Sovereign of my heart;
My all I yield to thy control;
Oh! let me never from thee part,
Thou best Belovéd of my soul!

Ray Palmer, 1860.

EFFINGHAM. L. M. English Melody.



770. *Communion with Christ.*

1 Oh! that I could for ever dwell,
With Mary, at my Saviour's feet,
And view the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat: —

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss! —
Oh! is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment, to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize, —
A life of penitential love;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above:

4 When all I am, I clearly see,
And freely own, with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.

5 Thus would I live, till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God, within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

Andrew Reed, 1825.

771. *Love to Christ, present or absent.*

1 Of all the joys, we mortals know,
Jesus! thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
And nearest image of the blest.

2 While I am held in his embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile he wears upon his face
Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.

3 While of his absence I complain,
And long, and weep as lovers do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.

4 When round his courts by day I rove,
Or ask the watchman of the night,
For some kind tidings of my love,
His very name creates delight.

5 Jesus, my God! yet rather come;
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face:
'T is best to see my Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

772. *The Presence of the Saviour.*

1 Lord! what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord! how we love thy charming name!

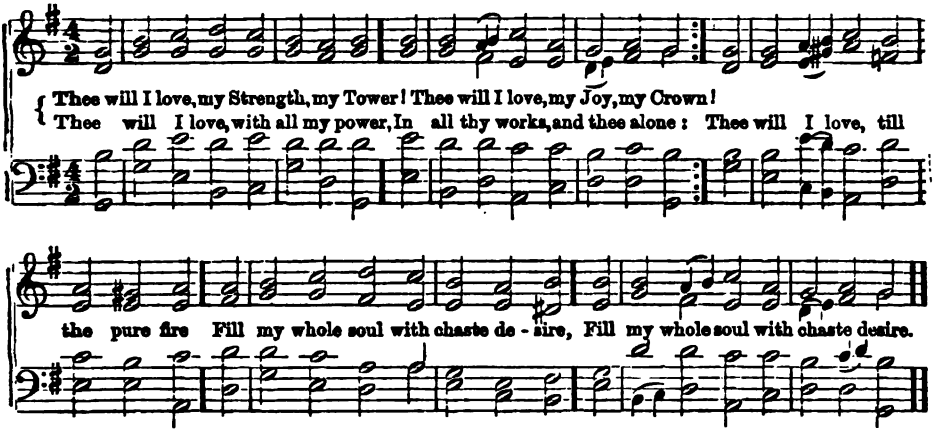
2 When I can say, — "My God is mine!"
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

ELBERFELD. L. M. 6 LINES. *Valentin Schumacher* "Gesangbuch," 1639.



773.

"Ich will Dich lieben."

1 THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower!
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 I thank thee, uncreated Sun! [shined;
That thy bright beams on me have
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown!
Thee will I love, my Lord, My God!
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod:
What though my heart and flesh decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

Ger., *Johann Scheffler*, 1657.
Tr., *John Wesley*, 1739.

774.

"Verborgne Gottes Liebe, Du!"

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows!
I see from far thy beauteous light:
Inly I sigh for thy repose!
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun, [share?
That strives with thee my heart to
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

3 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,—
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

Ger., *Gerhard Tersteegen*, 1731.
Tr., *John Wesley*, 1739.

775.

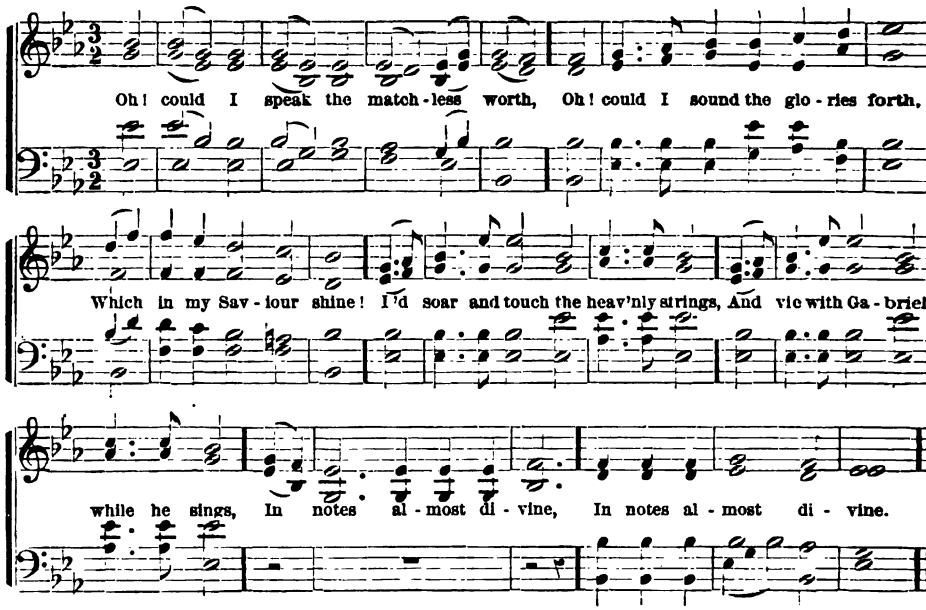
"O Jesu Christ, mein schönstes Licht!"

1 JESUS! thy boundless love to me [clare;
No thought can reach, no tongue de-
Oh! knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 O Love! how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus! nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek but thee!

Ger., *Paul Gerhardt*, 1653.
Tr., *John Wesley*, 1739.

ARIEL. C. P. M. *Lowell Mason, 1838.*



776.

The matchless Worth of Jesus.

1 Oh! could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh! could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, — the delightful day will come,
When he, dear Lord! will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
There, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blessed eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

777.

Thirsting for Christ.

1 O love divine! how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

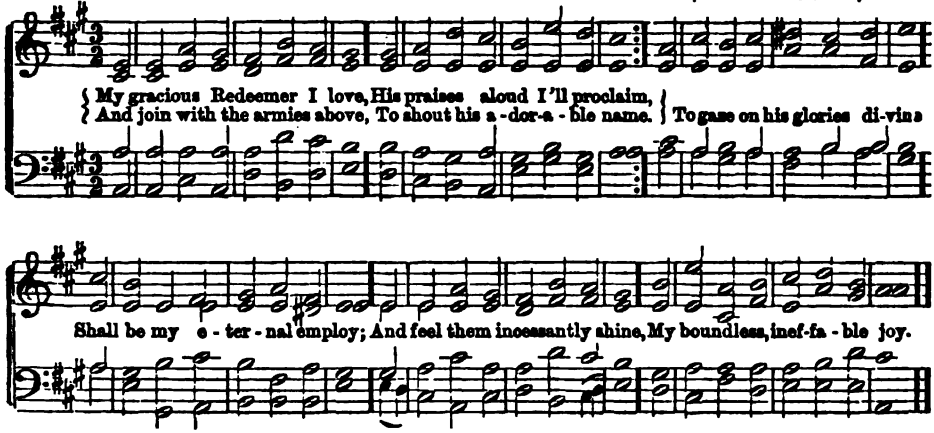
2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh! that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh; for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord! be mine; —
Be mine this better part!

4 Oh! that I could for ever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

Charles Wesley, 1749.

NEWTON. 8s. 8 LINES. S. P. W——, 1871.



778.

Supreme Love to Christ.

1 My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim:
And join, with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.

2 To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ;
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

3 He freely redeemed, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell:—

4 To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

5 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns!
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.

6 The crown, that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine:
My joy everlastingly flows,
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

Benjamin Francis, 1787.

779.

None but Jesus.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see! [flowers
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
Have lost all their sweetness with me:

2 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But, when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

3 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

4 I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

5 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.

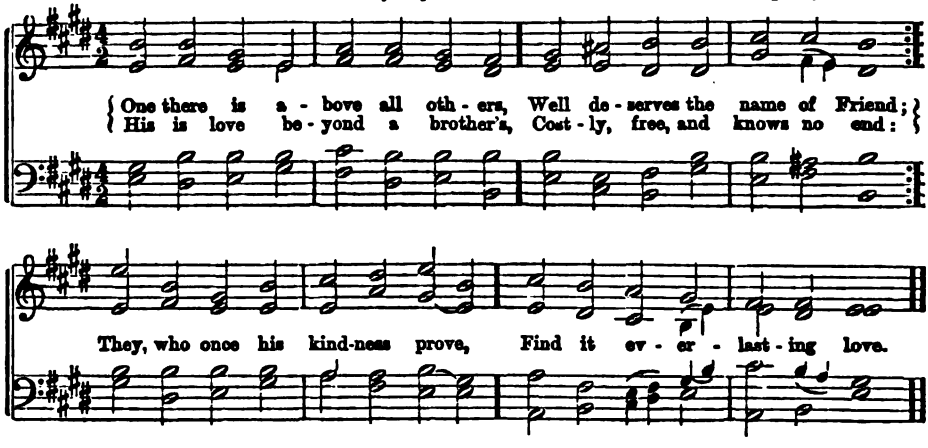
6 While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

7 Dear Lord! if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my Sun and my Song,
Say,—why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?

8 Oh! drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

John Newton, 1779.

GOTHA. 87, 87, 77 or 8s & 7s. *Prince Albert of England, 1819-1861.*



780.

The best of Friends.

1 One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They, who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord! at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

John Newton, 1779.

781.

The Joy of loving Jesus.

1 I would love thee, God and Father!
My Redeemer! and my King!
I would love thee; for, without thee,
Life is but a bitter thing.

2 I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye:
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

3 I would love thee; may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes;
I would love thee; may thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

4 I would love thee, — I have vowed it;
On thy love my heart is set;
While I love thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

Fr., Madame Jeanne B. de la M. Guyon, 1710.

782.

Jesus, best beloved.

1 Something every heart is loving;
If not Jesus, none can rest;
Lord! my heart to thee is given,
Take it, for it loves thee best.

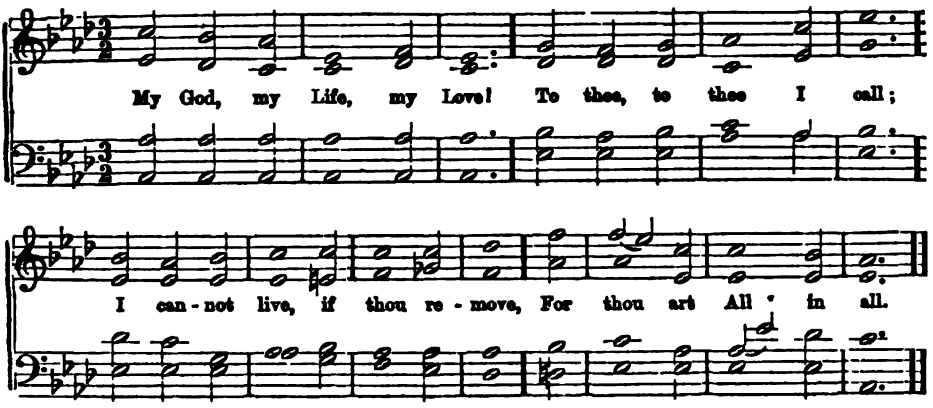
2 Thus I cast the world behind me;
Jesus most beloved shall be;
Beauteous more than all things beauteous,
He alone is joy to me.

3 Bright with all eternal radiance
Is the glory of thy face;
Thou art loving, sweet and tender,
Full of pity, full of grace.

4 Keep my heart still faithful to thee,
That my earthly life may be
But a shadow, to that glory,
Of my hidden life in thee.

Ger., Gerhard Tersteegen, 1730.

GREENWOOD. S. M. *Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849.*



783.

God All, and in All.

1 My God, my Life, my Love!
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art All in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'T is paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 't is hell.

3 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

4 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

5 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord!

6 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

784.

Jesus, All in All.

1 My Lord, my God, my Love!
To thee, to thee I call;
Oh come to me from heaven above,
And be my God, my All.

2 Oh! when wilt thou be mine,
Sweet Lover of my soul!
My Jesus dear, my King divine!
Come, o'er my heart to rule.

3 Oh! come, and fix thy throne
Within my very heart;
Oh! make it burn for thee alone,
And from me ne'er depart.

4 Begone ye, from my mind,
Vain, childish, earthly toys!
In Jesus, only, do I find
True pleasures, solid joys.

Anon., 1869.

785.

Living and dying to Jesus.

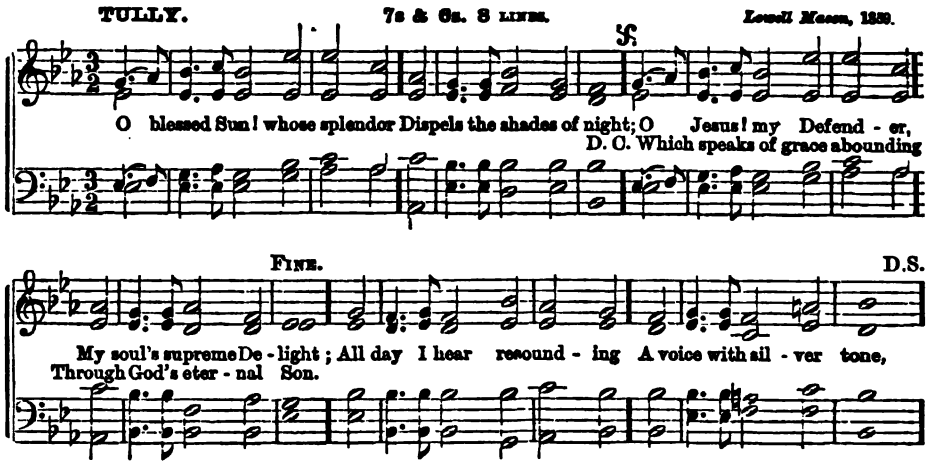
1 Jesus! I live to thee,
The loveliést and best;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
In thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus! I die to thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord!
I ask but to be thine;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

Henry Harbaugh, 1868.



786.

O Jesu, meine Sonne!"

1 O BLESSÉD Sun! whose splendor
Dispels the shades of night;
O Jesus! my Defender,
My soul's supreme Delight!—
All day I hear resounding
A voice with silver tone,
Which speaks of grace abounding
Through God's eternal Son.

2 A deep and heavenly feeling
Oft seizes on my breast;
Ah! here is balm for healing,
Here only is true rest;
Though fortune should bereave me
Of all I love the best,
If Christ his love still leave me,
I freely give the rest.

3 To win this precious treasure
And matchless pearl, I would
Give honor, wealth, and pleasure,
And every earthly good;
I gladly would surrender,
The dearest thing, which might
Obscure my Sun's bright splendor,
And rob me of his light.

4 Thy love it was which sought me,
Thyself unsought by me,
And to the haven brought me,
Where I would gladly be;
The things, which once distressed me,
My heart no longer move,
Since this sweet truth impressed me,
That I possess thy love.

Ger., *Carl J. P. Spitta*, 1836.
Tr., *Richard Massie*, 1859.

787.

Union with Christ.

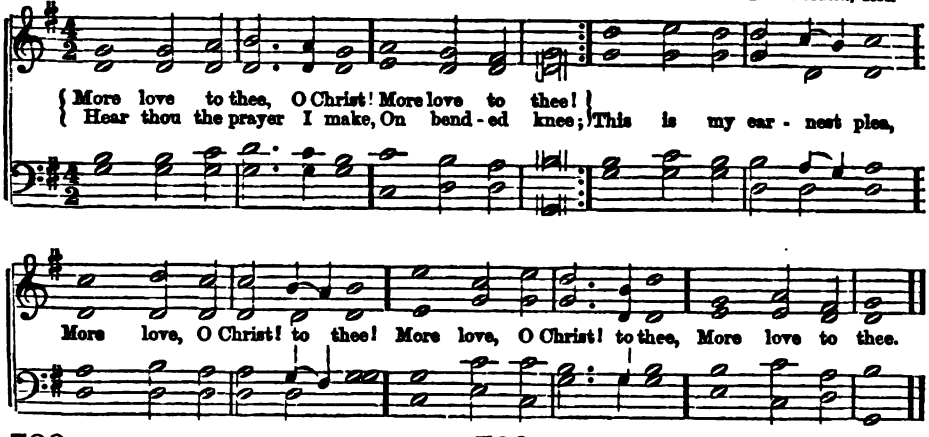
1 I KNOW no life divided,
O Lord of life! from thee;
In thee is life provided
For all mankind and me;
I know no death, O Jesus!
Because I live in thee;
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatso'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me:
If thou, my God and Teacher!
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 Lord! with this truth impress me,
And write it on my heart,
To comfort, cheer and bless me,
That thou my Saviour art;
Without thy love to guide me,
I should be wholly lost;
The floods would quickly hide me,
On life's wide ocean tost.

Ger., *Carl J. P. Spitta*, 1836.
Tr., *Richard Massie*, 1859.

PAYSON. (OAK.) 6s & 4s. PECULIAR. *Lowell Mason, 1854.*



788.

More Love to Christ.

1 More love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee.

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss, 1869.

789.

Christ only.

1 Upward, O Lord! to thee,
Only to thee,
The hopeful soul aspires,
To thee, to thee;
All, time or life requires,
Its purpose and desires,
Leaving to thee.

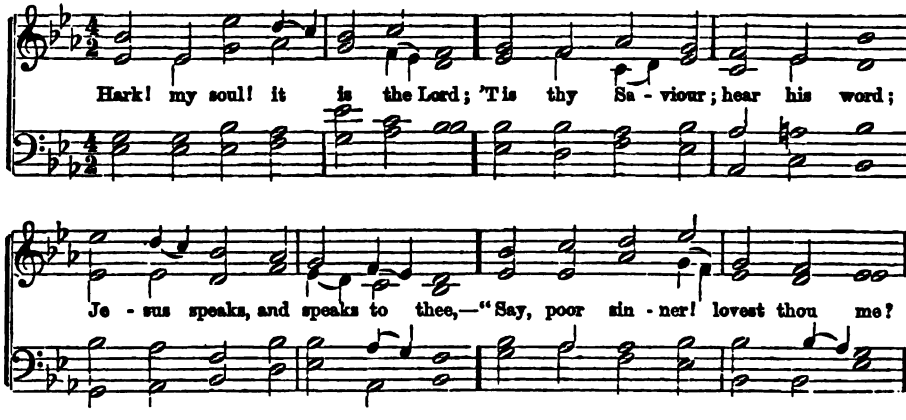
2 Upward, O Lord! to thee,
Upward to thee,
Through all life's much-ado,
We look to thee;
Our hearts, with fervor true,
And yearnings ever new,
Cleaving to thee.

3 Thou blesséd Lord, our God,
Saviour and King!
Lo! we, with one accord,
Rejoice and sing:
Grant us a cheering word,
While to thee, loved, adored,
True hearts we bring.

4 Upward, O Lord! to thee,
Upward, always,
Our best delight shall be
Glad songs to raise;
How soon thy face to see!
Then, through eternity,
Thank thee and praise.

Henry Bateman, 1862.

THEODORA. 7s. From *George Frederick Händel*, 1685-1759.



790.

Love to Jesus attested.

1 HARK! my soul! it is the Lord;
'T is thy Saviour; hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
"Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?

2 "I delivered thee, when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,—
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;—
Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;—
Oh! for grace to love thee more!

William Cowper, 1772.

791.

The Lesson of Love.

1 SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,—
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Thus may I rejoice to show,
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

Anon., 1864.

792.

The precious Name.

1 JOYFUL be the hours to-day;
Joyful let the season be;
Let us sing, for well we may;
Jesus! we will sing of thee.

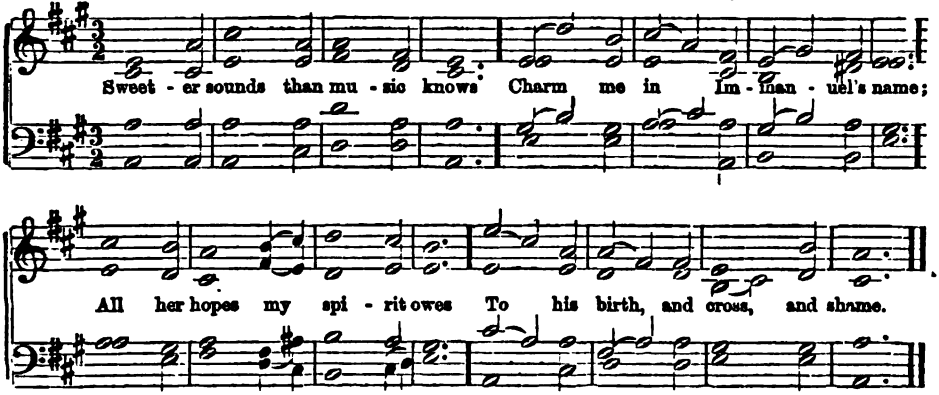
2 Joyful are we now to own,—
Rapture thrills us, as we trace
All the deeds thy love hath done,
All the riches of thy grace.

3 'T is thy grace alone can save;
Every blessing comes from thee,—
All we have and hope to have,
All we are and hope to be.

4 Thine the name to sinners dear!
Thine the name all names before!
Blessèd here and every where;
Blessèd now and evermore!

Thomas Kelly, 1853.

HORTON. 7s. *Xavier Schnyder von Wartensee, 1786.*



793.

Immanuel's Name.

1 Sweeter sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfill,
Bleed and suffer in my room? —
And canst thou, my tongue! be still?

3 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

4 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Lord, and Friend,
Every precious name in one!
I will love thee without end.

John Newton, 1779.

794.

The Peerless Name.

1 Jesus! name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave, —
"Jesus shall his people save."

3 Jesus! only name that 's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

4 Jesus! name of wondrous love!
Human name of God above!
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God! to thee.

William Walsham How, 1854.

795.

Christ's Loveliness seen everywhere.

1 Earth has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When the day-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light, —
Think, — how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

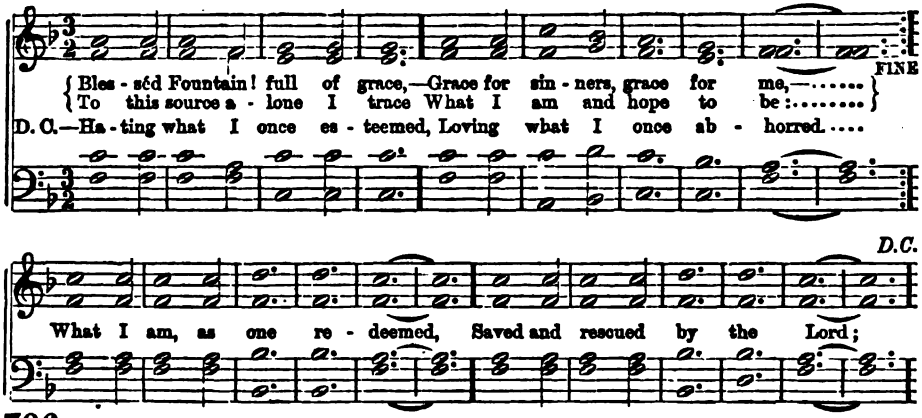
4 When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think; — who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.

5 When I see, in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the thrilling thought in me, —
What must their Creator be?

6 Lord of all that 's fair to see!
Come, reveal thyself to me;
Let me, mid thy radiant light,
See thine unveiled glories bright.

Ger., Johann Scheffler, 1657.
Tr., Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1841.

MARTYN. 7s, 6 or 8 LINES. S. B. March, 1836.



796.

The Fountain of all Grace.

1 BLESSÉD Fountain! full of grace,—
Grace for sinners, grace for me,—
To this source alone I trace
What I am and hope to be:
What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord;
Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred:

2 What I hope to be, ere long,
When I take my place above,
When I join the heavenly throng,
When I see the God of love:
Then, I hope like him to be,
Who redeemed his saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a veil that stands between.

3 When I see him as he is,
No corruption can remain:
Such their portion who are his,
Such the happy state they gain:
Blessed Fountain, full of grace,—
Grace for sinners, grace for me,—
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

Thomas Kelly, 1839.

797.

The guiding Star.

1 As, with gladness, men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As, with joy, they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord! may we
Evermore be led to thee.

2 Holy Jesus! every day,
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls, at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

3 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou, its Sun which goes not down;
There, for ever, may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

William Chatterton Dix, 1861.

798.

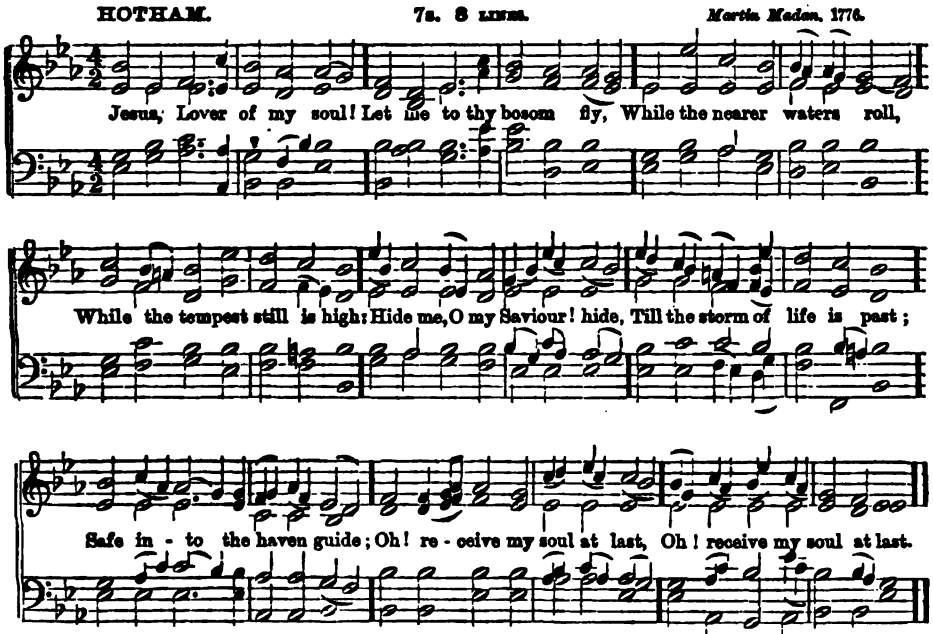
PSALM 23.

1 SHEPHERD! with thy tenderest love,
Guide me to thy fold above;
Let me hear thy gentle voice;
More and more in thee rejoice;
From thy fullness grace receive,
Ever in thy Spirit live.

2 Filled by thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows:
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high;
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesus, with thy presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest;
Guide me while I draw my breath,
Guard me through the gate of death,
And at last, Oh! let me stand,
With the sheep at thy right hand.

Anon., 1865.



799.

The sure Refuge.

1 Jesus, Lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh! receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

800.

All Events in God's Hands.

1 Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command:—

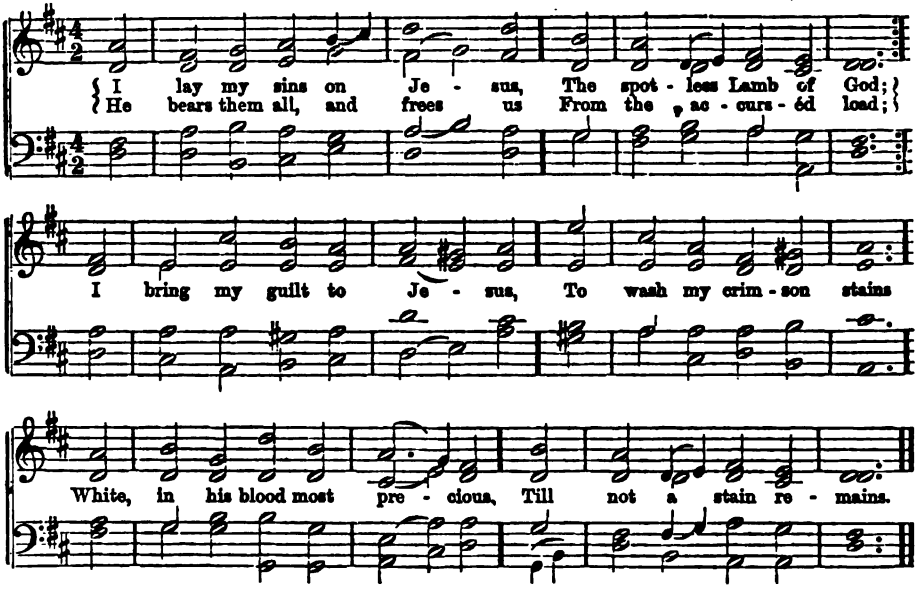
2 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;—

3 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

4 O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just!
In thy hands my life I trust;
Have I somewhat dearer still?—
I resign it to thy will.

John Ryland, 1777.

RELEASE. 7s & 6s. 8 LINES. *Frederick A. Weber.*



801.

The gracious Substitute.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accurséd load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar, 1845.

802.

Safe in Jesus.

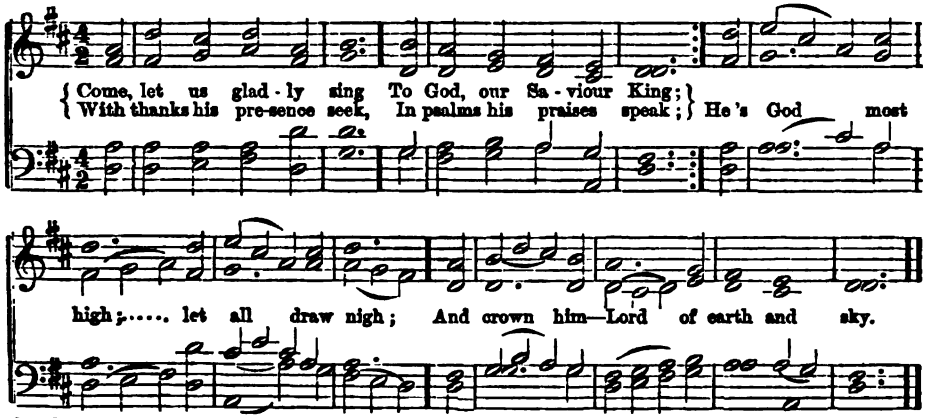
1 IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here;
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,—
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack;
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Anna Letitia Waring, 1850.

SUTHERLAND. H. M. *William B. Bradbury, 1844.*



803.

PSALM 95.

1 COME, let us gladly sing
To God, our Saviour King:
With thanks his presence seek,
In psalms his praises speak;
He's God most high; let all draw nigh,
And crown him—Lord of earth and sky.

2 He gave the mountains birth,
He made this spacious earth;
His are the sea and land,—
They rose at his command:
With reverence all before him fall,
And on his name devoutly call.

3 Come, kneel before his throne,
For he is God alone;
We are the flock he leads,
The sheep his bounty feeds:
To-day,—to-day,—his voice obey;
Grieve not the Holy Ghost away.

Edwin F. Hatfield, 1837.

804.

PSALM 121.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower to which I fly;
His grace is nigh in every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares;
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes, that never sleep,
Shall Israel keep, when dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
To guard my head, by night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till, from on high, thou call me home.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

805.

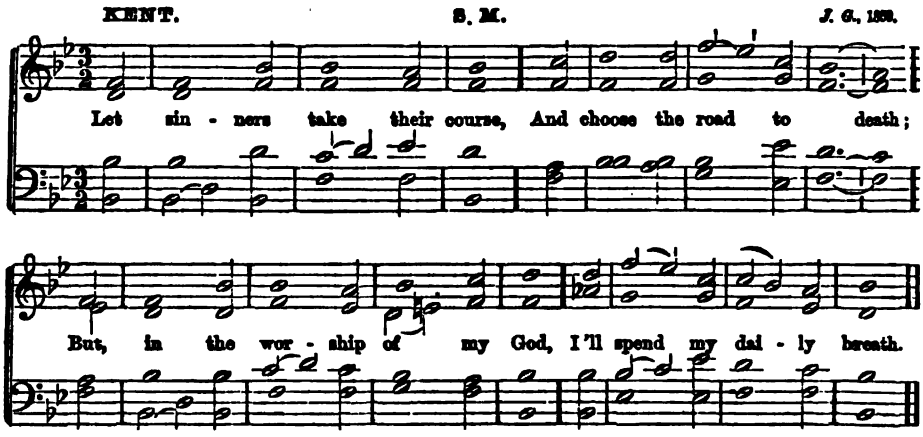
PSALM 23.

1 MY Shepherd's name is Love,
Jehovah, God above;
Where tender herbage grows,
And peaceful water flows,
He gently leads, he kindly feeds,
And lulls me then to sweet repose.

2 If e'er I heedless stray,
He shows my feet the way;
Yea, though through dreary glades,
I walk in dismal shades,
No harm I fear, for thou art near,
Thy faithful staff my progress aids.

3 When raging foes surround,
My comforts still abound;
I breathe a fragrant air,
And feed on sweetest fare:
Thus, in thy fold, when worn and old,
I'll dwell secure beneath thy care.

Edwin F. Hatfield, 1837.



806.

PSALM 58.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But, in the worship of my God,
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light,
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod,

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground, on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

807.

"Ist Gott für mich, so trete."

1 IF Jesus be my Friend,
If God doth love me well,
What matters all my foes intend,
Though strong they be and fell?

2 He whispers, in my breast,
Sweet words of holy cheer,—
How he, who seeks in God his rest,
Shall ever find him near;—

3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs,
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it laughs and sings,
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The sun, that glads mine eyes,
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that, which lies
Stored up for me above.

Ger., *Paul Gerhardt*, 1650.
Tr., *Catherine Winkworth*, 1855.

808.

PSALM 23.

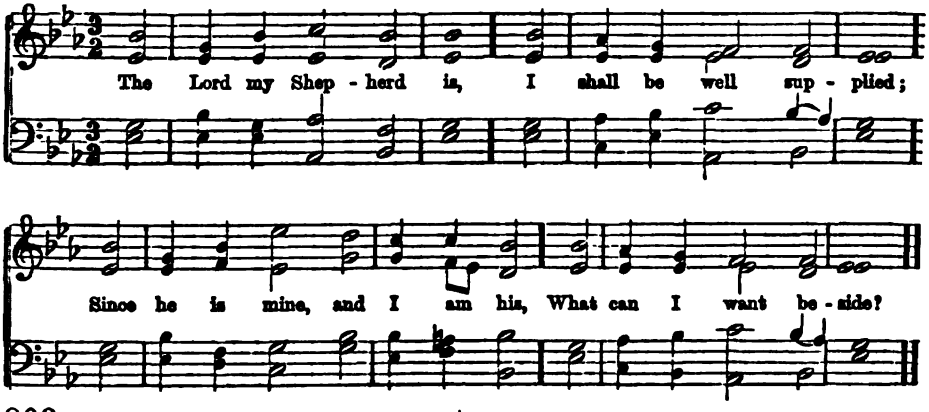
1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd! if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

Anne Steele, 1760.

STILLINGFLEET. S. M. Swiss Coll.



809.

PSALM 23.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear; [shade,
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark
My Shepherd 's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

810.

PSALM 31.

1 MY spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour! I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art Love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

811.

Jesus, our Trust.

1 O SAVIOUR! who didst come
By water and by blood;
Confessed on earth, adored in heaven,
Eternal Son of God!

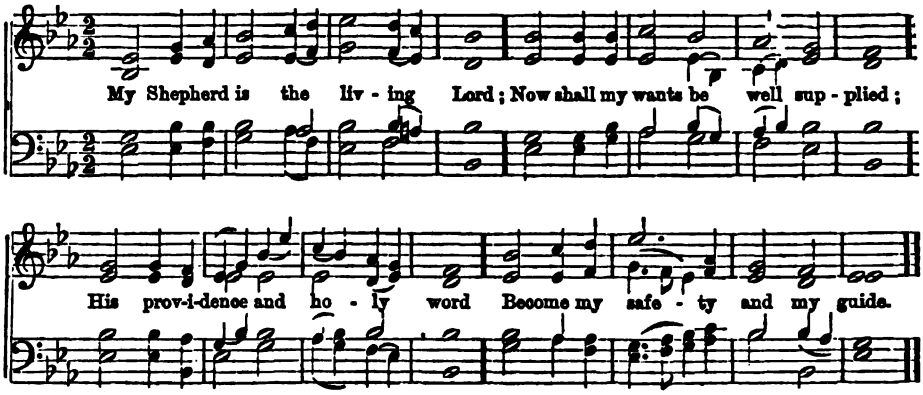
2 Jesus, our Life and Hope,
To endless years the same!
We plead thy gracious promises,
And rest upon thy name.

3 By faith in thee we live,
By faith in thee we stand,
By thee we vanquish sin and death,
And gain the heavenly land.

4 O Lord! increase our faith;
Our fearful spirits calm;
Sustain us through this mortal strife,
Then give the victor's palm.

Anon., 1835.

DUKE STREET. L. M. *J. Hatton, or William Reeve, ch. 1790.*



812.

PSALM 23.

1 My Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well-supplied;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety, and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.

3 My wandering feet his ways mistake;
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God, my Shepherd,'s with me there.

5 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household, all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

813.

PSALM 62.

1 My spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints! in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your heart on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God hath spoke?

4 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard,—
"All power is his eternal due;
He must be feared and trusted too."

5 For sovereign power reigns not alone;
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord!
Shall well divide our last reward.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

814.

Faith, our Guide.

1 'T is by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night·
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light

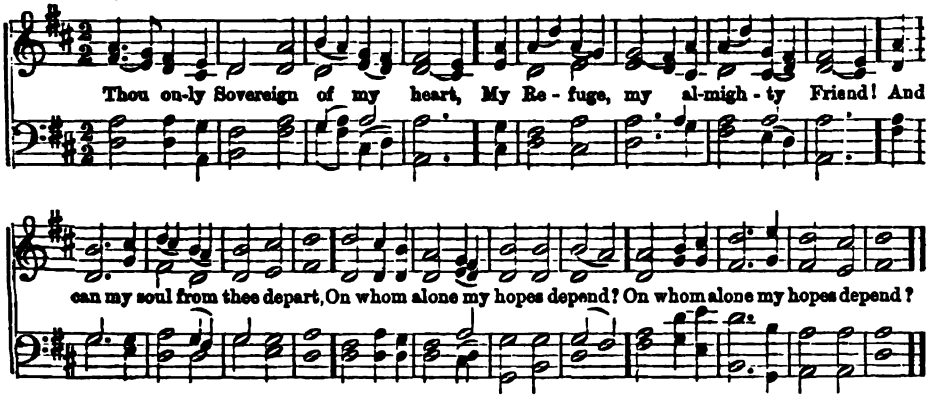
2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abr'am, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land.
And fired his zeal along the road.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

QUITO. L. M. William Horsley, 1774-1858.



815.

Life and Safety in Christ alone.

1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,—
My dearest Lord! outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my Life, my Joy, my Care:
Depart from thee? — 't is death, — 't is more;
'T is endless ruin, — deep despair!

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

816.

"Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit."

1 Jesus! thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, — my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When, from the dust of death, I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then this shall be all my plea, —
"Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."

3 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its constant hue; —
Thy blood preserves it ever new.

4 Oh! let the dead now hear thy voice;
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this — their glorious dress,
Jesus! thy blood and righteousness.

Ger., Nikolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf, 1739.
Tr., John Wesley, 1742.

817.

Complete in Jesus.

1 My soul complete in Jesus stands;
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

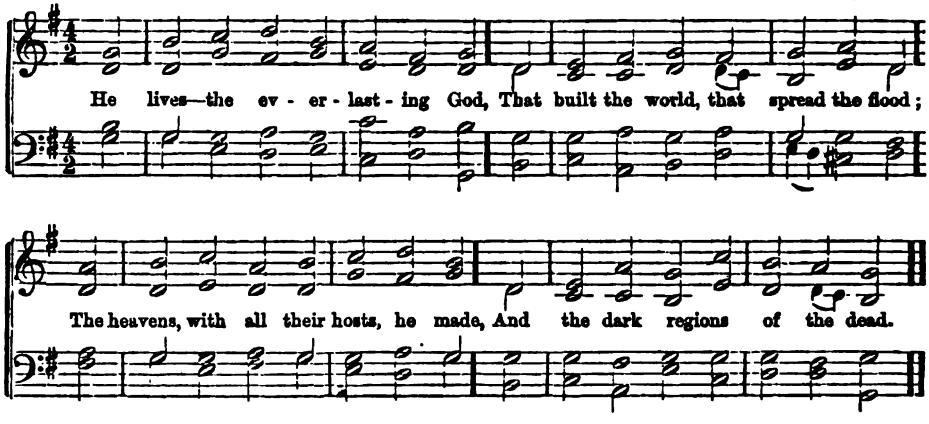
2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives,
Accepts the peace his pardon gives,
Receives the grace his death secured,
And pleads the anguish he endured.

3 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries — "'T is God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?"

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King;
Shall worship humbly at his feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

Mrs. Grace W. Hinsdale, 1865.

CORNWALL. L. M. J. F. B., 1820.



818. PSALM 121.

1 HE lives—the everlasting God, [flood;
That built the world, that spread the
The heavens, with all their hosts, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

2 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.

3 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure. securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

4 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch;—no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

5 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord;—his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

6 On thee foul spirits have no power:
And, in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

819. *The great Advocate.*

1 LOOK up, my soul! with cheerful eye;
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands!

2 He sweetens every humble groan;
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

3 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord!
With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
"My Father God!" with joy divine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

820. *Christ, the Life of the Soul.*

1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus! to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

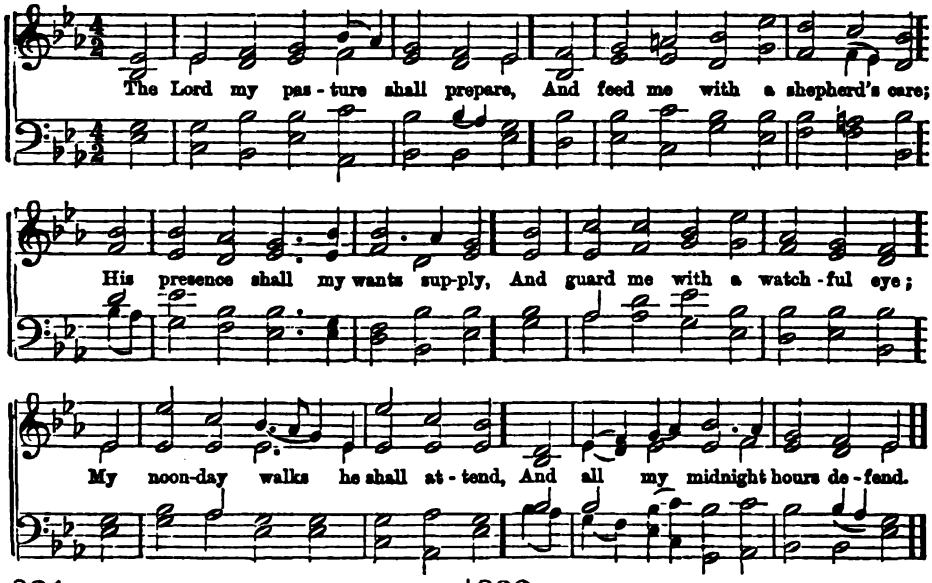
2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on thine everlasting word,—[sky?
That word which built the earth and

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure,

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Nor all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul! thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

Anne Steele, 1760.



821.

PSALM 23.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Joseph Addison, 1712.

822.

Christ, All in All.

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine;
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus! in thy name.

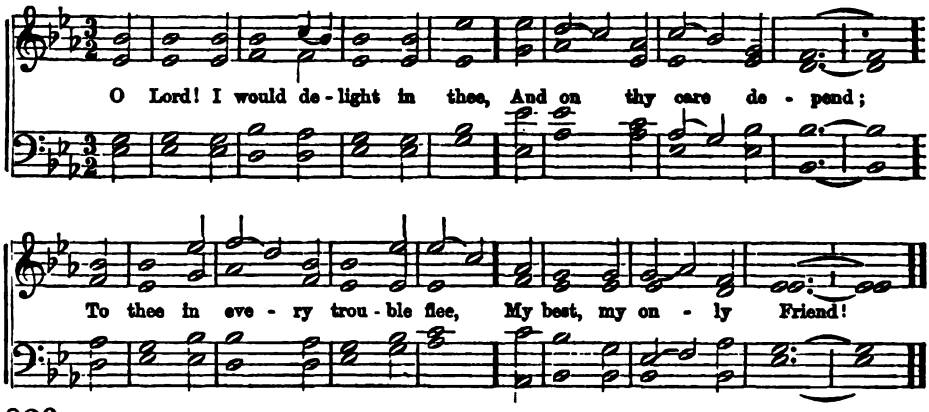
2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with thy dear name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest, in toil; my ease, in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
No trouble can my soul appal,—
Thou art my life, my heaven, my all.

Charles Wesley, 1749, a.

DENMAN. C. M. *Leonard de Call, 1779-1815. Adapted by Thomas Hastings, 1822.*



829.

Delight in God.

1 O LORD! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend!

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

4 Oh! that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

5 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

6 O Lord! I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and praise thee more.

John Ryland, 1787.

830.

Unwavering Faith.

1 OH! for a faith, that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain,
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith, that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt;—

4 A faith, that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed!

5 Lord! give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We 'll taste, ev'n here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William H. Bathurst, 1831.

831.

PSALM 125.

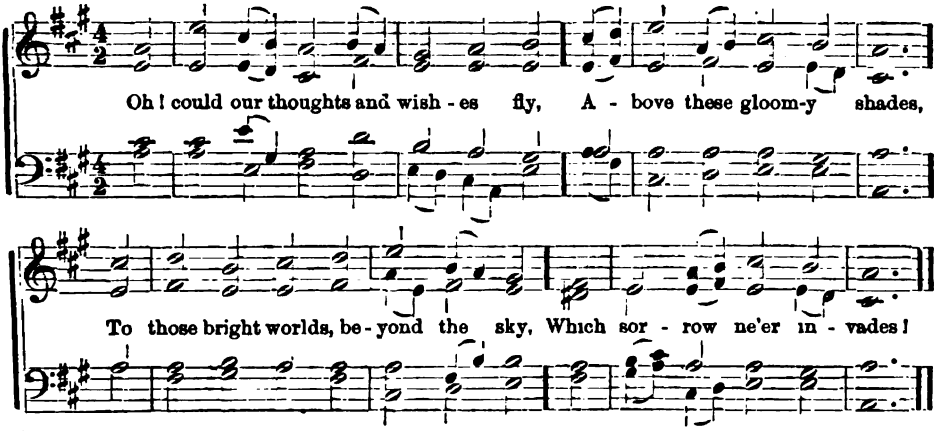
1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord! on thee.

2 Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord! with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

STEPHENS. (NAYLAND.) C. M. *William Jones, 1780.*



832.

Pleasures unseen.

1 Oh! could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds, beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!—

2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord! send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise [spring,
To those bright scenes, where pleasures
Immortal, in the skies.

Anne Steele, 1760.

833.

Earth and Heaven.

1 The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!

2 Oh! for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh! for the golden floor!
Oh! for the Sun of righteousness,
That setteth never more!

3 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!

4 Oh! for a heart that never sins!
Oh! for a soul washed white!
Oh! for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

5 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.

6 Oh! by thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh! by thy life laid down,
Oh! that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, 1858.

834.

The Hope of Heaven.

1 Oh! what a lonely path were ours,
Could we, O Father! see
No home of rest beyond it all,
No guide or help in thee!

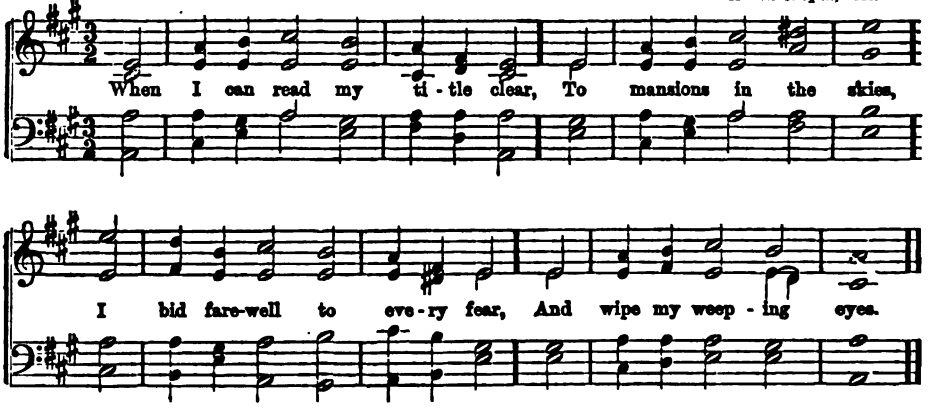
2 But thou art near, and with us still,
To keep us on the way,
That leads along this vale of tears,
To the bright world of day.

3 Then Jesus, on his heavenly throne,
Our wondering eyes shall see,
While we the blest associates there
Of all his joys shall be.

4 Sweet hope!—we leave, without a sigh,
A blighted world like this;
To bear the cross, despise the shame
For all that weight of bliss.

Edward Denny, 1839.

MELODY. (CHELMSFORD.) C. M. *Aaron Chapin, 1823.*



835. *Assurance of Hope.*

1 When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

836. *The Saints' Inheritance.*

1 Blessed be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

3 What, though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust?
Yet, as the Lord, our Saviour, rose,
So all his foll'wers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day;
'T is uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints, by the power of God, are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

837. *The blissful Hope of Heaven.*

1 My soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad,
And march with holy vigor on,
Supported by its God.

2 Through all the winding maze of life
His hand hath been my guide;
And, in that long-experienced care,
My heart shall still confide.

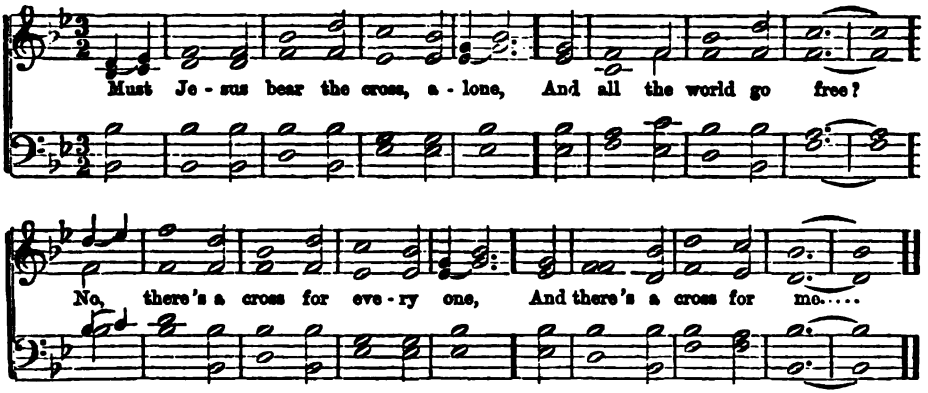
3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream;
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth
These distant courts I love;
But, Oh! I burn with strong desire
To view thy house above.

5 Mingled with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore; —
A pillar in thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

MAITLAND. C. M. — *Allen.* Western Melody.



838. *The Cross and the Crown.*

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 This consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercéd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord, that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

6 Oh! precious cross! Oh! glorious crown!
Oh! resurrection day!
Ye angels! from the skies come down,
And bear my soul away.

vs. 1—3, *C. N. Allen*, 1849, a.

839. *The Confidence of Faith.*

1 Lord! it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad?
The same will be my pay.

3 Come, Lord! when grace has made me meet
Thy blesséd face to see;
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

4 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
To sing Jehovah's praise.

5 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter, 1681

840. *Saints in the Hands of Christ.*

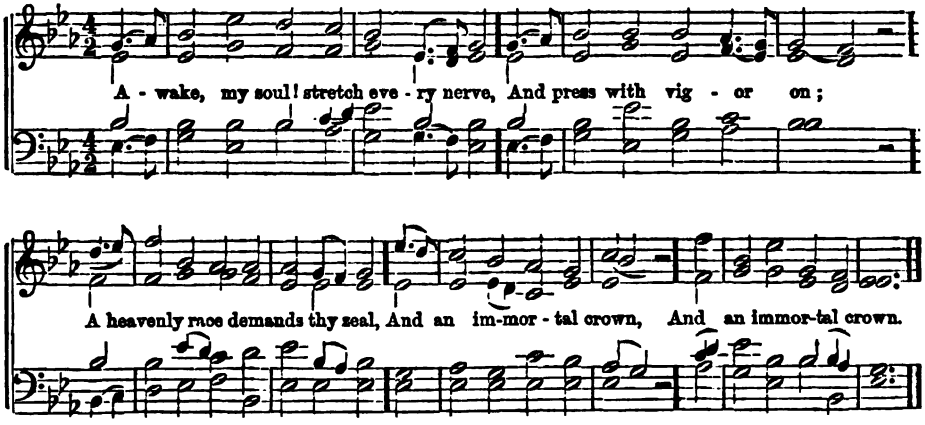
1 Firm as the earth, thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my Hope, my Trust!
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove,
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love,
They must for ever rest.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. From *George Frederick Händel*, 1685-1759.



841.

The Christian Race.

1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize,
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet,
I 'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

842.

The Pilgrimage of the Saints.

1 LORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,—
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world, to which we go,
Is everlasting day.

3 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

4 See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits
To welcome travelers home.

5 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And, with transporting joys, recount
The labors of our feet.

6 Eternal glories to the King,
Who brought us safely through,
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

843.

The Highway to Zion.

1 SING, ye redeeméd of the Lord!
Your great Deliverer sing:
Pilgrims! for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

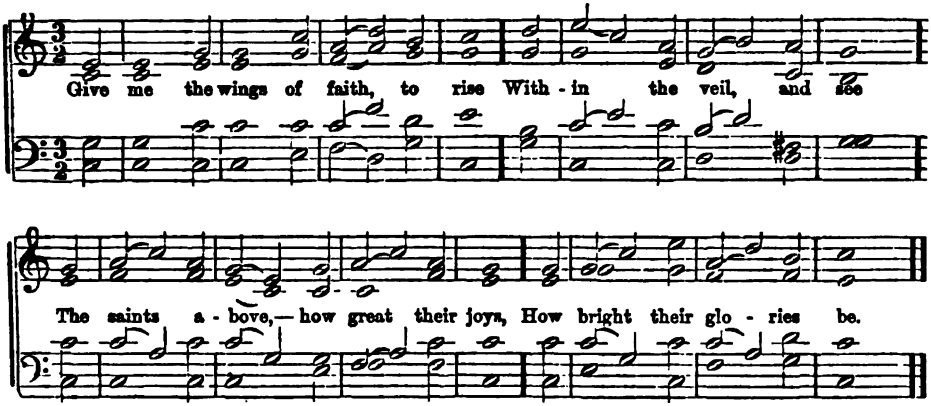
2 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on, in your Redeemer's strength:
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While lab'ring up the hill.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

CHIMES. C. M. *Lowell Mason, 1840.*



844. *Victory through the Lamb.*

1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above,—how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them,—whence their vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

845. *The Example of the Saints.*

1 Rise, O my soul! pursue the path,
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'T was through the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquered every foe;
And, to his power and matchless grace,
Their crowns and honors owe.

4 Lord! may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given;
And ne'er forsake the blessèd path
Which led them safe to heaven.

John Needham, 1768.

846. *Heaven on Earth.*

1 While through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

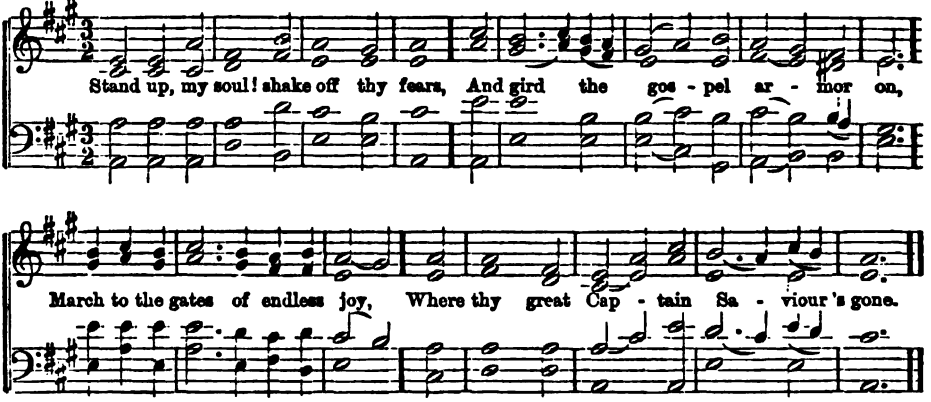
3 From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,—
And love is perfect love.

4 Oh! there may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth, our conversation be,
With Christ before the throne;
Ere long we, eye to eye, shall see,
And know as we are known.

James Montgomery, 1825.

MIGDOL. L. M. *Lowell Mason, 1840.*



847. *The Christian Warfare.*

1 Stand up, my soul! shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on,
March to the gates of endless joy, [gone.
Where thy great Captain Saviour's

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes,
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 What, though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite?
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps, and endless night.

4 What, though thine inward lusts rebel?
'T is but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

848. *The Christian Race.*

1 Awake, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, — 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint:

3 Thee, mighty God! whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love, our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

849. *The only Portion of the Soul.*

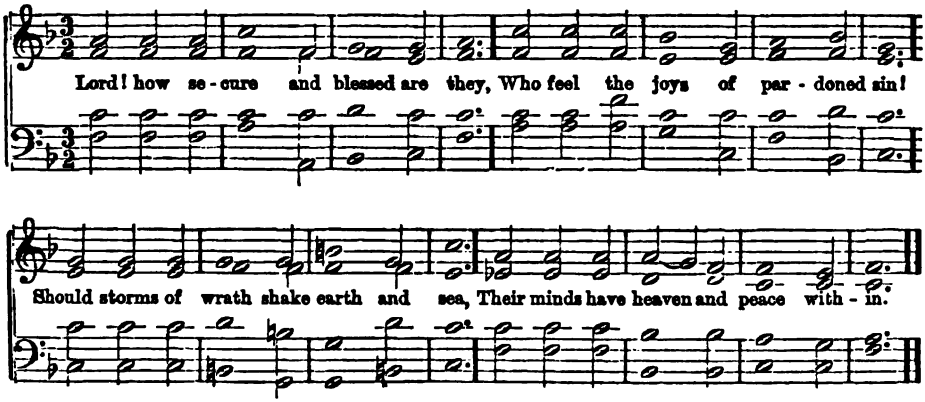
1 In vain the world's alluring smile
Would my unwary heart beguile;
To nobler bliss my soul aspires; —
Come, Lord! and fill these vast desires.

2 Oh! let thy sacred word impart
Its healing influence to my heart;
With power, and light, and love divine,
Assure my soul that thou art mine.

3 Then shall my joyful spirit rise,
On wings of faith, above the skies;
And dwell for ever near thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

Anne Steele, 1760.

MONTREAL. L. M. *James Pearce, 1864.*



850. *The Pleasures of a good Conscience.*

1 Lord! how secure and blessed are they,
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where streams of living pleasures flow!
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys,
That heaven prepares for their delight;

6 On us, O Lord! bestow thy grace,
Our hearts inspire, our souls renew;
Grant us the vision of thy face,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

Isaac Watts, 1707, a.

851. *Hope in the Covenant.*

1 How oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amid temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

852. *The Bread of Life.*

1 Away from earth my spirit turns,
Away from every transient good;
With strong desire my bosom burns,
To feast on heaven's diviner food.

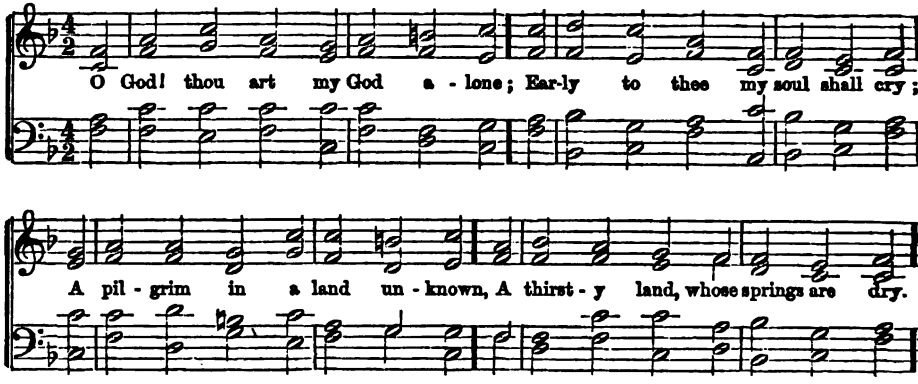
2 Thou, Saviour! art the living bread;
Thou wilt my every want supply:
By thee sustained, and cheered, and led,
I'll press through dangers to the sky.

3 What, though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails and breaks my peace?
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.

4 Then let me take thy gracious hand,
And walk beside thee onward still;
Till my glad feet shall safely stand,
For ever firm, on Zion's hill.

Ray Palmer, 1862.

IOSCO. L. M. *John Huss (?)* 1373-1415.



853.

PSALM 63.

1 O GOD! thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Oh! that it were, as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace!

3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God!
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways;
I safely tread where thou hast trod.

4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

5 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

James Montgomery, 1822.

854.

Security of the Saints.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?—
'T is God, that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'T is Christ, that suffered in their stead,
And, the salvation to fulfill,
Behold him, rising from the dead!

3 He lives, he lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He, that hath loved us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too

5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

855.

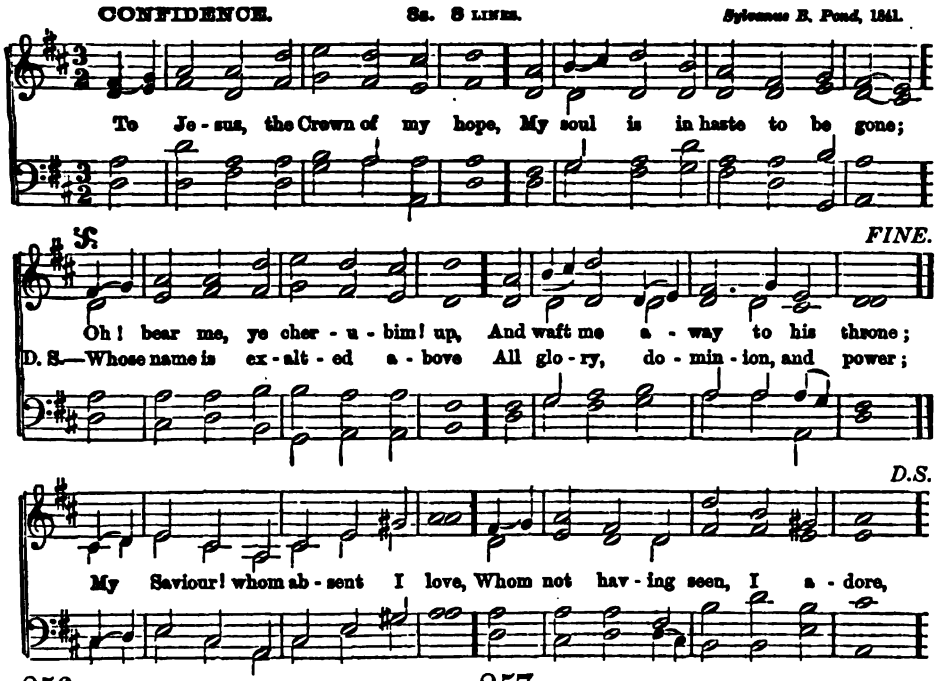
Holiness and Grace.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel, we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all-divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord;—
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Isaac Watts, 1709.



856.

Longing to be with Jesus.

1 To JESUS, the Crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh! bear me, ye cherubim! up,
And waft me away to his throne:
My Saviour! whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;

2 Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free!
When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline:

3 Oh! then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd;
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored;
And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

William Cowper, 1800.

857.

Panting for Heaven.

1 YE angels! who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,—
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune all your soft harps to his praise:
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, you stood.

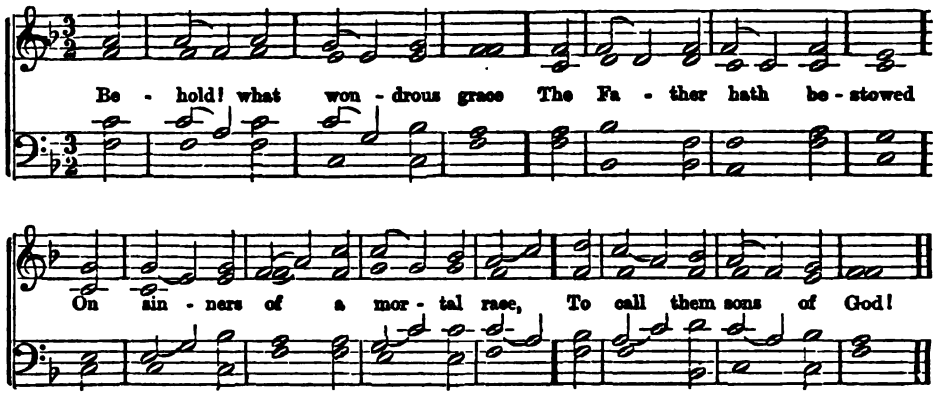
2 Ye saints! who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy relate;
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair:
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh! when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong;
I want — Oh! I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu;
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder, and worship with you.

Maria De Fleury, 1806.

DENNIS. S. M.

From *Hans G. Nägeli*, 1773-1836.
Adapted by *Lowell Mason*, 1840.



858.

Adoption.

1 Behold! what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'T is no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But, when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If, in my Father's love,
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall — "Abba, Father!" — cry,
And thou the kindred own.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

859.

Singing along the Way.

1 Now let our voices join
To raise a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims! in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 See! — flowers of paradise,
In rich profusion, spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

3 See! — Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect, rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honor to his name,
Who drew the shining trace, —
To him, who leads the wanderers on,
And cheers them with his grace.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

860.

Living to God.

1 Blessed be thy love, dear Lord!
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

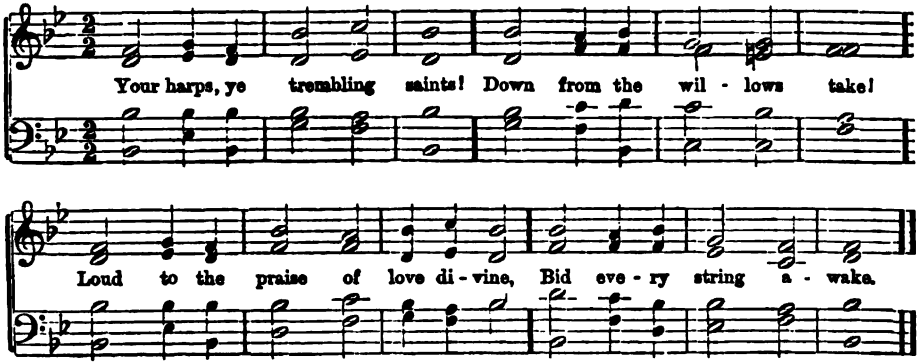
2 O thou, our souls' chief Hope!
We to thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

John Austin, 1668.

OLMUTZ. S. M. From a Gregorian Chant; Adapted by *Lowell Mason*, 1832.



861.

Trust in God.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints!
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And, nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God!
That stays himself on thee: —
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord!
Shall thy salvation see.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1772.

862.

The Ark of God.

1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found;

2 Oh! cease, my wandering soul!
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul! no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide;
There, sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

William A. Muhlenberg, 1826.

863.

The spiritual Conflict.

1 ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
For victory is his.

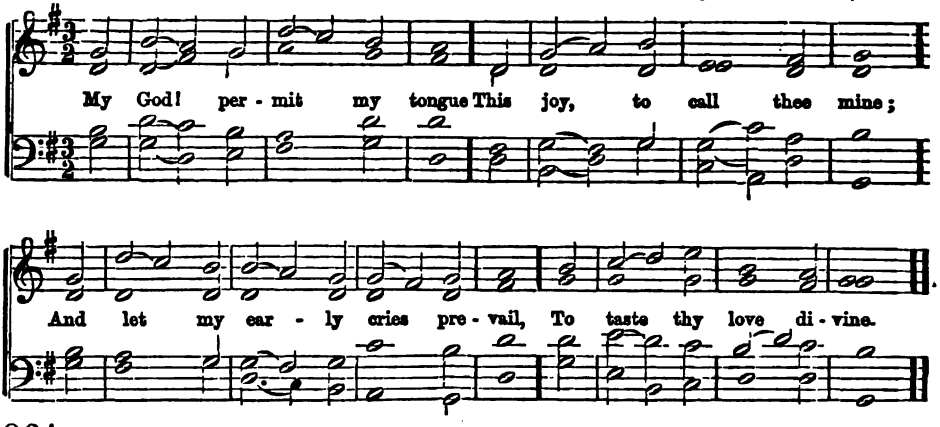
2 We'll follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King!
We'll follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal Spring.

3 We hope to see the day
When toil and strife shall cease;
We then shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

THATCHER. S. M. From *George Frederick Händel*, 1732.



864.

PSALM 63.

1 My God! permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travélers, in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this, —
To serve and please the Lord.

4 In wakeful hours at night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

865.

One with Christ.

1 My Saviour! I am thine
By everlasting bands;
My name, my heart, I would resign,
My soul is in thy hands.

2 To thee I still would cleave,
With ever-growing zeal;
Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.

3 His Spirit shall unite
My soul, to him, my Head;
Shall form me to his image bright,
And teach his path to tread.

4 Death may my soul divide
From this abode of clay;
But love shall keep me near his side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
What should remain to fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He 'll fix his members there.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

866.

Christ unseen and beloved.

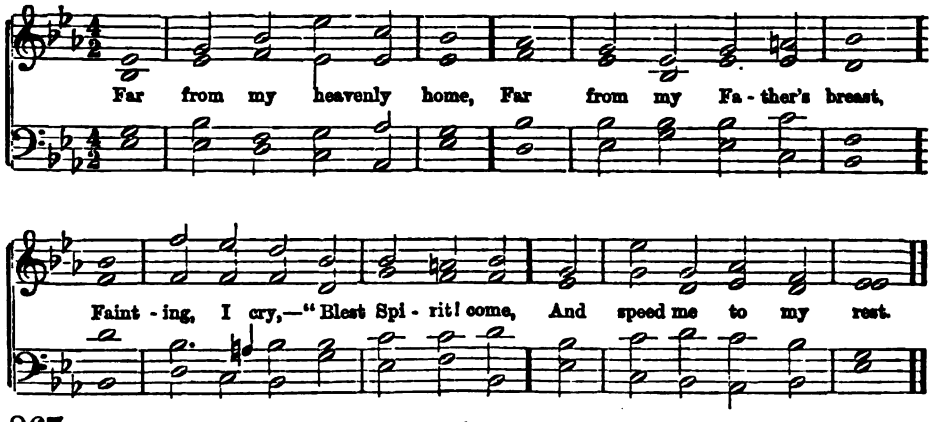
1 Not with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord! our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And, when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

PRAGUE. S. M. *Louis R. West, 1753-1836.*



867.

PSALM 137.

1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry,—"Blest Spirit! come,
And speed me to my rest.

2 "Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung;
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till thou inspire my tongue?"

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion! droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

4 To thee, to thee I press—
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

5 God of my life! be near!
On thee my hopes I cast:
Oh! guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

868.

Divine Fellowship.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near,
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all my griefs;
He pardons, every day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from my Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, my living Head!
I bless thy faithful care;
Mine Advocate before the throne,
And my Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

869.

No Rest, but in God.

1 MY spirit longs for thee
To dwell within my breast;
Although unworthy, Lord! I be
Of so divine a Guest.

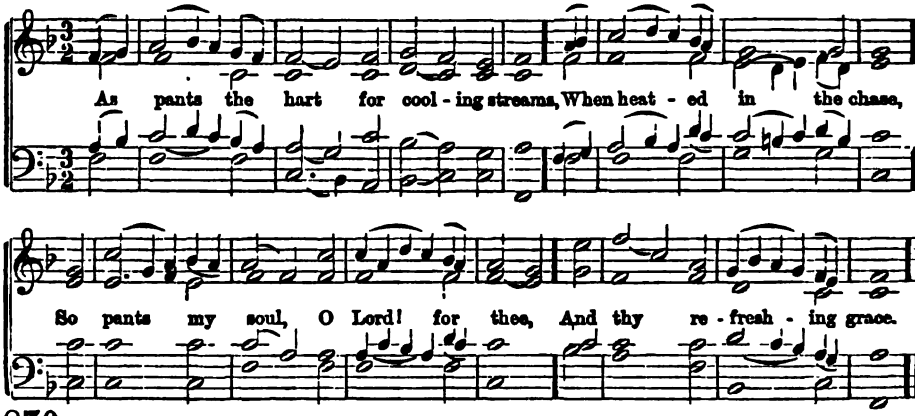
2 Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet hath my panting heart no rest,
Until it come to thee.

3 Until it come to thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can hear or see,
No rest is to be found.

4 No rest is to be found,
But in thy bleeding love:
Oh! let my ardent wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

John Byrom, 1814, a.

HEATH. C. M. *Lowell Mason, 1835.*



870.

PSALM 42.

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O Lord! for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, the Lord, the living Lord,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord! wert nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none so blessed as I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find him still
Thy health's eternal spring.

Nahum Tate, 1696.
Altered by *Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.*

871.

Retirement.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes, where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet Source of light divine,
And,—all harmonious names in one,—
My Saviour! thou art mine!

William Cowper, 1772.

872.

The Pilgrimage of Life.

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground,
We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears; [raise,
Yet naught but heaven our hopes can
And naught but sin our fears.

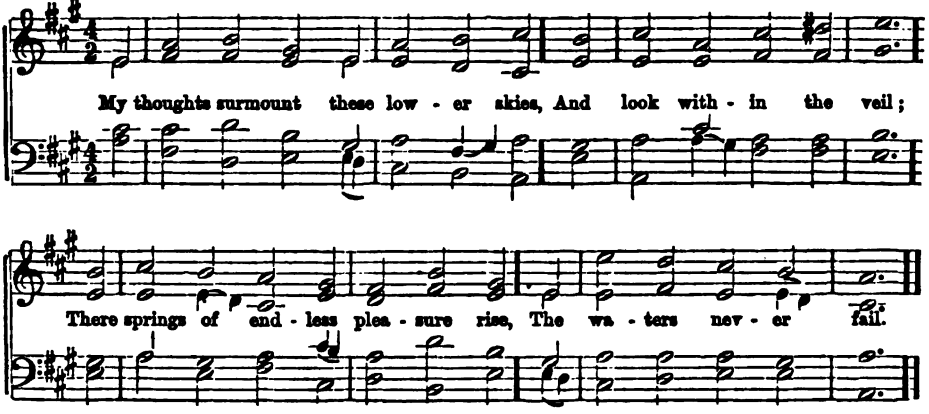
3 We tread the path our Master trod,
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn, that wounds our feet,
His temples pierced before.

4 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstacies of love;
And, while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.

5 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

Mrs. Anna Letitia Barbauld, 1795.

NOTTINGHAM. (ST. MAGNUS.) C. M. *Jeremiah Clark*, 1700.



873.

The Hope of Heaven.

1 My thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessèd Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart,
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

874.

Panting for God.

1 Permit me, Lord! to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call;
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My Strength, my Life, my All!

2 All I can wish is thine to give:
My God! I ask thy love,—
That greatest bliss I can receive,—
The bliss of heaven above.

3 To heaven my restless heart aspires;
Oh! for a quickening ray,
T' invigorate my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way.

4 My Guardian, my almighty Friend!
On thee my soul would rest;
On thee alone my hopes depend;
Be near, and I am blessed.

Anne Steele, 1760.

875.

The beatific Vision.

1 From thee, my God! my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

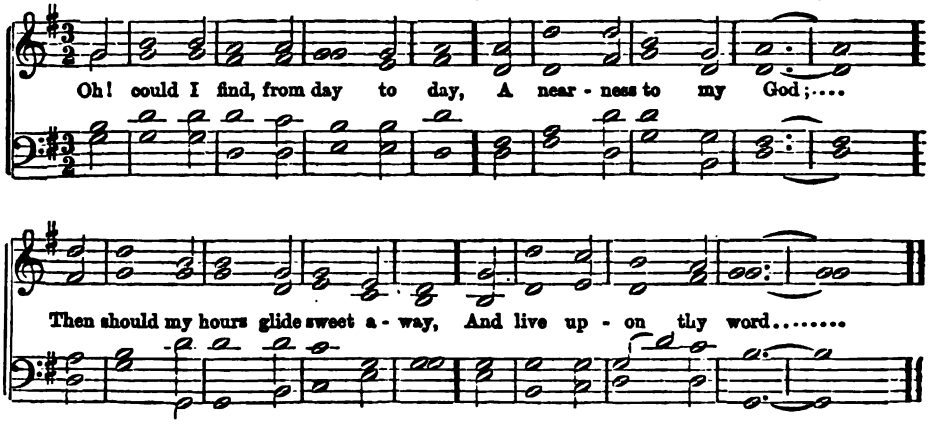
4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I 'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus! every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my beloved! fetch my soul
Up to thy blessed abode,—
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

AUBURN. C. M. H. L. 1840.



876. *Longing for Christ.*

1 Oh! could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And live upon thy word.

2 Lord! I desire with thee to live,
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus! come and rule my heart,
And I 'll be wholly thine;
And never, never more depart;
For thou art wholly mine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I 'll adore;
And, when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

Benjamin Cleveland, 1790.

877. *The hidden Life of a Christian.*

1 O happy soul, that lives on high,
While men lie groveling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne,
To raise his figure here;
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ his life appear.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

878. *Conversing with Christ.*

1 Saviour! thyself to me reveal,
While here o'er earth I rove;
Speak to my heart, and let it feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, I forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God! art here.

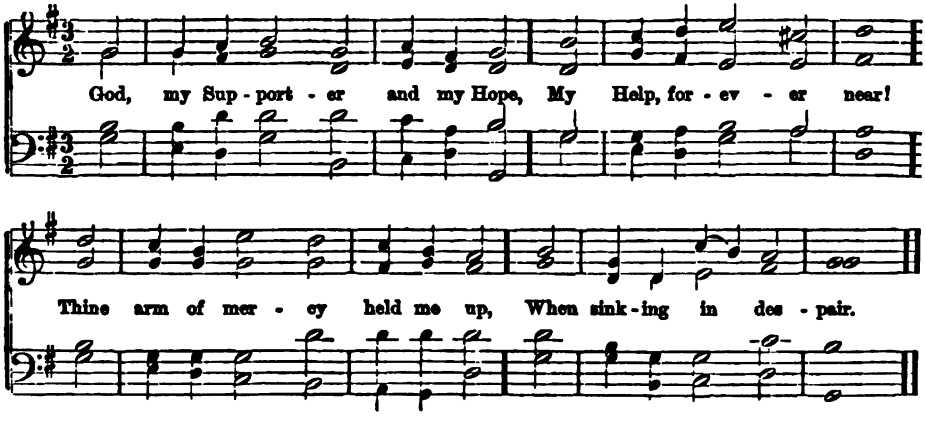
3 Here then, my God! vouchsafe to stay,
And make my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callést me to seek thy face;
'T is all I wish to seek,—
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

ROCHESTER. C. M. *Aaron Williams' Coll., ch. 1766.*



879.

PSALM 73.

1 GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help for ever near!
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord! shall guide my feet,
Through this dark wilderness:
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'T would be no joy to me;
And, whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What, if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of every saint.

5 But to draw near to thee, my God!
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

880.

One with Christ.

1 LORD Jesus! are we one with thee?
Oh! height, Oh! depth of love!
With thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.

2 Such was thy grace, that, for our sake,
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,
In all our sorrows one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by thee,
The gall, the curse, the wrath were thine,
To set thy members free.

4 Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and thee can part.

5 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day
When, seated on thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That thou with us art one.

James George Deck, 1837.

881.

Fellowship with Christ.

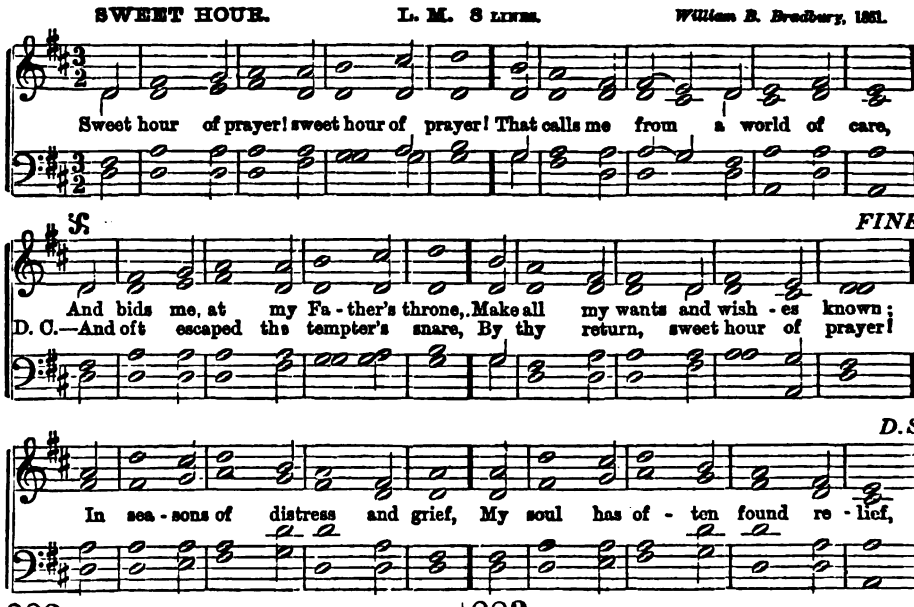
1 HOPE of our hearts, O Lord! appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away.

2 No resting place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see,
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us and thee.

3 But, dearest Lord! however bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in thy love?

4 What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with thee?

Edward Denny, 1838.



882.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1 SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And, since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolations share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

Miss Fanny Crosby, 1869.

883.

The Hour of Prayer.

1 BLEST hour! when mortal man retires,
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour! when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While all around the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour! when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

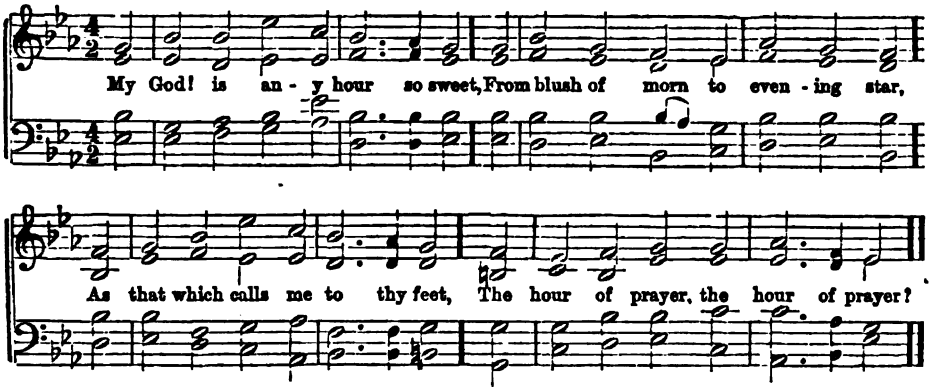
4 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of Heaven!

5 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest,
Amid the hours of worldly care,
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour, the hour of prayer.

6 And, when my hours of prayer are past,
And this frail tenement decays,
Then may I spend, in heaven, at last,
A never-ending hour of praise.

Thomas Raffles, 1826.

PRAYER. L. M. S. P. W—, 1871.



884. *The Hour of Prayer.*

1 My God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer, the hour of prayer?

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer up-borne,
The world I leave,—the world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven,—with hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief,
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!—what peace of mind!

5 Hushed is each doubt; gone, every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And ev'n the penitential tear
Is wiped away,—is wiped away.

6 Lord! till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee,—in prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1854.

885. *Longing to be with Christ.*

1 Let me be with thee, where thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with thee, where thou art,
Thine unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

3 Let me be with thee, where thou art,
Where spotless saints thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with thee, where thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
Where life nor death my soul can part
From thy blest presence and thy love

Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

886. *Rest in God.*

1 My Lord! how full of sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment!
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

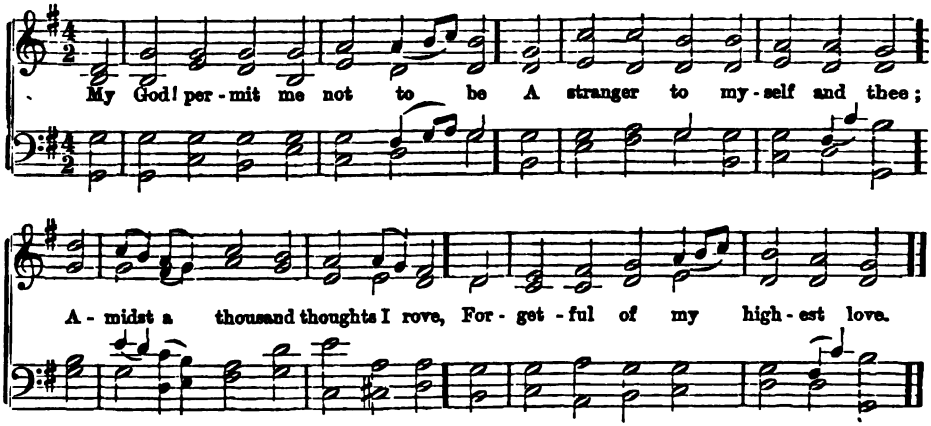
2 To me remains nor place, nor time;
My country is in every clime:
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'T is equal joy, to go or stay.

4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Fr., Madame de la Motte Guyon, 1710.
Tr., William Cowper, 1782, a.

EVENING HYMN. L. M. *Thomas Tallis, ob. 1567. Altered.*



887. *Retirement and Meditation.*

1 My God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

888. *The Presence of Christ in Heaven.*

1 Oh! for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,—
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns!

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own [all.
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles,—and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
Ten thousand, thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There, all the favorites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir:
Oh! may the joy-inspiring theme,
Awake our faith and warm desire.

6 Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

Anne Steele, 1760.

889. *Our blessed Hope.*

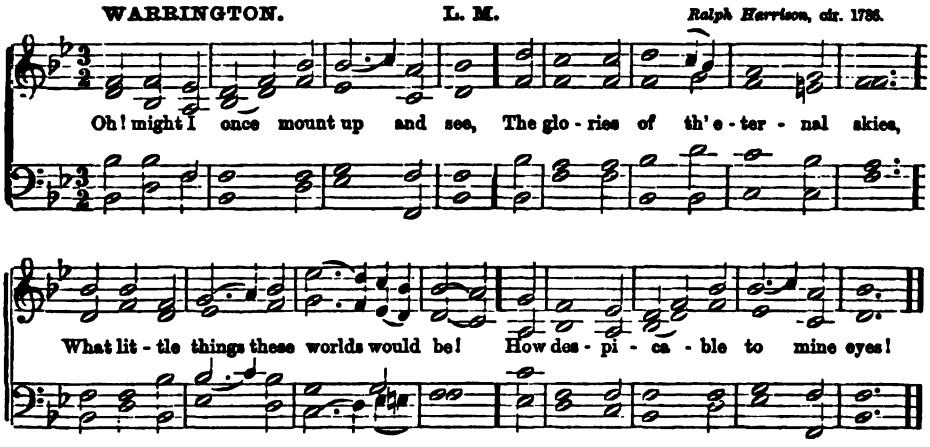
1 Lord of our hearts! beloved of thee,
Weary of earth, we sigh to rest,
Supremely happy, safe and free,
For ever on thy tender breast:—

2 To see thee, love thee, feel thee, near,
Nor dread, as now, thy transient stay,
To dwell beyond the reach of fear,
Lest joy should wane or pass away.

3 Children of hope, belovéd Lord!
In thee we live, we glory now,
Our Joy, our Rest, our great Reward,
Our Diadem of beauty thou.

4 And, when exalted, Lord! with thee,
Thy royal throne at length we share,
To everlasting thou shalt be
Our Diadem, our Glory there.

Edward Denny, 1839.



890.

Vision of the great God.

1 Oh! might I once mount up, and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to mine eyes!

2 Had I a glance of thee, my God!
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon,
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

3 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave;
I should perceive the noise, no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

4 Great All in all, eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow, and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

891.

Christ, the Life of the Soul.

1 How full of anguish is the thought
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God at last, my sovereign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul depart!

2 Christ is my Light, my Life, my Care,
My blessèd Hope, my heavenly Prize,
Dearer than all my passions are,
Dearer than all beneath the skies.

3 The strings, that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ, my Love.

4 My God! and can an humble child
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exiled,
Without the pity of thine eye?

5 Impossible! — for thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to thee;
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art thy friends must be.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

892.

Longing for the Presence of Christ.

1 Lord! when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home;
For I have learned no other rest.

2 I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven, without thy presence there,
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

3 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

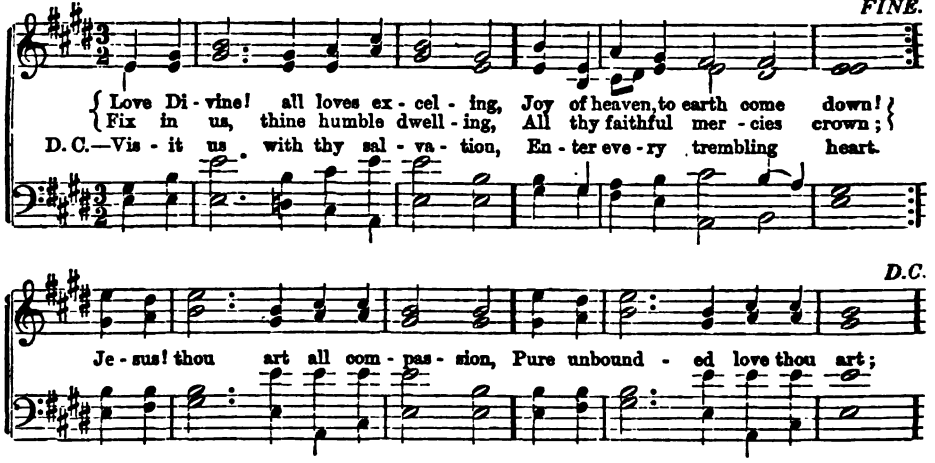
4 And, if no evening visit 's paid,
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

5 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

RIPLEY. 8s & 7s. 8 LINES.

From a Gregorian Chant.
Arr. *Lowell Mason*, 1839.



893.

Divine Love.

1 LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thine humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,—
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us, with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, Oh! breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:
Take away our power of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning!
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and sinless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee,—
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley, 1748.

894.

The Presence and Grace of Jesus.

1 JESUS! Jesus!. come and save us
From the sins that so distress,
Make us all thy love would have us,
Happy, in our trustfulness.

2 Jesus! Jesus! cheering, healing,
By the Holy Spirit's aid,
Come, thy pardoning love revealing;
So we will not be afraid.

3 Jesus! Jesus! life is sadness,
When it lives apart from thee;
Come, and fill it all with gladness,
Pleasantness and purity.

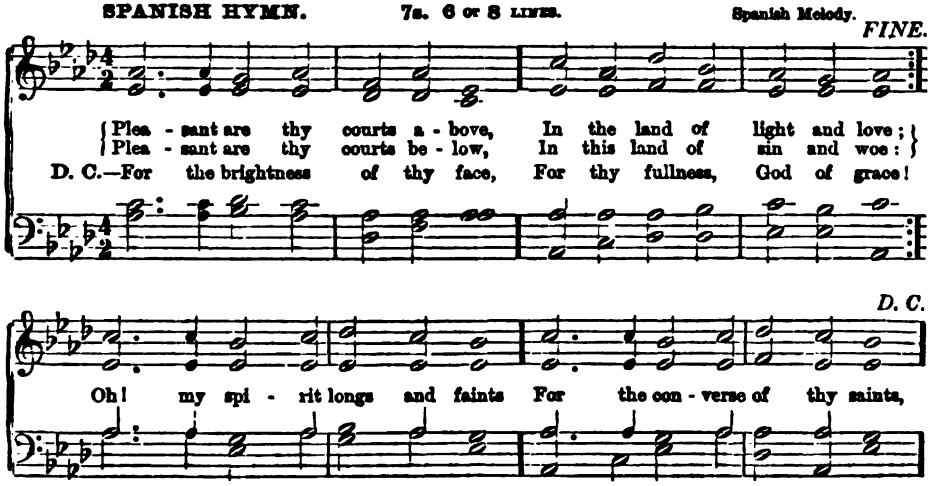
4 Jesus! Jesus! grant the blessing
Of a calm, contented mind,
That, the joy of faith possessing,
Perfect peace our souls may find.

5 Jesus! Jesus! watching o'er us,
Lead us safely on our way,
Thou, the Light of hope, before us,
Till the night shall change to day.

6 Jesus! Jesus! gently guiding
By the path thyself hath trod,
For our ceaseless need providing,
Keep us till we rest with God.

Henry Bateman, 1862.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. 6 or 8 LINES. Spanish Melody.



895.

PSALM 84.

1 PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe:
Oh! my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fullness, God of grace!

2 Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round thine altars, O Most High!
Happier souls, that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow,
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord! be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and Shield alike thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, Oh! shower them, Lord! on me.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

896.

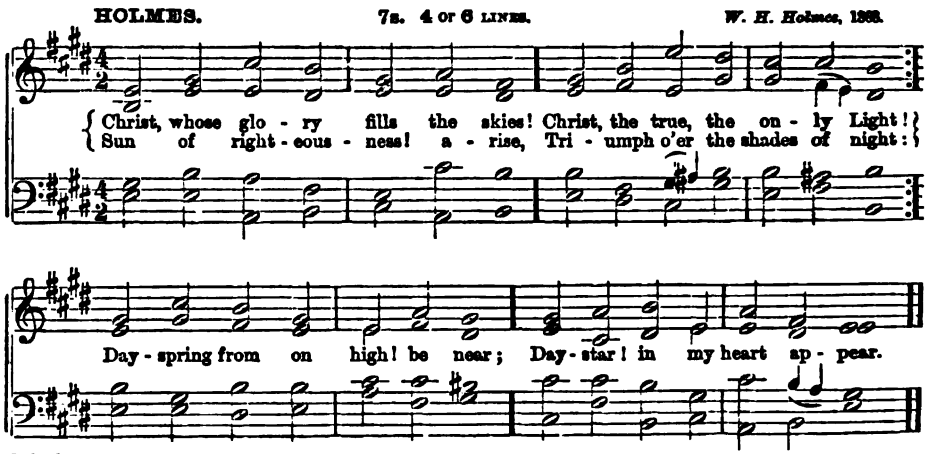
Christ to live, and Gain to die.

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,—
Christ, the Spring of all my joy!
Still in thee may I be found,
Still for thee my powers employ:
Fountain of overflowing grace!
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it "Christ to live!"

2 When I touch the blesséd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from thee my ravished soul:
Thus,—Oh! thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it, "Christ to live,"
Let me know it, "gain to die."

3 Gain, to part from all my grief;
Gain, to bid my sins farewell;
Gain, of all my gains the chief,
Ever with the Lord to dwell:
This thy people's portion, Lord!
Peace on earth, and bliss on high;
This their ever-sure reward,
"Christ to live, and gain to die!"

Ralph Wardlaw, 1817.



897.

The Sun of Righteousness.

1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies!
Christ, the true, the only Light!
Sun of righteousness! arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high! be near;
Daystar! in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see:
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

898.

Psalm 131.

1 Quiet, Lord! my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weanéd child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to move one step alone; —
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

3 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

John Newton, 1779.

899.

The Manifestation of Christ.

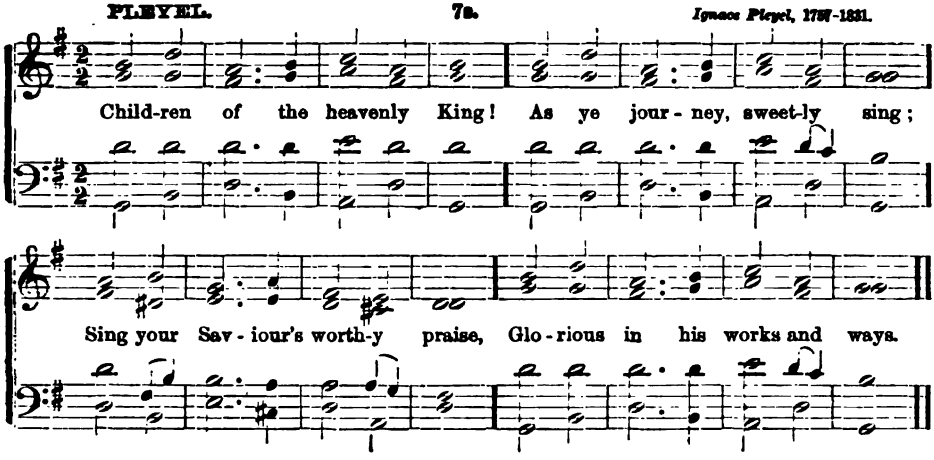
1 Son of God! to thee I cry;
By the holy mystery
Of thy dwelling here on earth,
By thy pure and holy birth,—
Lord! thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me!

2 Lamb of God! to thee I cry;
By thy bitter agony,
By thy pangs, to us unknown,
By thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord! thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me!

3 Prince of life! to thee I cry;
By thy glorious majesty,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord! thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me!

4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky!
With thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform thy will;
Then thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to thee.

Richard Mant, 1836.



900.

Rejoicing in Hope.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There, your seat is now prepared, —
There 's your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick, 1742.

901.

PSALM 23.

1 To thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd! lead thy charge;
And my couch, with tenderest care,
Midst the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadow flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
By thy rod and staff supplied,—
This my guard, and that my guide.

4 Constant, to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

James Merrick, 1765, a.

902.

Leaning on Christ's Arm.

1 JESUS, merciful and mild!
Lead me as a helpless child;
On no other arm but thine,
Would my weary soul recline.

2 Thou canst fit me, by thy grace,
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All thy promises are sure,
Ever shall thy love endure.

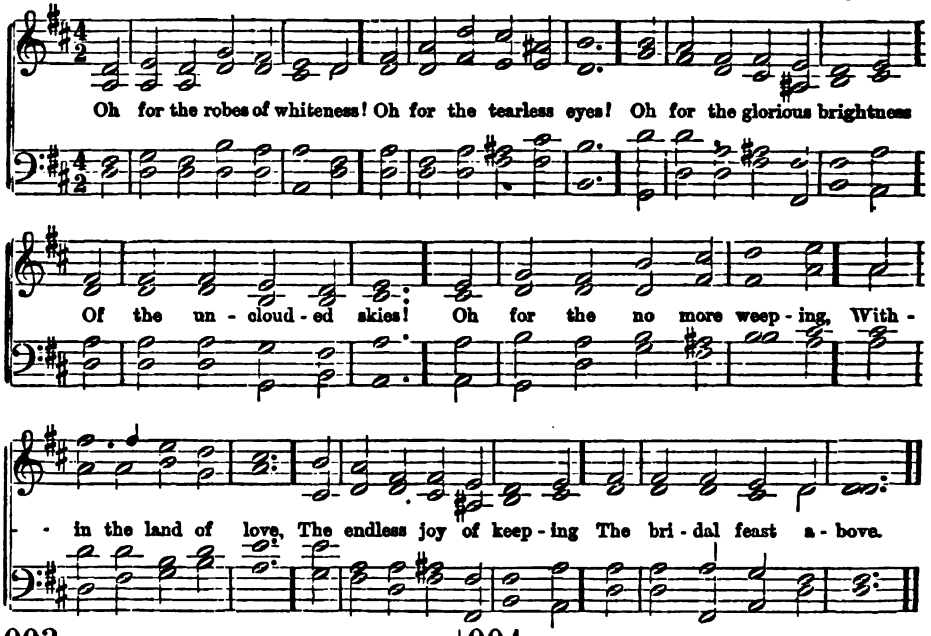
3 Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in thee I see,
Thou art All in all to me.

4 Jesus, Saviour all divine!
Hast thou made me truly thine?
Hast thou bought me by thy blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?

5 Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me thine own image bear;
Let me love thee more and more,
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

Thomas Hastings, 1858.

EWING. 7s & 6s. 8 LINES. *Alexander Ewing, 1830.*



903.

Heavenly Anticipations.

1 Oh for the robes of whiteness!
Oh for the tearless eyes!
Oh for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!
Oh for the no more weeping,
Within the land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!

2 Oh for the bliss of dying,
My risen Lord to meet!
Oh for the rest of lying
For ever at his feet!
Oh for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face!
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place!

3 Jesus, thou King of glory!
I soon shall dwell with thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of thy great love to me.
Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter
E'en now, before thy throne,
That all my love may centre
In thee, and thee alone,

Charlotte Lees Smith, 1861.

904.

Safe, by the Side of Jesus.

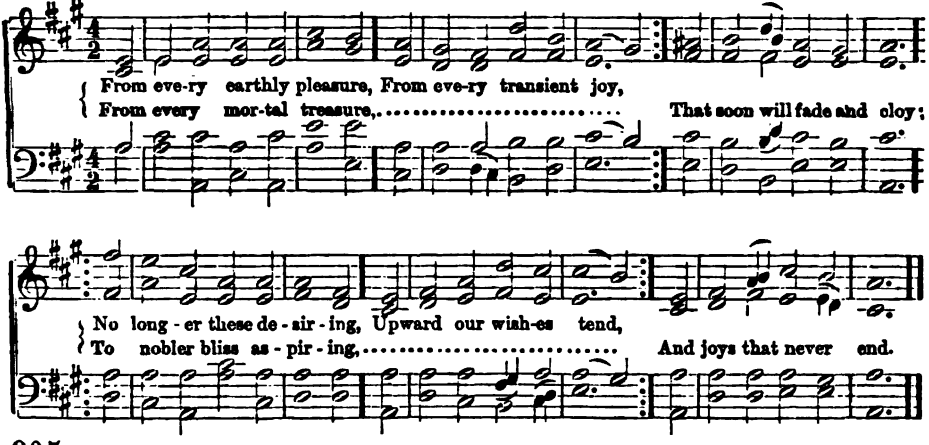
1 O Lamb of God! still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'T is only there in safety
And peace I can abide!
What foes and snares surround me!
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'T is only in thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth,
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord! and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

James George Deck, 1857.

COTTLE. 7s & 6s. 8 lines. "Spiritual Songs," 1831.



905.

Onward and upward.

1 From every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure,
That soon will fade and cloy;—
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow,
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending,
In infinite delight.

3 'T is true we are but strangers
And pilgrims here below,
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there 's a rest above;
And onward still we 're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

Eliel Davis, 1824.

906.

"Ich bin ein Gast auf Erden."

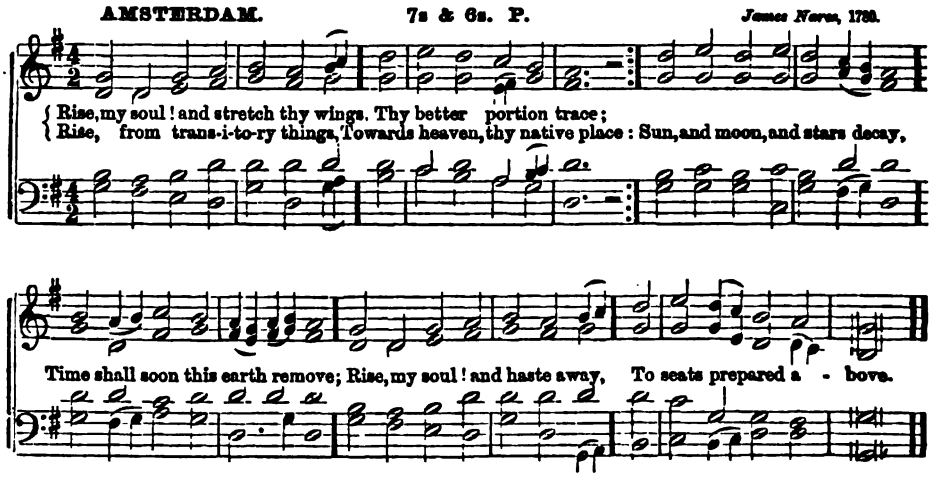
1 A pilgrim and a stranger,
I journey here below;
Far distant is my country,
The home to which I go:
Here I must toil and travail,
Oft weary and oppressed,
But there my God shall lead me
To everlasting rest.

2 It is a well-worn pathway;
Many have gone before,—
The holy saints and prophets,
The patriarchs of yore;
They trod the toilsome journey,
In patience and in faith,
And them I fain would follow,
Like them in life and death.

3 With them my thoughts are dwelling,
'T is there I long to be;
Come, Lord! and call thy servant
To blessedness with thee!
Come, bid my toils be ended,
Let all my wanderings cease;
Call from the wayside lodging
To the sweet home of peace!

4 There I shall dwell for ever,
No more a stranger guest,
With all thy blood-bought children,
In everlasting rest:
The pilgrim toils forgotten,
The pilgrim conflicts o'er,
All earthly griefs behind us,
Eternal joys before!

Ger., *Paul Gerhardt*, 1667.
Tr., *Jane Borthwick*, 1863.



907.

Pilgrim's Song.

1 Rise, my soul! and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul! and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season,—and you know,
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave, 1742, a.

908.

"Christ and him crucified."

1 Vain, delusive world! adieu!
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego;
All thy pomps, thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus, crucified.

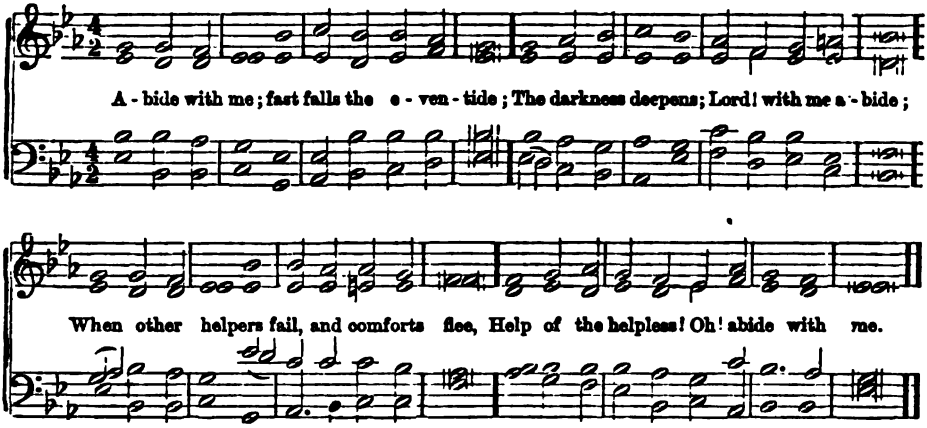
2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'T is all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain;—
He tasted death for me:
Me to save from endless woe,
Christ, th' atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus, crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
Ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus, crucified.

4 Him, in all my works, I seek
Who hung upon the tree;
Only of his love I speak,
Who freely died for me:
While I sojourn here below,
Nothing will I seek beside:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus, crucified.

Charles Wesley, 1742, a.

EVENTIDE. 10s. *William Henry Monk, 1861.*



909.

The Eventide of Life.

1 ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens; Lord! with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless! Oh! abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not! abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What, but thy grace, can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Oh! abide with me.

4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave! thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord! abide with me.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1847.

910.

Christ, the sole Support of the Soul.

1 HERE, Lord! by faith, I see thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp, with firmer hand, th' eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 I have no help but thine; nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord! enough, indeed;
My strength is in thy might — thy might alone.

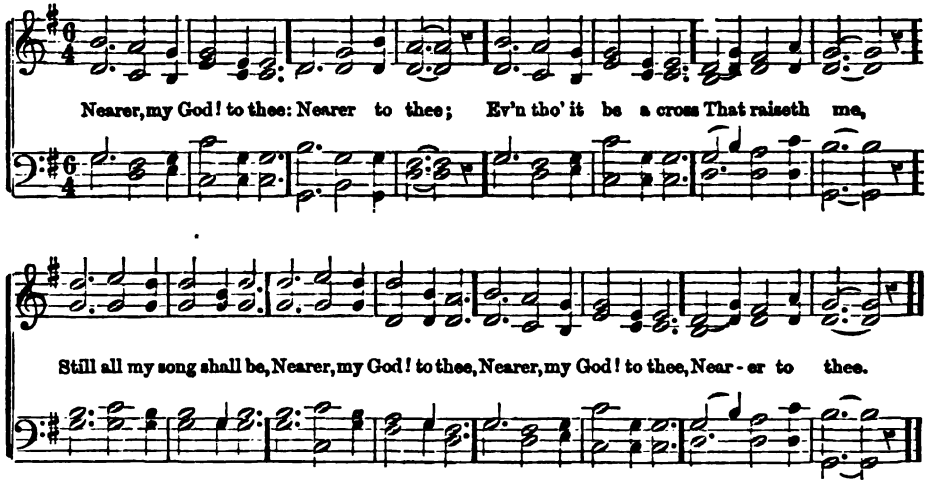
3 I have no wisdom, save in him who is
My Wisdom and my Teacher, both in one:
No wisdom can I lack while thou art wise,
No teaching do I crave, save thine alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace, —
Thy blood, thy righteousness, O my God!

5 But see! the pillar-cloud is rising now,
And moving onward through the desert night;
It beckons, and I follow, for I know —
It leads me to the heritage of light.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s. *Lowell Mason, 1859.*



911.

Nearer to God.

1 NEARER, my God! to thee,—
Nearer to thee;
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet, in my dreams, I 'd be
Nearer, my God! to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God! to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I 'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, 1841.

912.

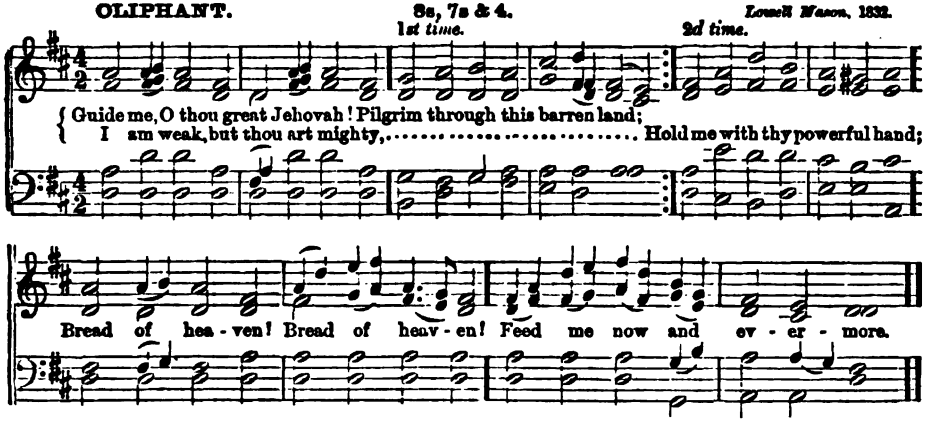
Closer with God.

1 SAVIOUR! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill,
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me,
Thirst to relieve;
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me!

Charles S. Robinson, 1862.



913.

God, the Pilgrim's Guide.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty:
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams, 1774.

914.

Jesus, the great Deliverer.

1 JESUS, Lord of life and glory!
Bend from heaven thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore thee,
Friend of helpless sinners! hear;
By thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good Lord!

2 Taught by thine unerring Spirit,
Boldly we draw nigh to God,
Only in thy spotless merit,
Only through thy precious blood:
By thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good Lord!

3 From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good Lord!

4 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good Lord!

James J. Cummins, 1849.

915.

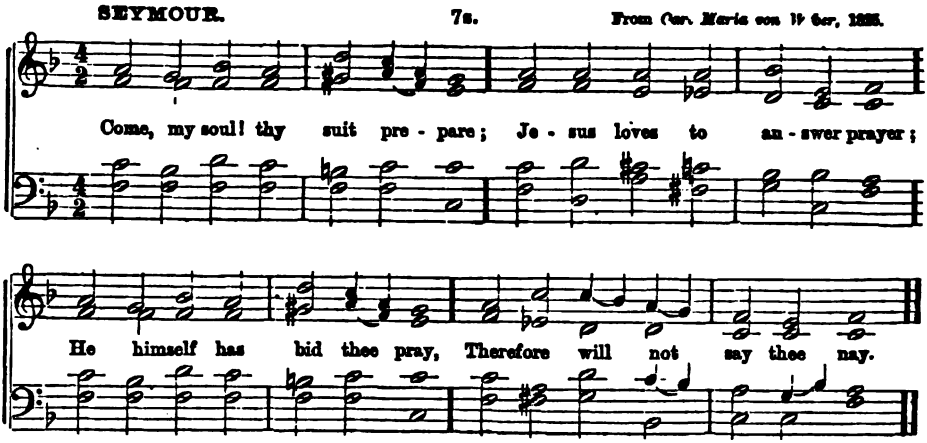
Triune Guidance.

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father! lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God! descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1820.



916.

"Ask, and ye shall receive."

1 Come, my soul! thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord! remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt,

4 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

John Newton, 1779.

917.

The Mercy-Seat.

1 Lord! I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine 's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free;
Lord! that mercy came to me.

3 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

4 No; I must maintain my hold;
'T is thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

John Newton, 1779.

918.

The Image of God.

1 Father of eternal grace!
Glorify thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

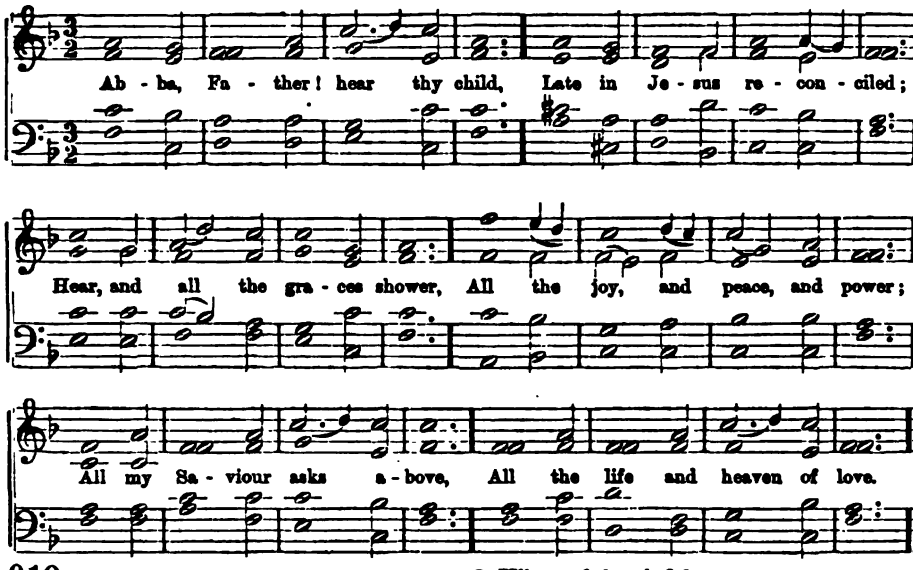
2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all-resigned
To thy will,—thy will be done! —
Give me, Lord! the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him, to thee, my God!

James Montgomery, 1806

REPOSE. 7s. 6 LINES. Popular Melody.



919.

The Temple of the Holy Spirit.

1 ABBA, Father! hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

2 Lord! I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow:
Heavenly Father, Life divine!
Change my nature into thine;
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate, and fill the whole.

3 Holy Ghost! no more delay;
Come, and in thy temple stay;
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear;
Spring of life! thyself impart;
Rise eternal in my heart.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

920.

Entire Consecration.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One!
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call;
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all,
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfill.

3 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new.

Charles Wesley, 1746.

921.

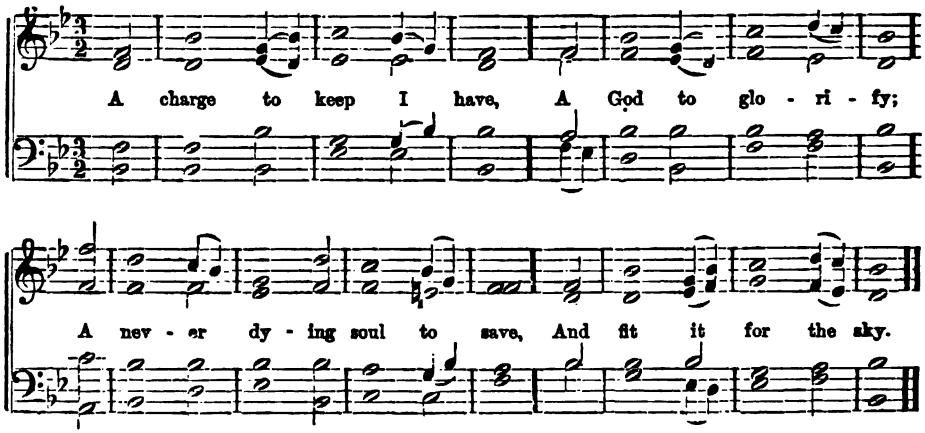
Panting for Purity.

1 HOLY Lamb! who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,—
As thou art, so let us be!
Jesus! see my panting breast;
See, I pant in thee to rest.

2 Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin;
Fix, Oh! fix my wavering mind;
To thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

Ger., *Mrs. Anna [Schindler] Dober*, 1735.
Tr., *John Wesley*, 1749.

KENTUCKY. (OWA.) S. M. *Aaron Chapin, 1822.*



922.

The Christian's Life-Work.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh! may it all my powers engage—
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, Oh! thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

923.

The Throne of Grace.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides, for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Thine image, Lord! bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

John Newton, 1779.

924.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR heavenly Father! hear
The prayer we offer now;—
"Thy name be hallowed far and near!
To thee all nations bow!

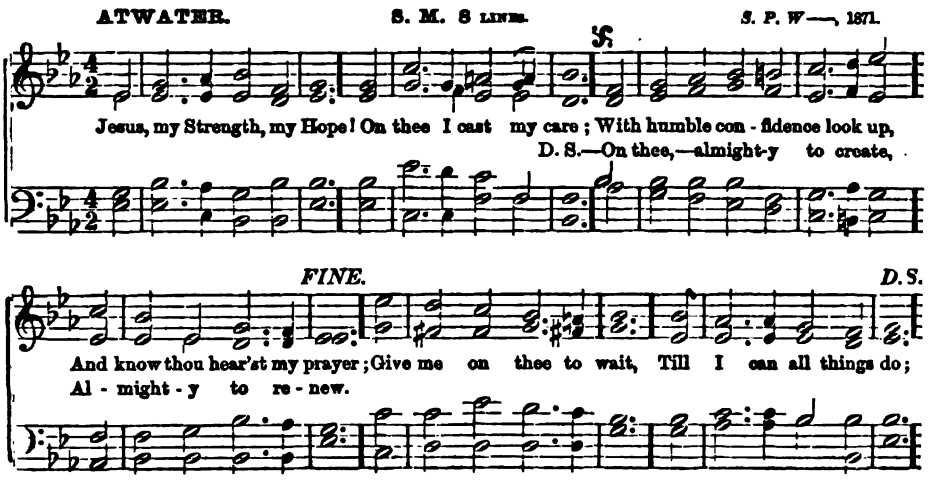
2 "Thy kingdom come!—thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above!

3 "Our daily bread supply,
While, by thy word, we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 "From dark temptation's power,—
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 "Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine!
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine."

James Montgomery, 1825.



925.

Entire Consecration.

1 JESUS, my Strength, my Hope!
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer;
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee,—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord!
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

4 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

926

Conformity to God.

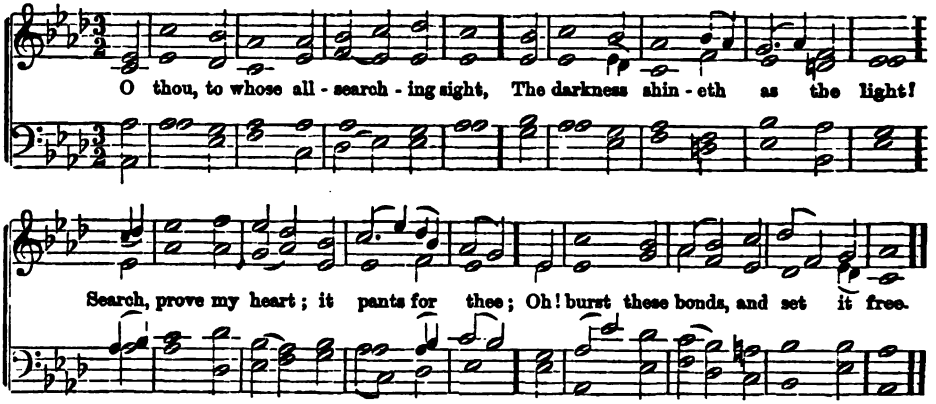
1 I WANT a heart to pray,—
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less;
This blessing, above all,—
Always to pray,—I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim—
Unmoved by threatening or reward,—
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire, that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

3 I want, with all my heart,
Thy pleasure to fulfill;
To know myself, and what thou art
And what thy perfect will;
To give thee every thought,
And all my wants to see;
I want,—alas! what want I not,
When thou art not in me?

Charles Wesley, 1742, a.

SEASONS. L. M. From *Ignaz Pleyel*, 1757-1831.



927.

The Believer's Support.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light!
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
Oh! burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord! art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus! thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour! where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
Oh! let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

From Ger. of *Gerhard Tersteegen*, 1731.
Tr., *John Wesley*, 1739.

928.

The Presence and Protection of God.

1 BE with me, Lord! where'er I go,
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say;
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Prevent me, lest I harbor pride,
Lest I in mine own strength confide;
Show me my weakness; let me see,
I have my power, my all from thee.

3 Enrich me always with thy love:
My kind Protector ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

4 Oh! may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine, fulfill;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

John Cennick, 1741.

929.

All in Christ.

1 WHEN, gracious Lord; when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fullness of thy promise prove, —
The seal of thine eternal love?

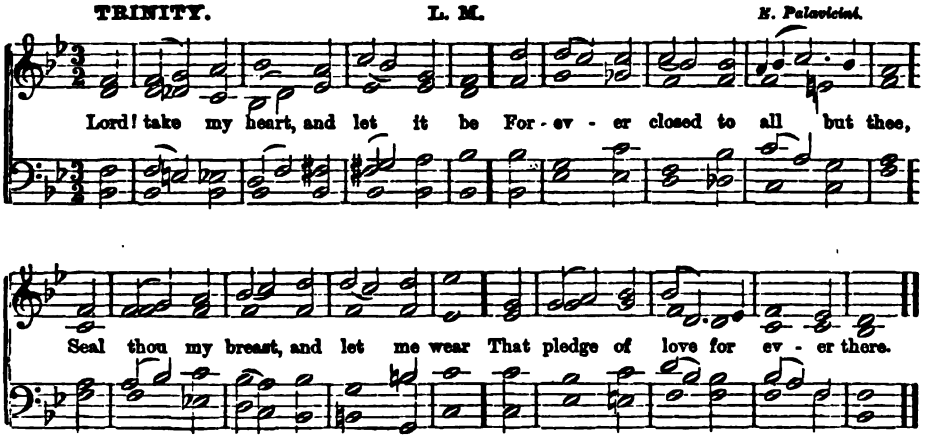
2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near:
I grope in darkness on my way,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus! my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesus! when I have lost my all,
My soul shall on thy bosom fall.

5 Lord! I am blind — be thou my sight;
Lord! I am weak — be thou my might;
A helper of the helpless be;
And let me find my all in thee.

John Wesley, 1742, a.



930.

Union with Christ.

1 LORD! take my heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

2 How blest are they, who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

3 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
Oh! wondrous grace! Oh! boundless love!

4 How can it be, thou heavenly King!
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

5 Hence our hearts melt; our eyes o'erflow;
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside; —
My Lord, my Love, is crucified!

Ger., *Wolfgang C. Dessler*, 1700.
Tr., *John Wesley*, 1739.

931.

"Ask what thou wilt!"

1 AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord! I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord! impart;
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
To have thy boundless love revealed,
In all its height and breadth and length.

4 Grant these requests;—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

John Newton, 1779.

932.

Coming to the Mercy-Seat.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

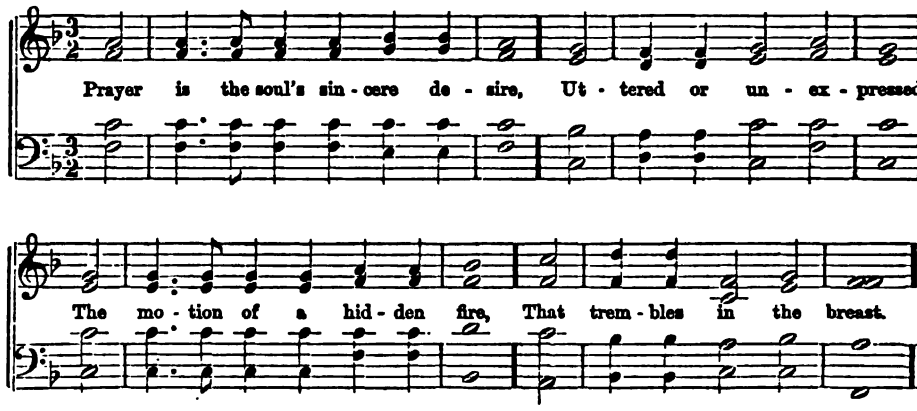
3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace, when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

William Cowper, 1772

BYEFIELD. C. M. *Thomas Hastings, 1840.*



933.

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry — "Behold he prays!"

6 O thou, by whom we come to God,—
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery, 1819.

934.

Graces sought in Prayer.

1 LORD! teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts,
Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts:

3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

4 Give these, and then—thy will be done
Thus strengthened with all might,
We by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

James Montgomery, 1819.

935.

The Worth of Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

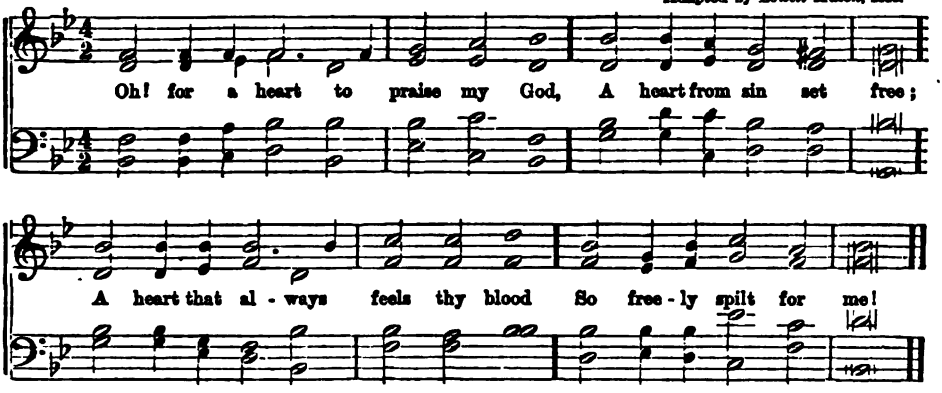
2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

PATMOS. C. M. Gregorian, Adapted by *Lowell Mason*, 1836.



936.

A clean Heart.

Oh! for a heart to praise my God, —
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me! —

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone! —

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within! —

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
A copy, Lord! of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord! impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart, —
Thy new, best name of Love.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

937.

PSALM 119.

1 Oh! that thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind:
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord!
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word; —
Thy word is all my joy.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

938.

PSALM 119.

1 Oh! that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still;
Oh! that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 Oh! send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

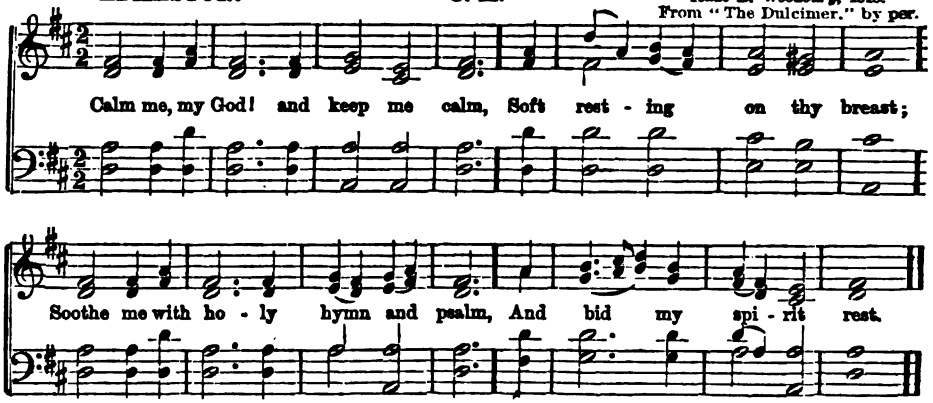
4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord!
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands —
'T is a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

EDMESTON. C. M. *Isaac B. Woodbury*, 1848.
From "The Dulcimer," by per.



939.

The inner Calm.

1 CALM me, my God! and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

2 Calm me, my God! and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretchéd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

3 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;—
Calm in the closet's solitude;
Calm in the bustling street:—

4 Calm, in the hour of buoyant health;
Calm, in my hour of pain;
Calm, in my poverty or wealth;
Calm, in my loss or gain:—

5 Calm, in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame;
Calm mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

6 Calm, as the ray of sun, or star,
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving, unruffled through earth's war,
Th' eternal calm to gain.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

940.

"Thy Will be done."

1 LORD! as to thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father! thy will be done!"

John H. Gurney, 1838.

941.

Jacob's Vow.

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led!—

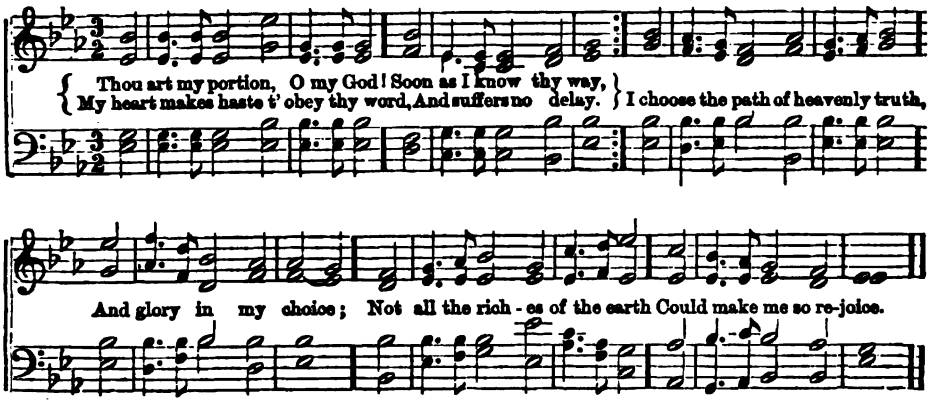
2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh! spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

Philip Doddridge, 1737.
Alt. by *Michael Bruce*, 1767.

VARINA. C. M. 8 LINES. From *Christian Heinrich Bink*, 1770-1846. Arr. *George F. Root*, 1860.



942.

PSALM 119.

1 THOU art my Portion, O my God!
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Oh! save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-Place,
My hope is in thy word.

6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfill;
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

943.

PSALM 119.

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
Oh! let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace!
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

4 My God! I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

944.

Purity of Heart and Life.

1 OH! may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

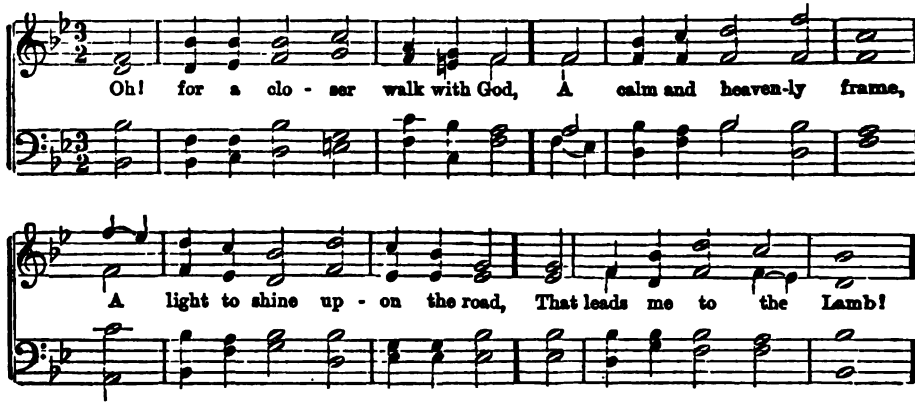
2 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear:
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

3 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

4 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies!

John Fawcett, 1782.

SUNDERLAND. C. M. *E. M. Whitaker, 1872.*



945. *Walking with God.*

1 Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light, to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast,

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1772.

946. Psalm 42.

1 With earnest longings of the mind,
My God! to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find,
And taste, the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 'T is with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

4 But why, my soul! sunk down so far,
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

5 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove,
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

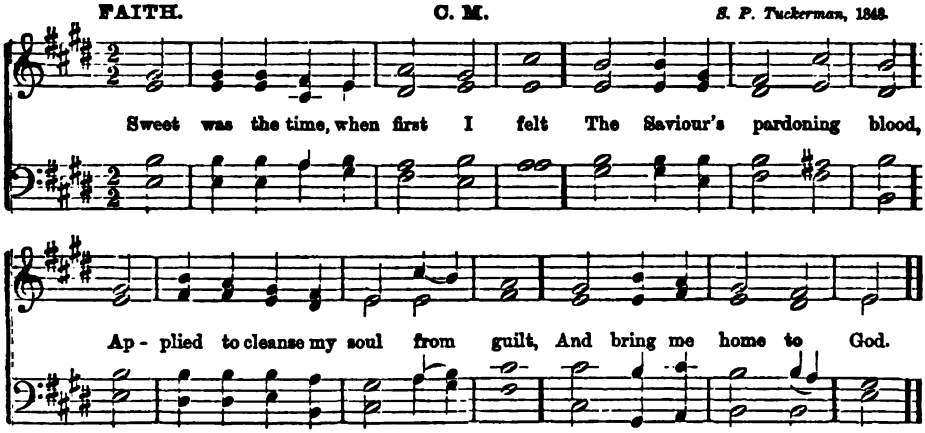
947. Psalm 90.

1 Return, O God of love! return,
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And, in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thine own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

Isaac Watts, 1719.



948.

Past Joys recalled.

1 SWEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And, when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And, when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Saviour! — help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail, —
Let me that mercy share.

John Newton, 1779: v. 5, a.

949.

Sins and Sorrows spread before God.

1 OH! that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise, —
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints, —
The language of their groans.

Isaac Watts, 1721.

950.

Unfruitfulness lamented.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord!
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!

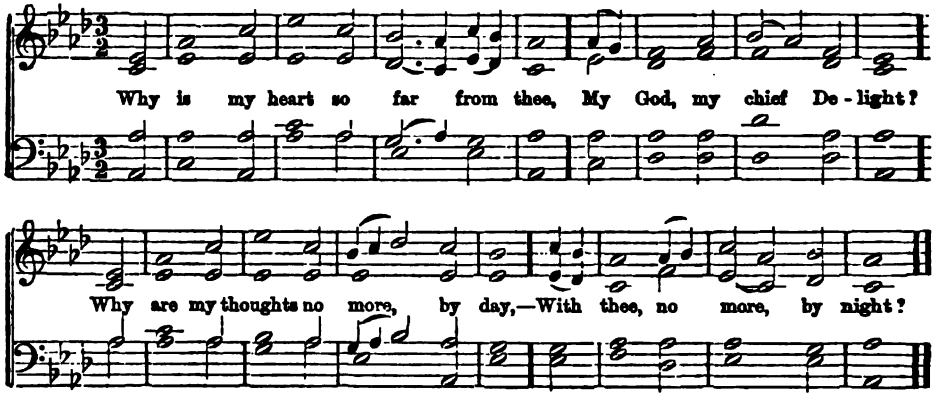
3 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

CADDO. C. M. *William B. Bradbury, 1853.*



951.

Fluctuating Love.

1 Why is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief Delight?
Why are my thoughts no more, by day,—
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,—
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes, I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is passed,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait, to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

6 Make haste, my days! to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,—
My God, my Saviour's breast.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

952.

The Sun of Righteousness.

1 Eternal Sun of righteousness!
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

2 Light, in thy light! Oh! may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

953.

Spiritual Sloth.

1 My drowsy powers! why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing 's half so dull.

2 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;—
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;—

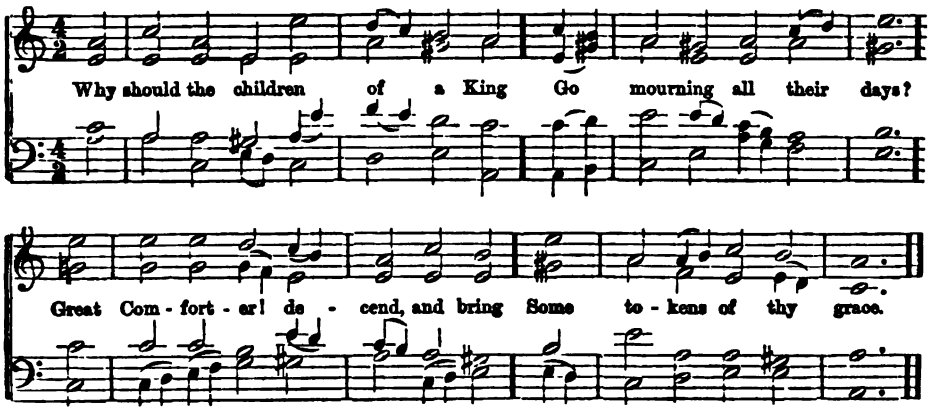
3 We, for whom God, the Son, came down,
And labored for our good;—
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

4 Lord! shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove! from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

5 Then shall our active spirits move,—
Upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We 'll fly and take the prize.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

WALSAL. C. M. *Henry Purcell, 1658-1695.*



954. *The witnessing and sealing Spirit.*

1 Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the Earnest of his love,
The Pledge of joys to come:
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove!
Will safe convey me home.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

955. *Repentance at the Cross.*

1 Oh! if my soul were formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs?
Repentance should like rivers flow,
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'T was for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the curséd tree,
And groaned away a dying life
For thee, my soul! for thee.

3 Oh! how I hate those lusts of mine,
That crucified my God.— [flesh
Those sins, that pierced and nailed his
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer! they shall die.
My heart has so decreed,
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst, with a melting broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I 'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

956. *Love to the Creatures.*

1 How vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

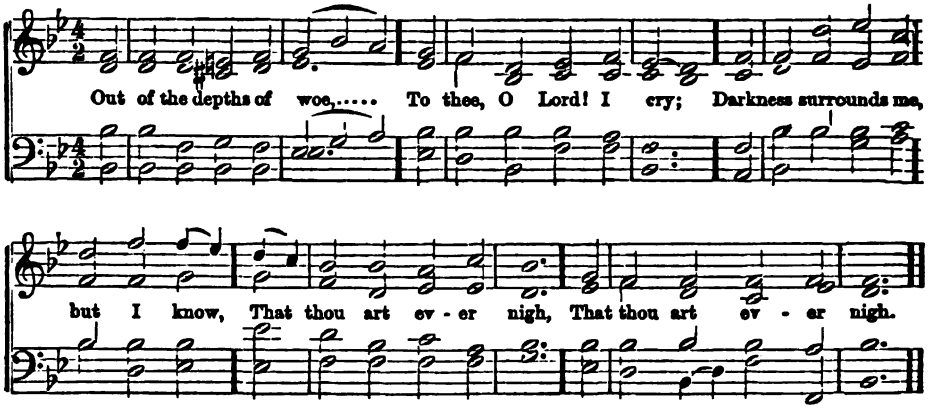
3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,—
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

PELTON. S. M. John M. Pelton, 1803.



957.

PSALM 130.

1 OUT of the depths of woe,
To thee, O Lord! I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That thou art ever nigh.

2 I cast my hope on thee;
Thou canst, thou wilt forgive;
Wert thou to mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight could live?

3 Humbly on thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin:
Lord! I am knocking at thy gate;
Open, and take me in.

4 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease;
For, lo! the swift-returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covénant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

James Montgomery, 1822.

958.

PSALM 25.

1 I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.

2 Sin and the powers of hell
Persuade me to despair;
Lord! make me know thy covenant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

3 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord! I wait
With ever-longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways;
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

959.

Sin crucified.

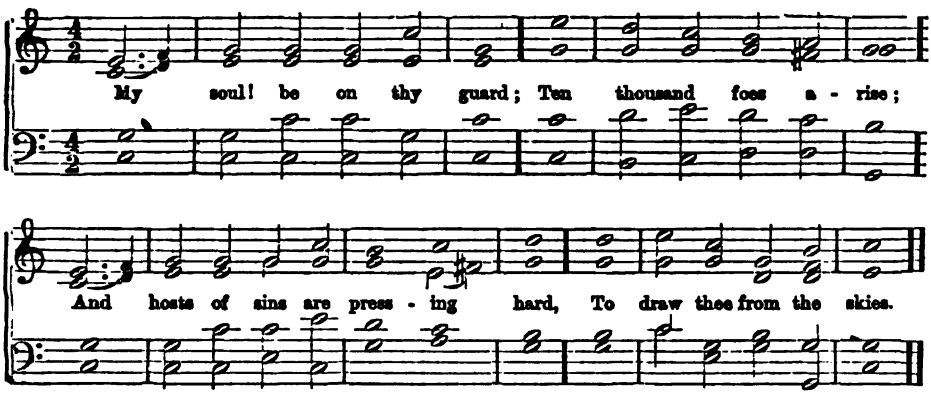
1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

LABAN. S. M. *Lowell Mason, 1830.*



960.

Watch and pray.

1 My soul! be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul! till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He 'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

George Heath, 1806.

961.

PSALM 25.

1 Mine eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me, from those dangerous ways,
My wandering feet have trod?

4 With every morning's light,
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

5 Oh! keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

6 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
"He sought the Lord in vain."

Isaac Watts, 1719.

962.

Backslidings lamented.

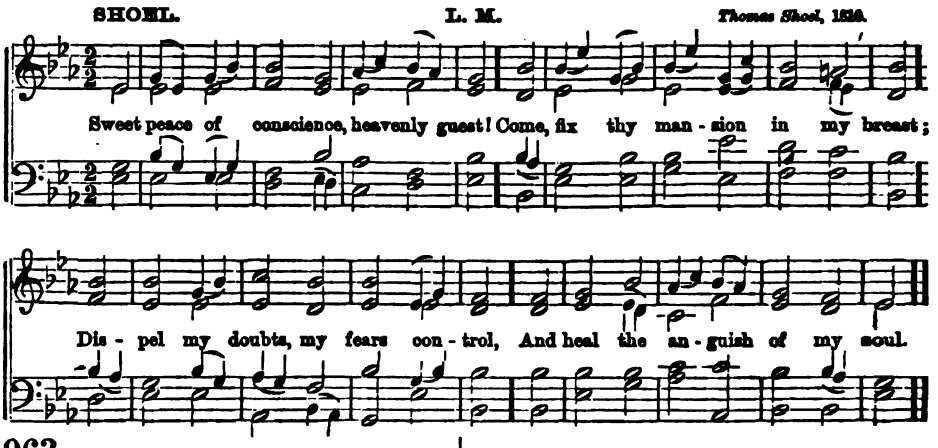
1 O Jesus, full of grace!
To thee I make my moan;
Let me again behold thy face;
Call home thy banished one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live;
Forgive, — my gasping spirit cries, —
Abundantly forgive.

4 Thine utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul, —
"In peace and full assurance go;
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Charles Wesley, 1756.



963.

A good Conscience.

1 Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest!
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere!
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 Thou God of hope and peace divine!
Oh! make these sacred pleasures mine;
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

4 Then should mine eyes, without a tear,
See death with all his terrors near;
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1768.

964.

Sustaining Grace.

1 My Hope, my All, my Saviour thou!
To thee, lo! now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour! in my heart.

2 Be thou my Strength, be thou my Way;
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour! near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Saviour be:
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour! to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour! reign alone.

5 My suffering time will soon be o'er;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

Anon., 1789.

965.

Peace after a Storm.

1 When darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush, that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

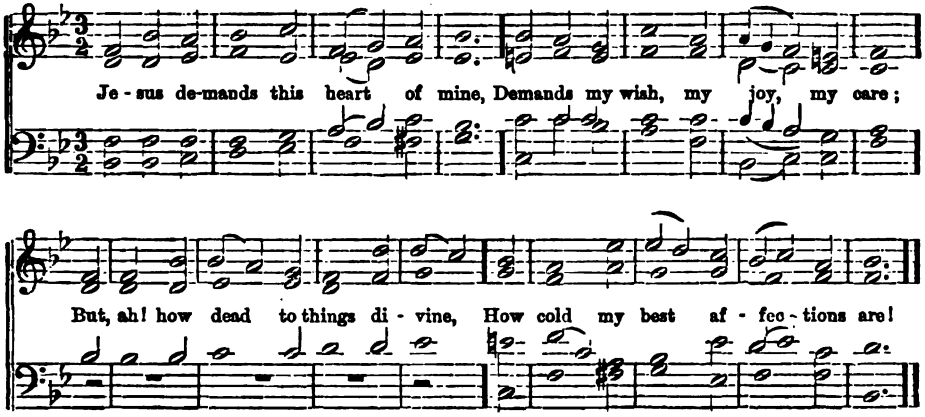
3 Oh! let me then at length be taught,—
What I am still so slow to learn,—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,—
Unskillful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

William Cowper, 1772.

GERMANY. L. M. From *Ludwig van Beethoven*, 1770-1827.



966.

Cold Affections.

1 JESUS demands this heart of mine,
Demands my wish, my joy, my care;
But, ah! how dead to things divine,
How cold my best affections are!

2 'T is sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
Oh! for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

3 Oh! let thy love shine forth and raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last expiring breath.

Anne Steele, 1760.

967.

Communing with the Heart.

1 RETURN, my roving heart! return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more,
Seek out some solitude, to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 And thou, my God! whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

968.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

1 I ASKED the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'T was he, who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that, in some favored hour,
At once he 'd answer my request,
And, by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

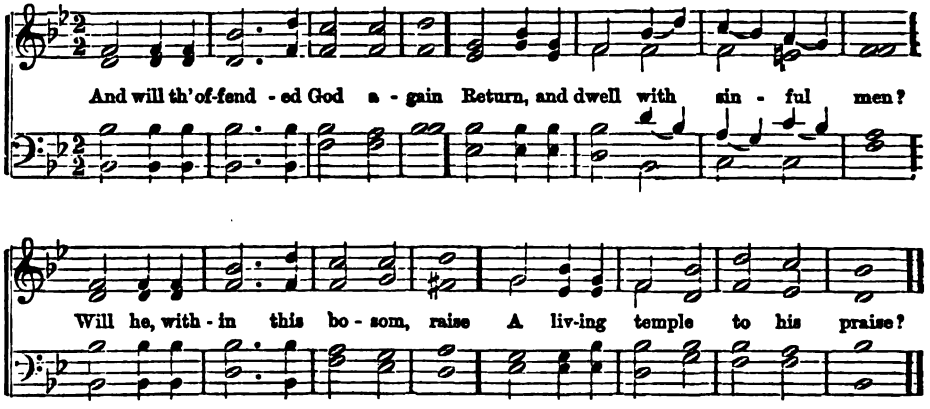
5 Yea, more, with his own hand, he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe,
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 "Lord! why is this?" I trembling cried,
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'T is in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayest seek thine all in me."

John Newton, 1779.

WELTON. L. M. *Oscar Melon, 1830.*



969. *The Spirit's gracious Return.*

1 And will th' offended God again
Return, and dwell with sinful men?
Will he, within this bosom, raise
A living temple to his praise?

2 The joyful news transports my breast;
All hail! I cry, thou heavenly Guest!
Lift up your heads, ye powers within!
And let the King of glory in.

3 Enter, with all thy heavenly train;
Here live, and here for ever reign;
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway;
Let love command, and I 'll obey.

4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet;
To thee I 'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

970. *The inconstant Heart.*

1 Ah! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart!
That can from Jesus thus depart;
Thus, fond of trifles, vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love!

2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away;
There 's naught beneath a power divine,
That can this roving heart confine.

3 Jesus! to thee I would return,
At thy dear feet, repentant, mourn;
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

4 Oh! let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul;
Bid every vanity depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

Anne Steele, 1760.

971. *An interceding Saviour.*

1 O thou, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end!
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me,—for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour! plead for me,—for me.

3 When I have erred, and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour! plead for me,—for me.

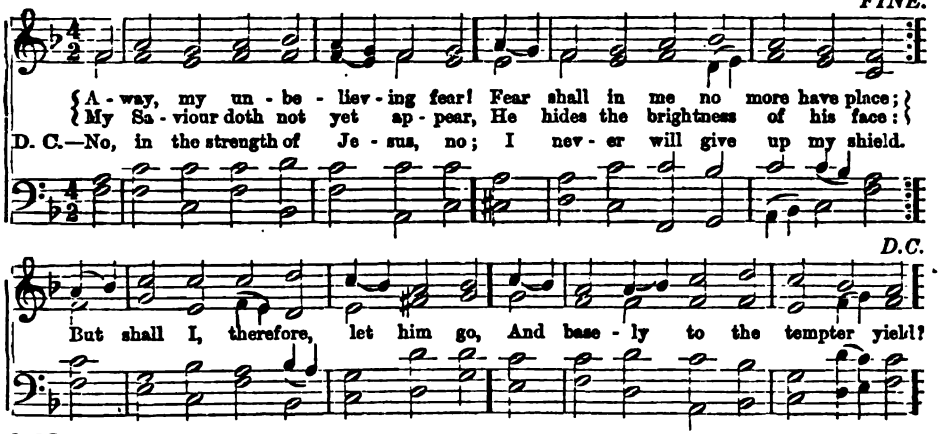
4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then, with thy pitying arms, enfold,
And plead, Oh! plead for me,—for me.

5 And, when my dying hour draws near
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me,—for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say thou hast washed them all away;
Oh! say, thou plead'st for me,—for me.

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

DRESDEN. L. M. 6 or 8 LINES. German. Arr. *Aaron Williams*, cir. 1760.



972.

Believing against Hope.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear;
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I, therefore, let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no;
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,—
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,—
The God of my salvation praise.

3 In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus my Lord and God I claim;
Jesus, my Strength, shall lift me up;
Salvation is in Jesus' name:
To me he soon shall bring it nigh;
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

973.

The Penitent's Prayer.

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love!
Oh! hear an humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,—
Thy throne of glorious majesty;
Oh! deign to listen to my voice,
And bid this drooping heart rejoice.

2 I urge no merits of my own,—
For I, alas! am all that 's vile;
No,—when I bow before thy throne,
Dare to converse with God awhile,
Thy name, blest Jesus! is my plea,—
That dearest, sweetest name to me.

3 Father of mercies, God of love! [cry;
Then, hear thine humble suppliant's
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty;
Oh! listen to a sufferer's voice!—
Then shall this bleeding heart rejoice.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1768

974.

The returning Wanderer.

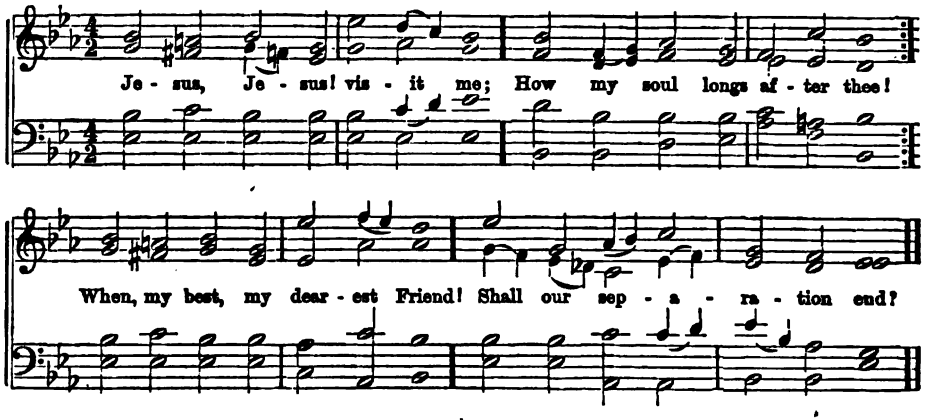
1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod:
Not without hope, for him I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus! full of pardoning grace,—
More full of grace than I of sin!
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou knowest the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
Oh! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

SOLITUDE. 7s. 4 or 6 LINES. L. F. Dumas, 1851.



975.

"Jesus! visit me."

1 JESUS, Jesus! visit me;
How my soul longs after thee!
When, my best, my dearest Friend!
Shall our separation end?

2 Lord! my longings never cease;
Without thee I find no peace;
'T is my constant cry to thee, —
Jesus, Jesus! visit me.

3 Mean the joys of earth appear,
All below is dark and drear;
Naught but thy belovéd voice
Can my wretched heart rejoice.

4 Thou alone, my gracious Lord!
Art my shield and great reward;
All my hope, my Saviour thou, —
To thy sovereign will I bow.

5 Come, inhabit then my heart;
Purge its sin, and heal its smart;
See, I ever cry to thee, —
Jesus, Jesus! visit me.

6 Patiently I wait thy day;
For this gift alone I pray,
That, when death shall visit me,
Thou my Light and Life wilt be.

Ger., *John Scheffler*, 1657.
Tr., *Robinson P. Dunn*, 1858.

976.

PSALM 6.

1 GENTLY, gently, lay thy rod,
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make, —
Heal me, for thy mercy's sake.

3 Who, within the silent grave,
Shall proclaim thy power to save?
Lord! my sinking soul reprieve;
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

4 Lo! he comes, — he heeds my plea,
Lo! he comes, — the shadows flee;
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit! and adore.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

977.

PSALM 42.

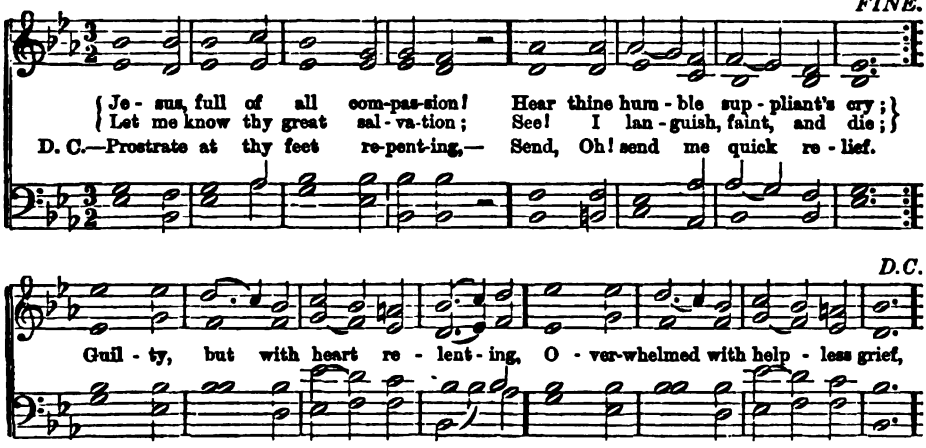
1 HEARKEN, Lord! to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints;
Thee, far off, I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the heights of Hermon glow.

2 Once the morning's earliest light
Brought thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard
Later than the evening bird;
Hast thou all my prayers forgot?
Dost thou scorn, or hear them not?

3 Why, my soul! art thou perplexed?
Why with faithless trouble vexed?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his counténance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine

James Montgomery, 1822.

ROBINSON. 8s & 7s. 8 LINES. *Thomas Hastings, 1837.*



978.

Clinging to the Cross.

1 JESUS, full of all compassion!
Hear thine humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation;
See! I languish, faint, and die:
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,—
Send, Oh! send me quick relief.

2 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?
While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the curséd tree,
Fain I 'd feel my heart believing
That thou sufferedst thus for me.

3 With thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am, more than angels, blessed;
Heir with thee, I all inherit,—
Peace, and joy, and endless rest:
On the word thy blood hath sealéd,
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thine arm be now revealéd;
Stay, Oh! stay me, lest I fall.

4 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord! be said,—
"Here 's a soul that perished, suing
For the boasted Saviour's aid!"
Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

Daniel Turner, 1787.

979.

Apprehension of Suffering.

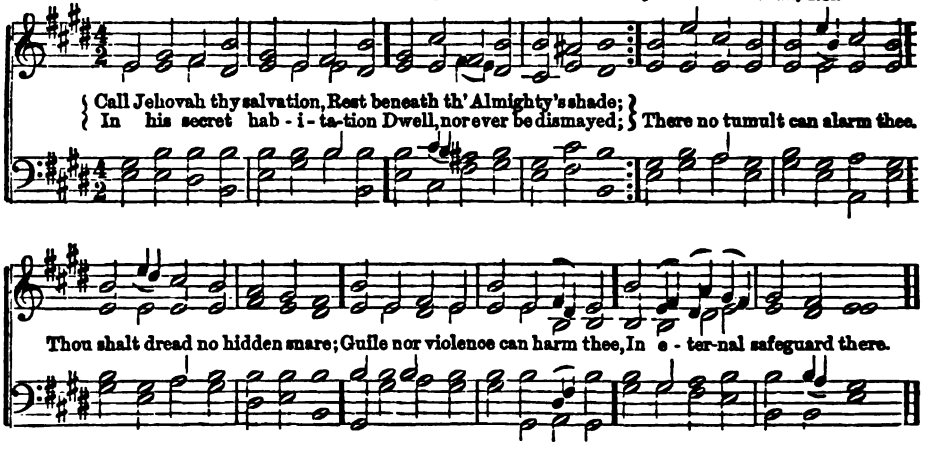
1 FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Author, God, of my salvation!
I thy timely aid implore;
Suffering Son of Man! be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain,
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In thy days of flesh below;
When thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe;
When thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.

3 By thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, satanic hour;
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power:
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

Charles Wesley, 1787.

HARMONY. 8s & 7s. 8 LINES. *George Frederick Händel, 1731.*



980.

PSALM 91.

1 CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight, blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and warm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above;
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief, reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery, 1822.

981.

"Always with us."

1 "ALWAYS with us, always with us:"—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.

With us, when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won:

2 With us, when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear:
With us, in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.

Edwin H. Nevin, 1858.

982.

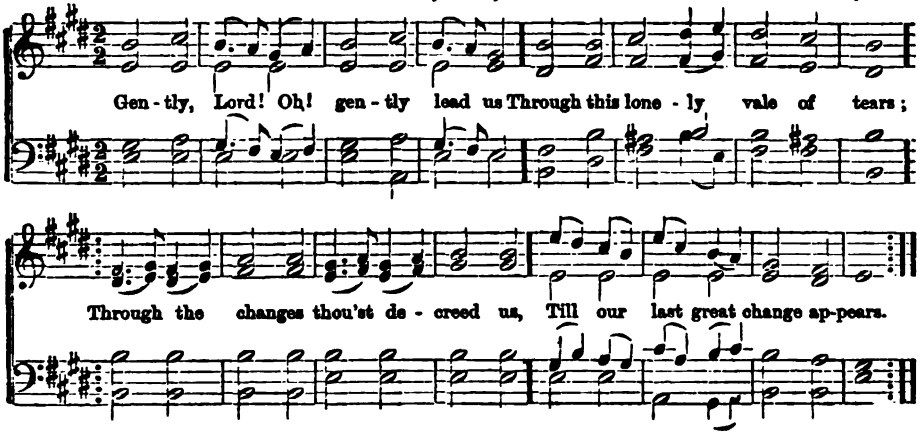
Onward and upward.

1 TAKE, my soul! thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine:
What a Saviour died to win thee!
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

2 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1820

SICILY. 8s & 7s, or 8s, 7s & 4. Sicilian Melody.



983.

Pilgrimage.

1 GENTLY, Lord! Oh! gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou 'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings, 1832.

984.

A funeral Hymn.

1 IN this world of sin and sorrow,
Compassed round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope that can exclude despair.

2 Thee, triumphant God and Saviour!
In the glass of faith we see,
Oh! assist each faint endeavor,
Raise our earth-born souls to thee.

3 Place that awful scene, before us,
Of the last tremendous day,
When to life thou shalt restore us;—
Lingering ages! haste away.

4 Then this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on:
Life-renewing, glorious Saviour!
Let thy gracious will be done.

Mrs. Judith [Cowper] Madan, 1763.

985.

Sorrow turned to Joy.

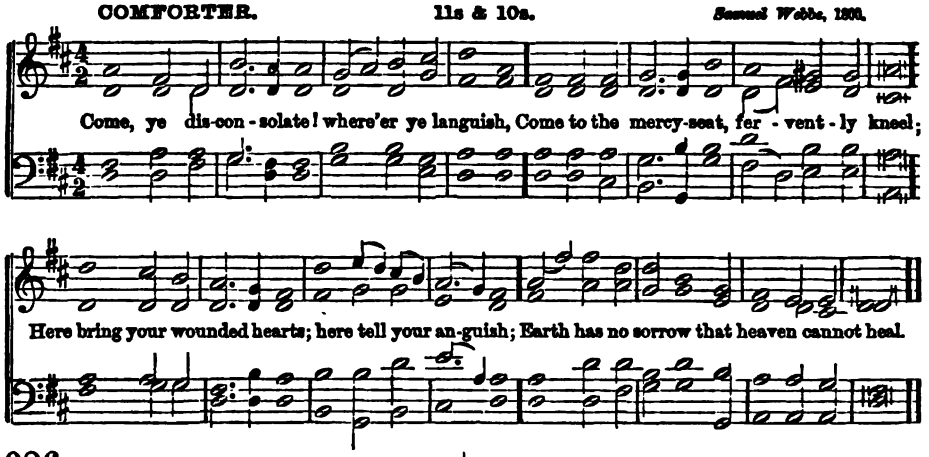
1 O MY soul! what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears begone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith, he 'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he 'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise him,—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

4 Oh! that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly hosts above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

John Fawcett, 1782.



986.

The Disconsolate comforted.

1 Come, ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish, [kneel;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently
Here bring your wounded hearts; here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow, that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure,—
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,—
Earth has no sorrow, that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love:
Come to the feast prepared; come, ever knowing,— [remove.
Earth has no sorrow, but heaven can

vs. 1, 2, by *Thomas Moore*, 1816.
v. 3, by *Thomas Hastings*.

987.

All in Christ. [Tune on p. 357.]

1 Come, Jesus, Redeemer! abide thou with me; [for thee;
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe every sorrow, though keen be the smart.

2 Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

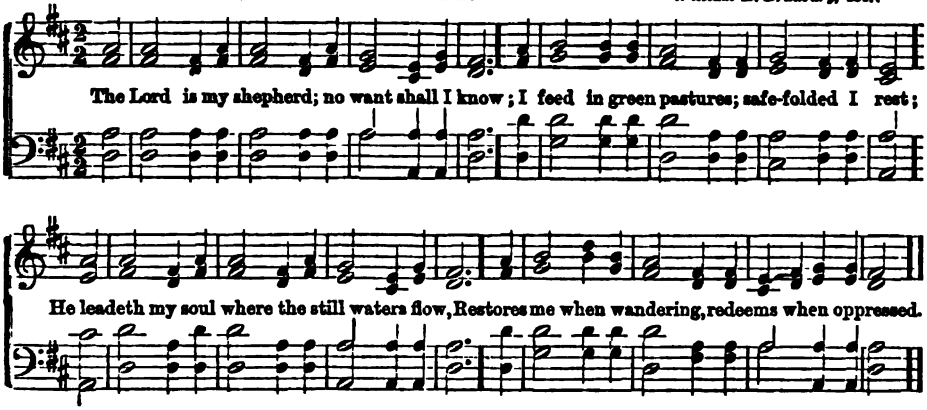
3 Thy love, Oh! how faithful! so tender, so pure! [fast and sure!
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how stead-
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace;
From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end, [ascend.
Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall

5 Oh! then, blessèd Jesus! who once for me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,
And praise thee for ever with raptures untold.

Ray Palmer, 1865.

LONGWOOD. 11s. *William B. Bradbury, 1847.*



988.

PSALM 23.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures; safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray, [fear;
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;—
Oh! what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God! [above;
Still follow my steps till I meet thee
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

James Montgomery, 1822.

989.

Faint, yet pursuing.

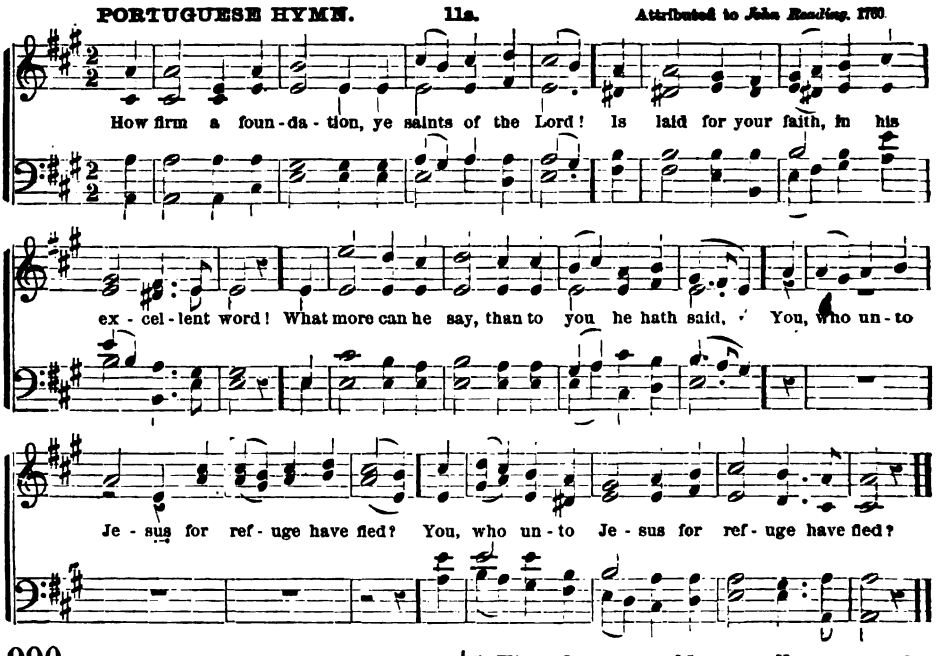
1 THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way; [stay;
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak, and oppressed — he will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? — our help is in God!

3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads; [feeds!
His flock in the desert how kindly he
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So, faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

Anon., 18—.



990.

The Promises of Christ.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith, in his excellent word! [said,
What more can he say, than to you he hath
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, Oh! be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; [thee to stand,
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When, through the deep waters, I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, [ply;
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy sup-
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design [refine.
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to

5 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love:
And, when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, [be borne.
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom

6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, [sake."
I'll never,—no, never,—no, never for-

K——. 1787.

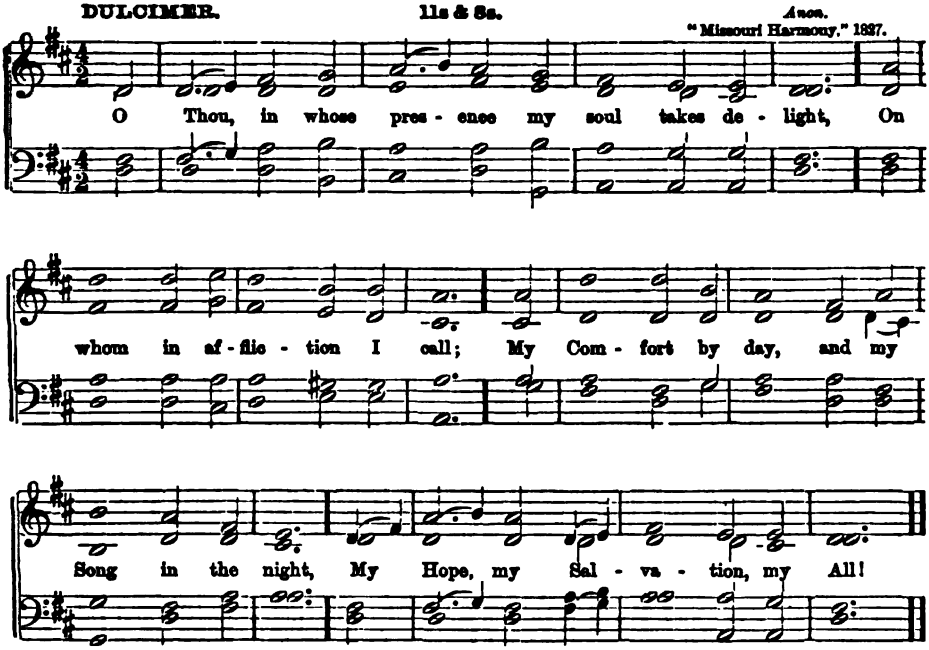
991.

The Home above.

1 My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials appear?
Be hushed, my dark spirit! the worst that can come, [thee home.
But shortens thy journey, and hastens

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them, O Lord! in thy sheltering breast.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1833.



992. *Mourning an absent Saviour.*

1 O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My Comfort by day, and my Song in the night,
My Hope, my Salvation, my All!

2 Where dost thou, at noontide, resort with thy sheep
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 Oh! why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 The joy of thy presence, dear Shepherd! restore;
I pant for the light of thy face;
An alien no longer, I 'll wander no more,
But dwell in my Saviour's embrace.

Anon., 1816.

993. *Comfort restored.*

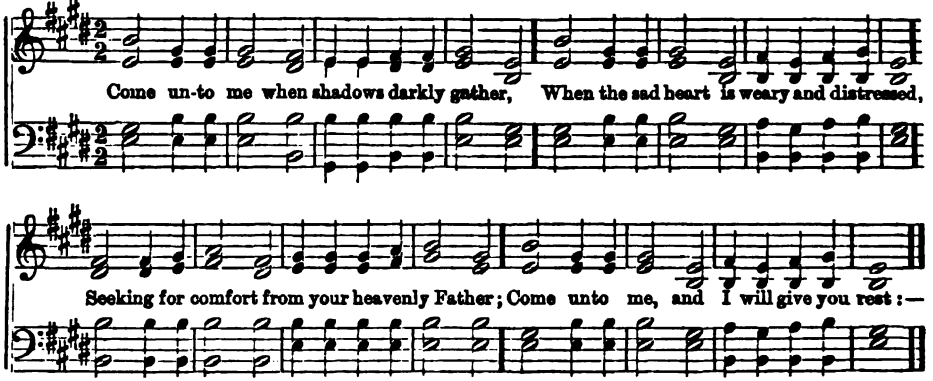
1 Ye daughters of Zion! declare, have you seen
The Star that on Israél shone?
Say, if in your tents my Belovéd has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

2 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebánon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

3 The voice of my Shepherd saluteth mine ear,
It fills me with sweetest delight;
His presence dispels all my sorrow and fear,
And puts my distresses to flight.

Anon., 1816.

HENLEY. 11s & 10s. *Lowell Mason, 1854.*



994.

Coming to Christ for Rest.

1 COME unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father;
Come unto me, and I will give you rest: —

2 Ye, who have mourned, when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

Anon., 1854.

995.

Yearning for divine Peace.

1 FATHER! in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

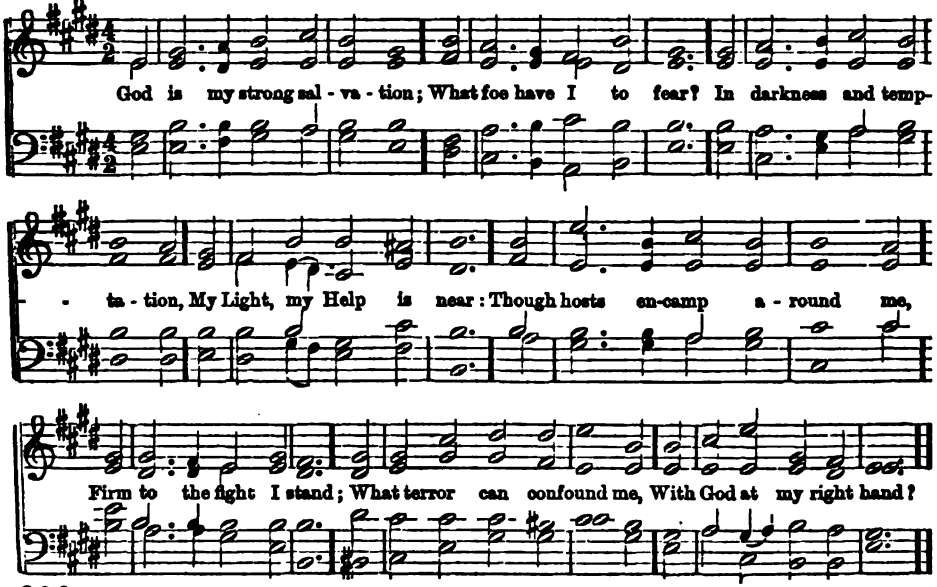
2 Lord! we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow;
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 In the heart's depths, a peace serene and holy
Abides; and, when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, Oh! may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

4 Now, Father! now in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;
Now make us strong; we need thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

S. Johnson.

HODGES. 7s & 6s. 8 LINES. *John S. B. Hodges, 1869.*



996. PSALM 27.

1 GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul! with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery, 1822.

997. *Joy and Peace in believing.*

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian, while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

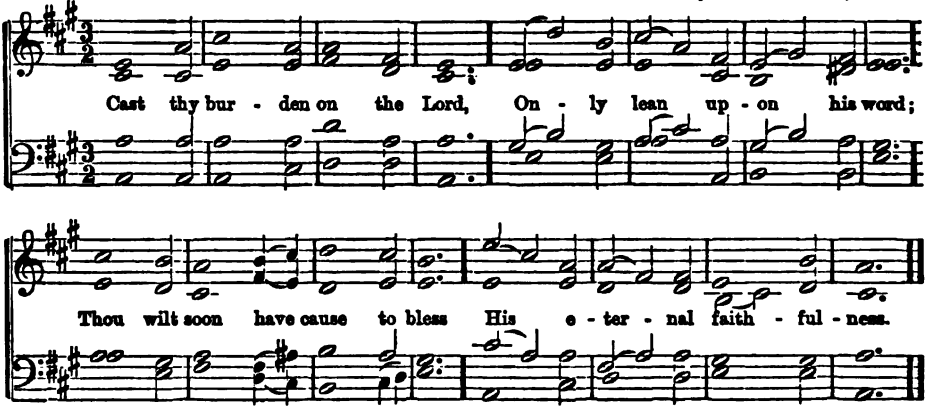
2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

John Newton, 1779.

HORTON. 7s. *Xavier Schnyder von Wartensee, 1786.*



998.

God's Faithfulness.

1 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,
From his grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus! Guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant Rock;
Make us, by thy powerful hand,
Strong as Sion's mountain stand.

Rowland Hill, 1783.

999.

The sympathizing Son of Mary.

1 When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary! hear.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Gracious Son of Mary! hear.

3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary! hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Gracious Son of Mary! hear.

5 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary! hear.

6 Thou, the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Gracious Son of Mary! hear.

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

1000.

All-sufficient Grace.

1 Wait, my soul! upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

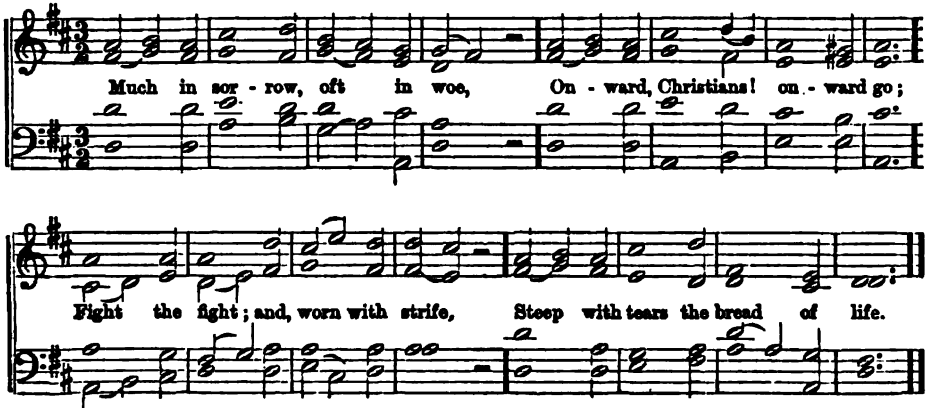
2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace;
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayest see;
This is still thy sweet relief,—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of ages! I'm secure,
With thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure,—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

William F. Lloyd, 1835.

DALLAS. 7s. From *Luigi Cherubini*, 1760-1842.



1001.

The Christian Soldier cheered.

1 Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians! onward go;
Fight the fight; and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians! onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not; — much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward, then; to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers! onward go.

First 10 lines, *Henry Kirke White*, 1806.
Completed by *Fanny Fuller Maitland*, 1827.

1002.

The Cross welcomed.

1 'T is my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith, to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

William Cowper, 1772.

1003.

Strength for the Faint.

1 Faint not, Christian! though the road,
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous too,
Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through

2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage
Satan would thy soul engage;
Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.

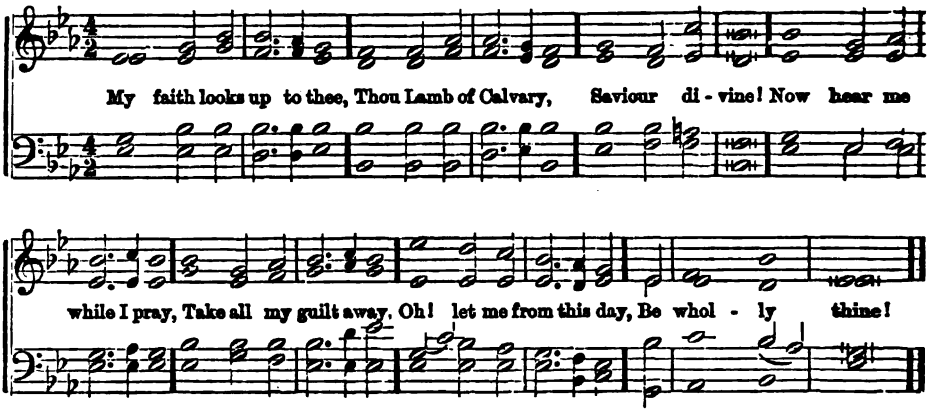
3 Faint not, Christian! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurled;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

4 Faint not, Christian! though within
There 's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, the Lord, is over all;
He 'll not suffer thee to fall.

5 Faint not, Christian! Christ is near;
Soon in glory he 'll appear;
And his love will then bestow
Vict'ry over every foe.

Anon., 1833.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. *Lowell Mason, 1832.*



1004.

Looking to Jesus.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh! let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer, 1830.

1005.

Jesus, All in All.

1 Jesus! thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! thou art all to me;
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

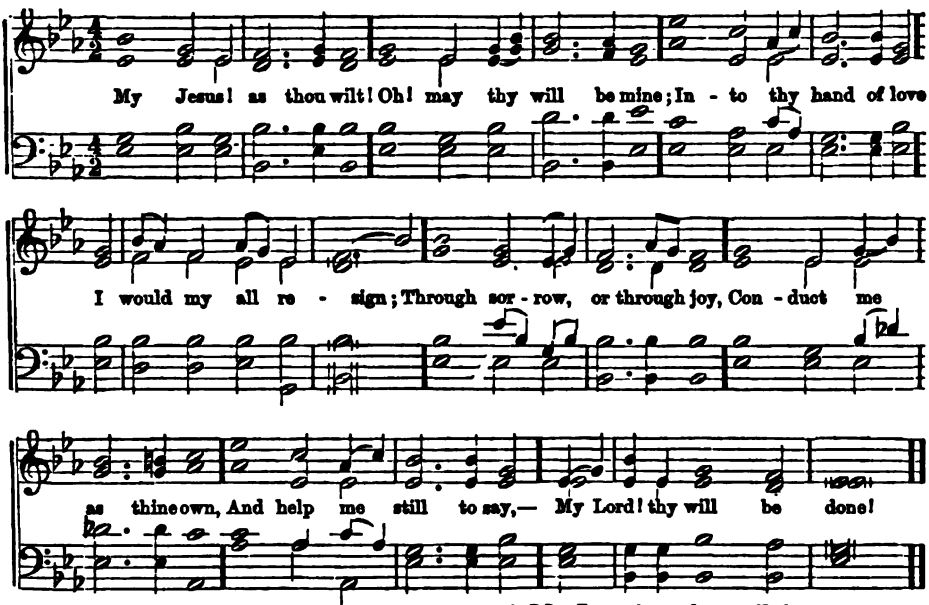
2 Thou, blessèd Son of God!
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! how great is thy love,
All other loves above,—
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my Refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care?
Since thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again,
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

Anon., 18[illegible].

AGATHA. 6s. 8 lines. From *Carl Maria von Weber*, 1820.



1006.

"Mein Jesu! wie Du willst!"

1 My Jesus! as thou wilt!
Oh! may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,—
My Lord! thy will be done!

2 My Jesus! as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear:
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord! thy will be done!

3 My Jesus! as thou wilt!
If loved ones must depart,
Suffer not sorrow's flood
To overwhelm my heart;
For they are blest with thee;
Their race and conflict won;
Let me but follow them;
My Lord! thy will be done!

4 My Jesus! as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,—
My Lord! thy will be done!

Ger., *Benjamin Schmolke*, 1716.
Tr., *Jane Borthwick*, 1854.

1007.

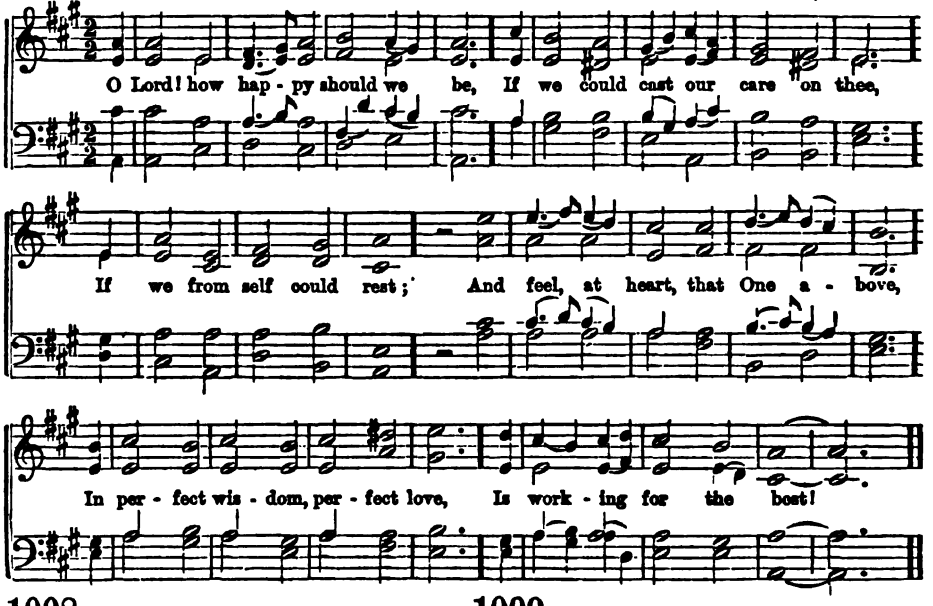
Thy Way, not mine.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord!
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me;
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God!
So shall I walk aright.

2 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth:
Not mine,—not mine,—the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

RAPTURE. C. P. M. *Edward Harwood, 1767-1787.*



1008.

Casting all Care on God.

1 O Lord! how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel, at heart, that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

2 How far from this our daily life,
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms!
Oh! could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On thine almighty arms!—

3 Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise, with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear, in that we fear!

4 Lord! make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

Joseph Anstice, 1836.

1009.

Resignation.

1 O Lord! in sorrow I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve or fear;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes,
Or, into smiles of glad surprise,
Transform the falling tear.

2 My sole possession is thy love;
On earth beneath, in heaven above,
I have no other store:
And though, with fervent suit I pray
And importune thee, night and day,
I ask thee nothing more.

Fr., Mme. de la M. Guyon, 1710.
Tr., William Cowper, 1782, a.

1010.

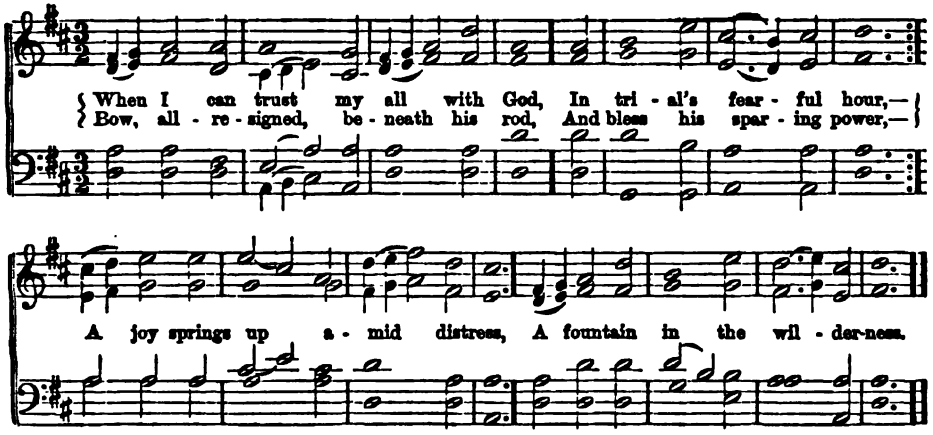
Looking unto Jesus.

1 Children of light! arise and shine;
Your birth, your hopes, are all divine,
Your home is in the skies:
Oh! then, for heavenly glory born,
Look down on all, with holy scorn,
That earthly spirits prize.

2 O blessèd Lord! we yet shall reign,
Redeemed from sorrow, sin, and pain,
And walk with thee in white:
We suffer now; but, Oh! at last
We'll bless thee, Lord! for all the past,
And own our cross was light.

Edward Denny, 1839.

CONDER. C. L. M. *Thomas Hastings, 1831.*



1011.

Patient in Tribulation.

1 When I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,—
Bow, all-resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power,—
A joy springs up amid distress,—
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege; and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

3 Then, blesséd be the hand that gave;
Still blesséd when it takes;
Blesséd be he, who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

Josiah Conder, 1824.

1012.

PSALM 116.

1 I love the Lord, whose gracious ear
Was open to my cry;
He bade me, in the time of fear,
Upon his grace rely:
Long as I live I'll trust his care,
To him address my fervent prayer.

2 Death's sorrows had encompassed me,
I felt the pains of hell;
On every side was misery,
My woes no tongue could tell:
Then I broke forth, without control,
"Lord! I beseech thee, save my soul!"

3 Tender and gracious is his name;
Our God is ever kind;
The meek shall his protection claim,
The humble, mercy find:
Unto thy rest, my soul! return,
The bounties of thy God discern.

4 The Lord hath kept my soul from death,
Preserved mine eyes from tears,
My feet from falling, where beneath
Were spread the fowler's snares;
Living, I'll walk before the Lord;
His name for ever be adored.

Thomas Hastings, 1836.

1013.

Divine Sympathy.

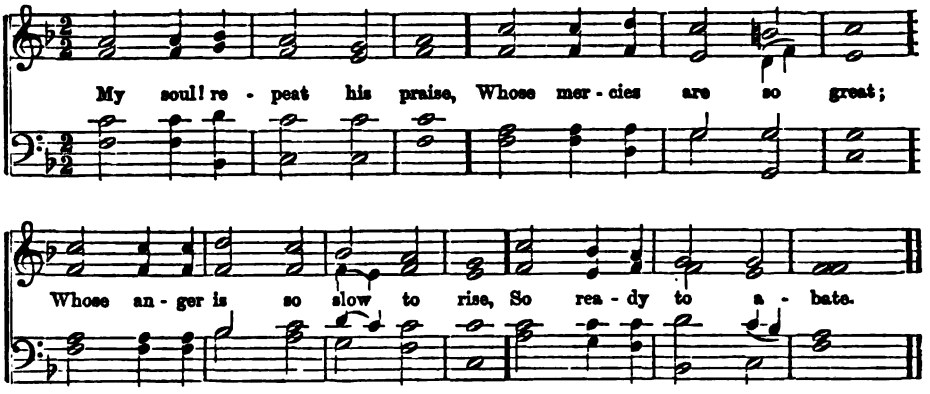
1 Lord of my life! whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly, at the hour of prayer,
Before thy throne I bow;
I bless thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

2 Oh! may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow;
To thee and to thy glory live,
Dead to all else below;—
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

3 With prayer, my humble praise I bring,
For mercies day by day;
Lord! teach my heart thy love to sing,
Lord! teach me how to pray;
All that I have, I am, to thee
I offer, through eternity!

"Q. Chelsea," 1836.

DETROIT. S. M. *Eurotus P. Hastings, 1846.*



1014. PSALM 103.

1 My soul! repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And, when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1015. PSALM 103.

1 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord!
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1016. PSALM 73.

1 Sure, there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain,
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honor shine.

3 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought,
To learn thy justice thence.

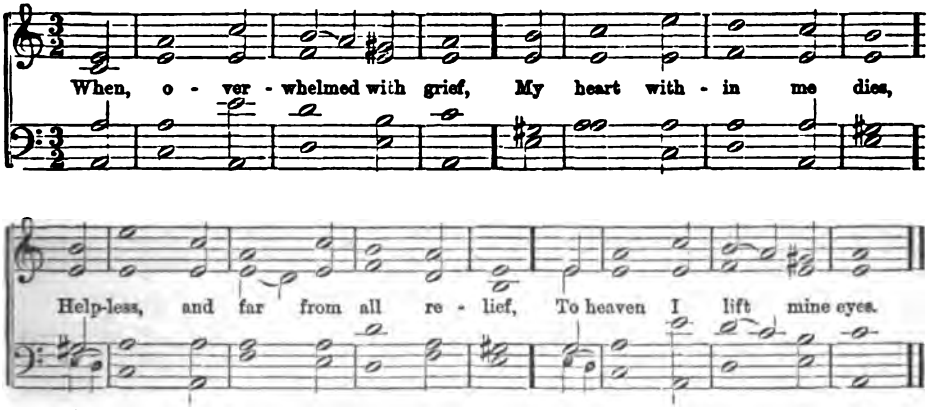
4 Thy word, with light and power,
Did my mistakes amend;
I viewed the sinners' life before,
But here I learned their end.

5 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
And Oh! that dreadful fiery deep,
That waits their fall below!

6 Lord! at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M. *Aaron Williams' Coll., 1760.*



1017.

PSALM 61.

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh! lead me to the rock
That 's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings,
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord!
For ever I 'll abide;
Thou art the Tower of my defence,
The Refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givést me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1018.

God's Hand in Sorrow.

1 IT is thy hand, my God!
My sorrow comes from thee;
I bow beneath thy chastening rod,
'T is love that bruises me.

2 I would not murmur, Lord!
Before thee I am dumb; [word,
Lest I should breathe one murm'ring
To thee for help I come.

3 My God! thy name is Love;
A Father's hand is thine;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, "Thy will be mine!"

4 I know thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it may appear.

5 Jesus for me hath died;
Thy Son thou didst not spare;
His pierced hands, his bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

6 Here my poor heart can rest;
My God! it cleaves to thee:
Thy will is love; thine end is blest;
All work for good to me.

James George Deck, 1843.

1019.

PSALM 125.

1 FIRM and unmoved are they,
That rest their souls on God; —
Firm, as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

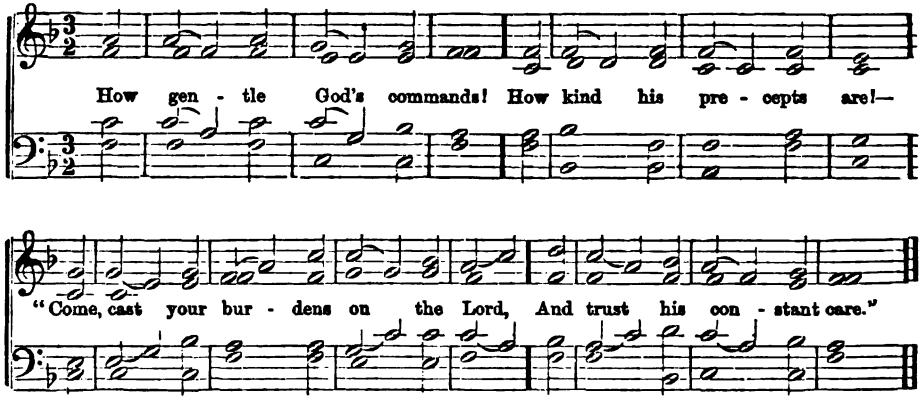
3 What, though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke?
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep.
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord! with those,
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and every grace
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

DENNIS. S. M.

From *Hans George Nägeli*, 1773-1836.
Adapted by *Lowell Mason*, 1839.



1020.

Burdens cast on God.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!—
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear his song away.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

1021.

"Befiehl du deine Wege."

1 Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

3 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

4 What, though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim,—God sitteth on the throne.
And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose, and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, his way
How wise, how strong his hand!

Ger., *Paul Gerhardt*, 1666.
Tr., *John Wesley*, 1739.

1022.

The Cross and Crown.

1 Oh! what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

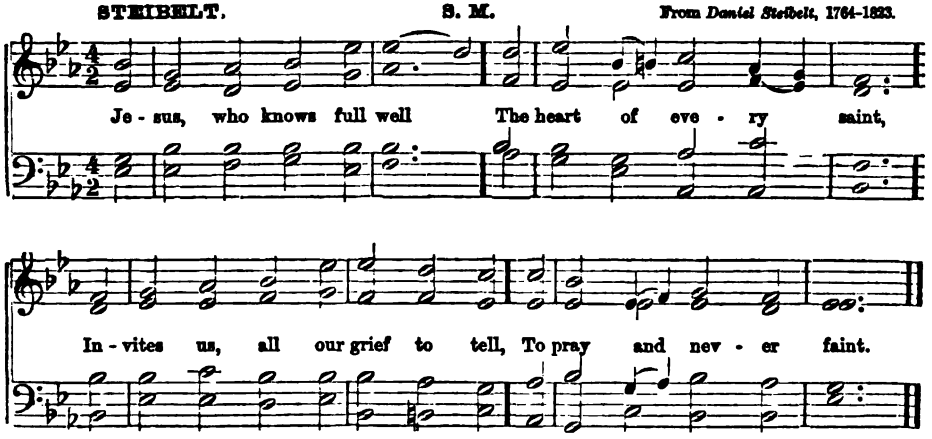
2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord! may that grace be ours,
Like them, in faith, to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

5 Enough, if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

Henry W. Baker, 1868.



1023.

Importunity.

1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us, all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

John Newton, 1779, a.

1024.

Jesus, the Mourner's All.

1 THOU very present Aid
In suffering and distress!
The soul, which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul, by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
Midst raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
And makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
In vain the creature streams are dry
I have the Fountain still.

6 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One,
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ alone.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

1025.

Trusting all with God.

1 "MY times are in thy hand:"
My God! I wish them there;
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

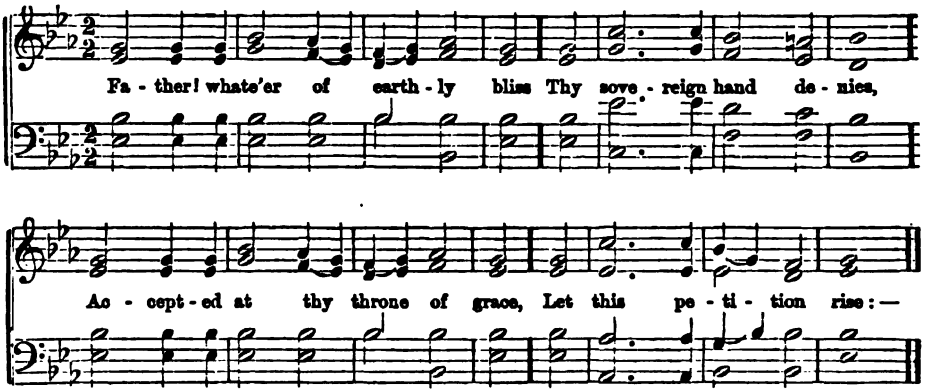
2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"—
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee;
Till I possess the promised land,
And all thy glory see.

Wm. Freeman Lloyd 1836.

NAOMI. C. M. *Lowell Mason, 1836.*



1026. *Resignation.*

1 FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope, that thou art mine,
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end."

Anne Steele, 1760.

1027. *Hope in Affliction.*

1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain!

2 'T is not, that murm'ring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'T is not, that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still;—

3 It is, that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle-plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 It is, that hope with ardor glows
To see him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is, that harassed conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, though afar, the hand, that heals,
And ends her war within.

6 Oh! let me wing my hallowed flight,
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

Gerard T. Noel, 1811.

1028. PSALM 39.

1 GOD of my life! look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel!
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord!
They come at thy command;
I 'll not attempt a murm'ring word,
Against thy chastening hand.

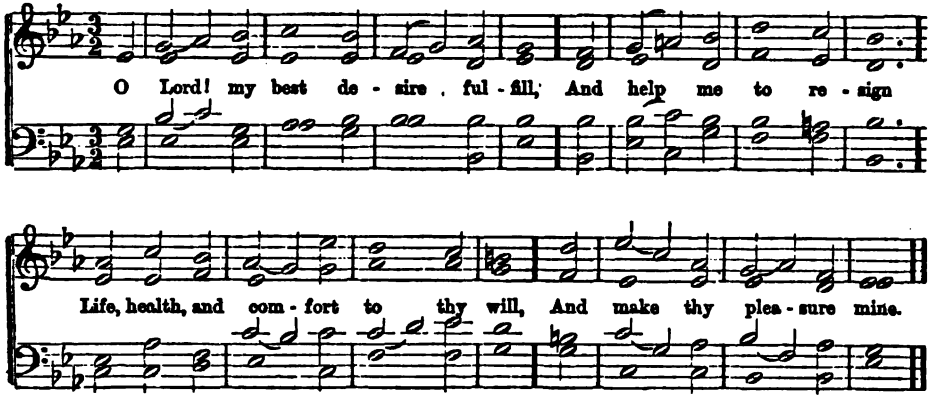
3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,—
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 I 'm a sojourner here below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear.

5 But, if my life be spared awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I 'll declare thy love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

LETITIA. C. M. S. P. W—, 1872.



1029. *Submission.*

1 O LORD! my best desire fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'T is better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

6 But, ah! my inmost spirit cries,—
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud, that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

William Cowper, 1772.

1030. *Resignation.*

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My chief enjoyments come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 O Lord! shouldst thou withhold them all,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were by me possessed,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
If all the world were gone,
But seek substantial happiness,
In thee, and thee alone.

Benjamin Beddome, 1778.

1031. *Submission to Affliction.*

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

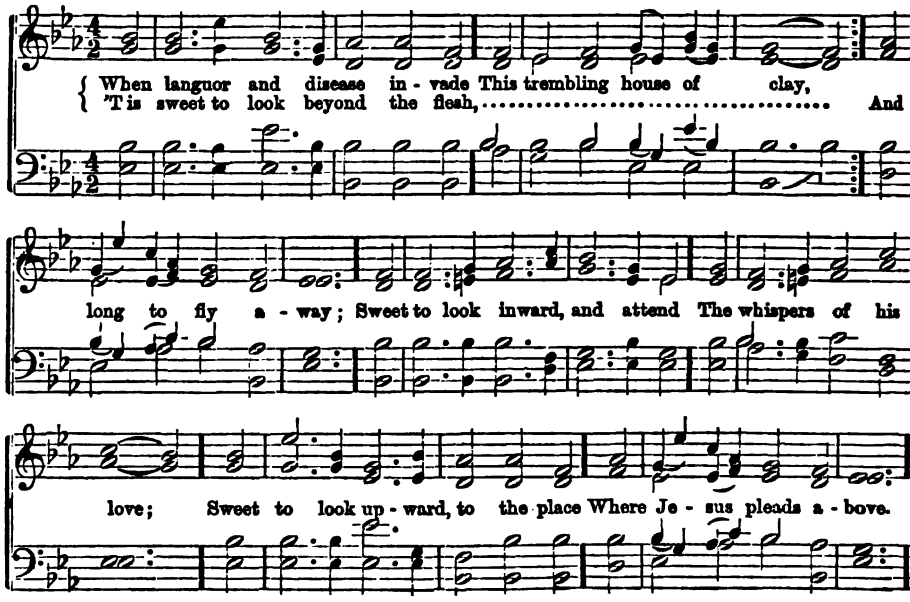
3 'T is God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and — blessèd be his name! —
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions! then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent, at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives
Its praises shall be spread;
And we 'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. 8 LINES. From *Ignace Pleyel*, 1757-1831.



1032.

Consolations in Illness.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'T 'is sweet to look beyond the flesh,
And long to fly away;
Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

2 Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember, that his blood
My debt of sufferings paid;
Sweet on his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

3 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his:
If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the Fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee?

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

1033.

Rest in the divine Will.

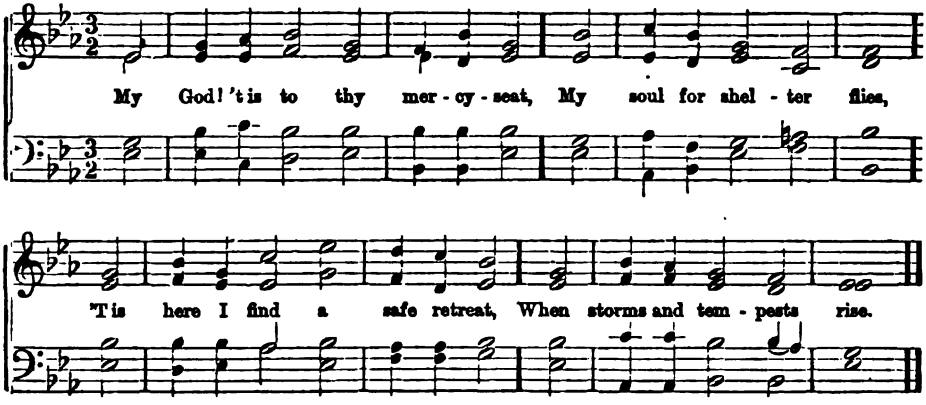
1 WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled!
Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee:
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will:
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen Maria Williams, 1786.

ERWAN. C. M. *Rufus Jones, 1871.*



1034. *Refuge and Strength in God.*

1 My God! 't is to thy mercy-seat,
My soul for shelter flies;
'T is here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God! art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
And let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

Anne Steele, 1760.

1035. *Refuge only in God's Grace.*

1 Dear Refuge of my weary soul!
On thee, when sorrows rise,—
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee, I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But, Oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf, when I complain?

5 No; still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
Oh! may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

6 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

Anne Steele, 1760.

1036. *Filial Submission.*

1 And can my heart aspire so high,
To say,—"My Father, God!"
Lord! at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

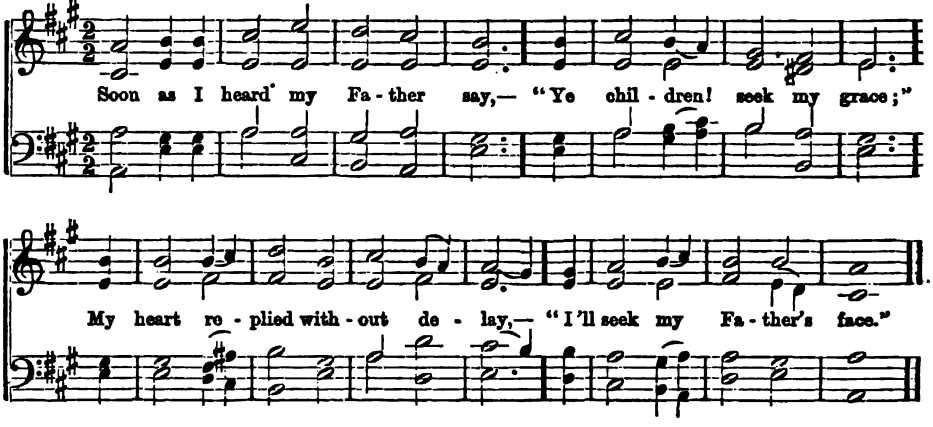
2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father!" Oh! permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

Anne Steele, 1760.

DEDHAM. C. M. *William Gardiner*, 1830.



1037.

PSALM 27.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,—
"Ye children! seek my grace;"
My heart replied without delay,—
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life! I fly to thee,
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want, or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed,
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints!
And keep your courage up;
He 'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1038.

Support in God's Covenant.

1 MY God! the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And, in its matchless grace, I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What, though my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire?
To nobler joys, than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become;
Jesus, my Guardian, and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;—

4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And, when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

1039.

PSALM 40.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

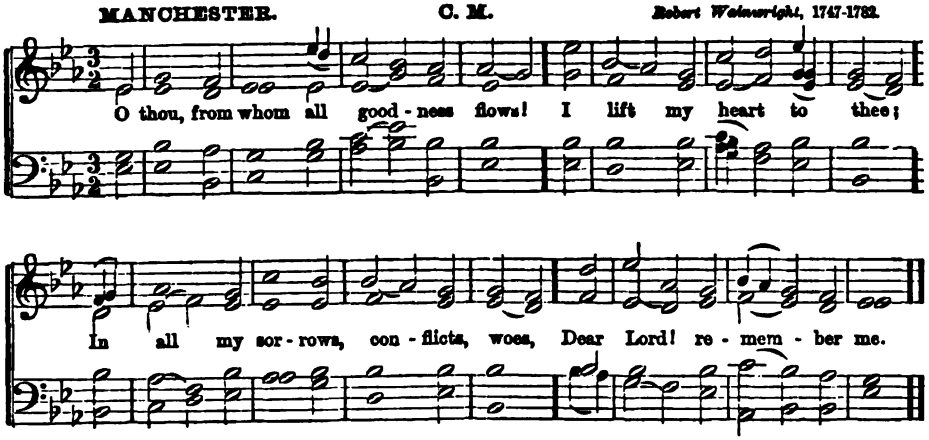
2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue,
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn, to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord! how great!
We have not words nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.

Isaac Watts, 1719.



1040. "Remember me."

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows!
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord! remember me.

2 When, groaning, on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love, remember me.

3 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me!

4 The hour is near — consigned to death,
I own the just decree;
Saviour! with my last parting breath,
I'll cry — "Remember me!"

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

1041. The Believer's Portion.

1 IF Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things and things to come,
And grace and glory too.

2 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.

3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee:
He, the Dispenser of all good,
Is more than these to me.

4 If he is mine, I'll fearless pass
Through death's tremendous vale;
He 'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

5 Let Jesus tell me, he is mine;
I nothing want beside:
My soul shall at the Fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

Benjamin Beddome, 1776.

1042. PSALM 91.

1 THERE is a safe and secret place,
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
Oh! be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

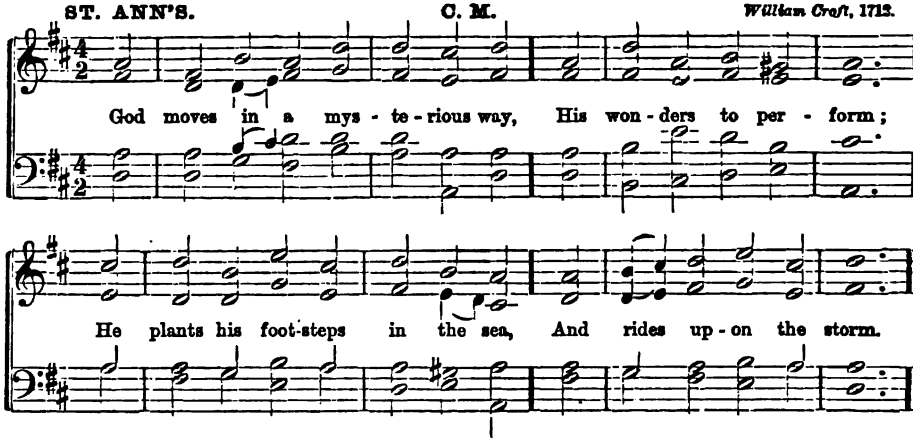
3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

4 He feeds in pastures, large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God! O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. *William Croft, 1712.*



1043.

Light shining out of Darkness.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take;
The clouds, ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1772.

1044.

Chastening in Love.

1 O thou, whose mercy guides my way!
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,—
There is no mercy here.

2 Oh! grant me, to desire the pain,
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's supremest gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The very hand, that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

James Edmeston, 1820

1045.

"We know in Part."

1 Thy way, O God! is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 'T is but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

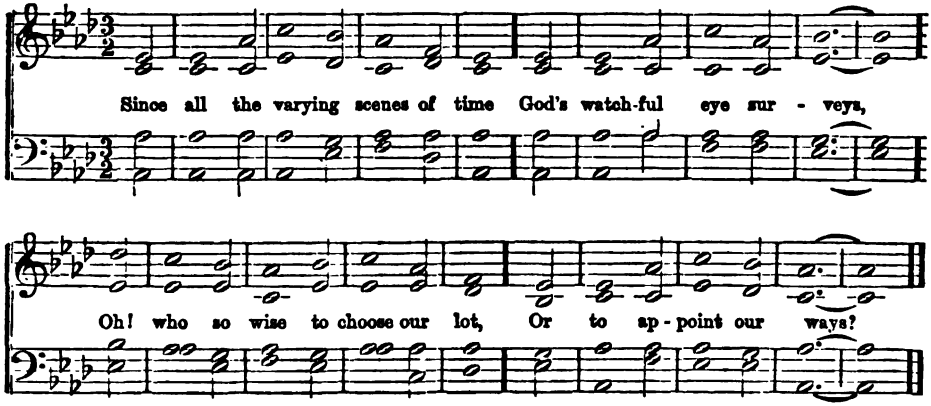
3 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround,
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

4 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

5 With rapture I shall soon survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett, 1782.

EVAN. C. M. Celtic Melody. Arr., *William Henry Havergal*, 1849.



1046.

Confidence in God's Government.

1 Since all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh! who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?

2 Good, when he gives—supremely good;
Nor less, when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God! inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb!

James Hervey, 1745, a.

1047.

Strength from Heaven.

1 Whence do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where 's our courage fled?
Have restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' almighty Name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease;
But we, that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1048.

Fears removed.

1 Ye trembling souls! dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;—
Mercy, which, like a river, flows
In one perpetual stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell:
God will those powers restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

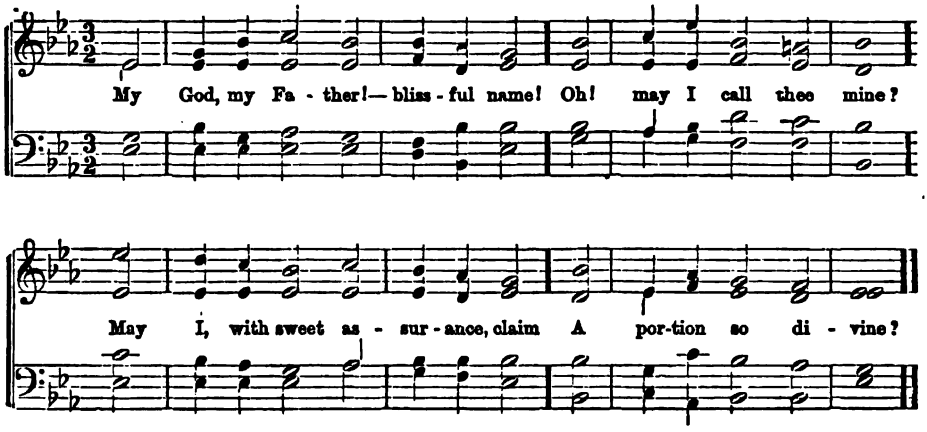
3 Fear not the want of outward good;
For his he will provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He 's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

Benjamin Beddome, 1780.

DOWNS. C. M. *Lowell Mason, 1832.*



1049. PSALM 31.

1 My God, my Father!—blissful name!
Oh! may I call thee mine?
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise;
Oh! bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh! give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

5 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?

6 My God, my Father! be thy name
My solace and my stay;
Oh! wilt thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away?

Anne Steele, 1760.

1050. *Watchfulness and Prayer.*

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, Oh! let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance—ah! how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Oh! keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

Anne Steele, 1760.

1051. *Comfort for the Mourner.*

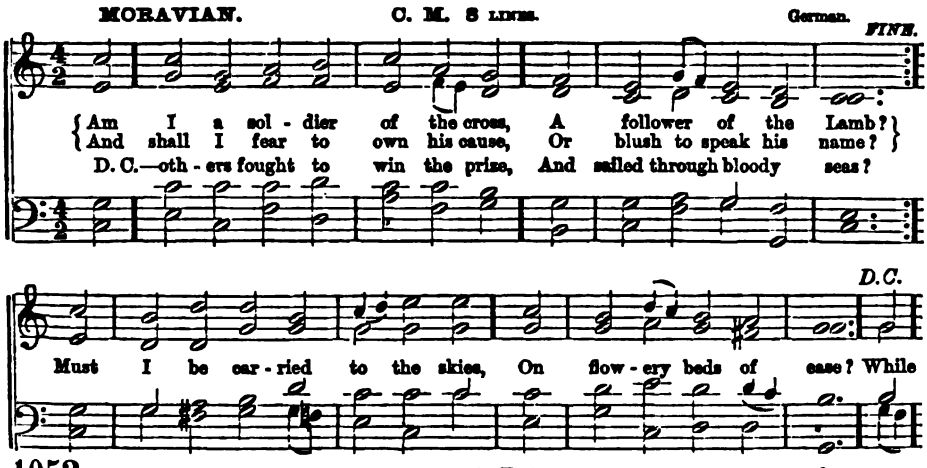
1 O THOU, who driest the mourner's tear!
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love [gloom,
Come, brightly wafting, through the
Our peace-branch from above?

4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Thomas Moore, 1816.



1052. *Holy Fortitude.*

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure, I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts, 1723.

1053. *The Presence of God in Affliction.*

1 Thy gracious presence, O my God!
My every wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

2 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul;
Without it, all is night.

3 My Lord, my Life! Oh! cheer my heart,
With thy reviving ray;
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day.

4 Oh! happy scenes of pure delight,
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart!

Anne Steele, 1760.

1054. *The Peace of God.*

1 We bless thee for thy peace, O God!
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee;—

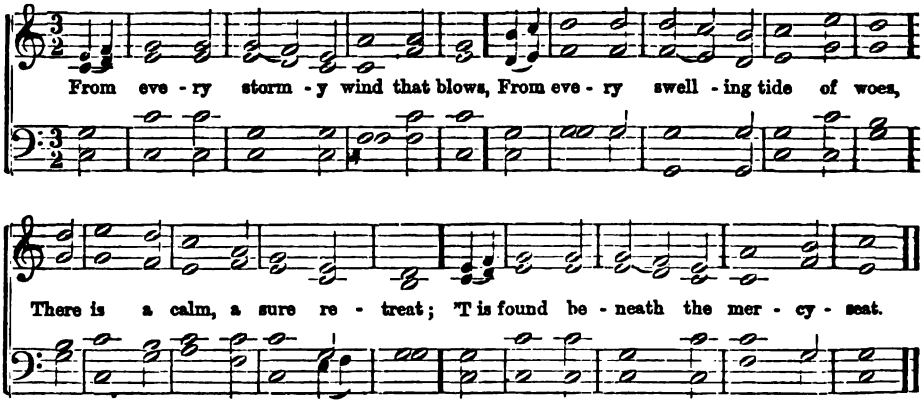
2 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with thee;—

3 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep;—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

4 Such, Father! give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

—non., 1862.

RETREAT. L. M. *Thomas Hastings, 1822.*



1055. *The Mercy-Seat.*

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;—
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And time, and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh! may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat!

Hugh Stowell, 1827.

1056. *Christ, our Strength.*

1 Let me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his kind hand my soul sustains.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1057. *Clinging to the Saviour.*

1 O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen!
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to thee,—to thee.

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee,—to thee.

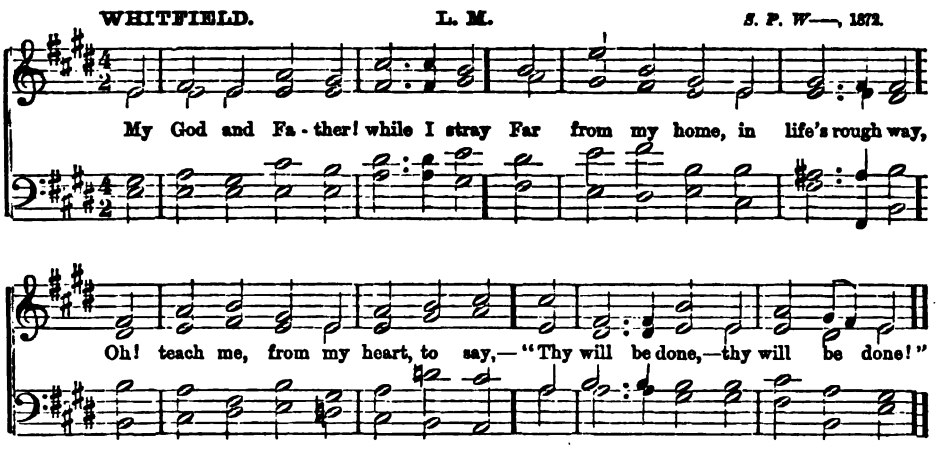
3 Far from my home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here have I found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While I can cling to thee,—to thee.

4 What, though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove?
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to thee,—to thee.

5 Oft, when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me,—to me."

6 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to thee,—to thee!

Charlotte Elliot, 1834.



1058. *"Thy Will be done."*

1 My God and Father! while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh! teach me, from my heart, to say,—
"Thy will be done,—thy will be done!"

2 What, though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh?
Submissive still would I reply,—
"Thy will be done,—thy will be done!"

3 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:—
"Thy will be done,—thy will be done!"

4 If but my fainting heart be blessed
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God! to thee I leave the rest;—
"Thy will be done—thy will be done!"

5 Renew my will, from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,—
"Thy will be done—thy will be done!"

6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
"Thy will be done—thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

1059. *The Darkness of Providence.*

1 Lord! we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence;
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou arrayest thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile:
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Dear Father! if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1060. *A Prayer-hearing God.*

1 God of my life! to thee I call;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

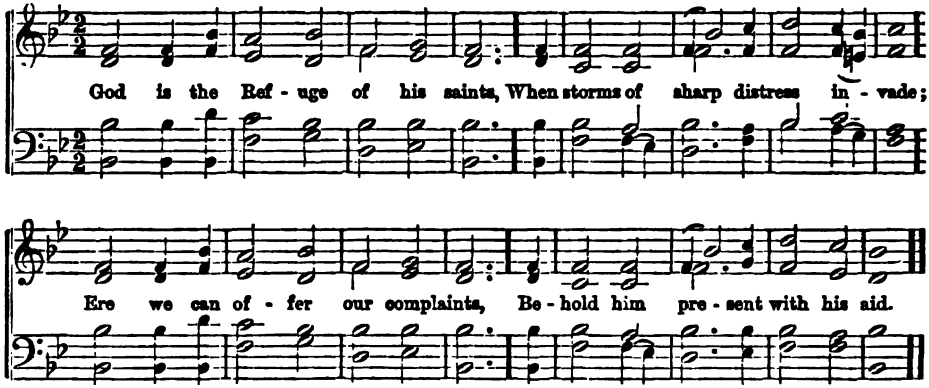
3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

William Cowper, 1772.

WARD. L. M. Scotch. Arr. by *Lowell Mason*, 1836.



1061. Psalm 46.

1 God is the Refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains, from their seats be hurled,
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,—
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode:—

5 That sacred stream,—thy holy word,—
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1062. *Strength for every Trial.*

1 Hast thou within a care so deep,
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

2 Hast thou a hope, with which thy heart
Would almost feel it death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

3 Hast thou a friend, whose image dear
May prove an idol worshiped here?
Implore the Lord, that naught may be
A shade between himself and thee.

4 Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Anon., 1851.

1063. *The Wisdom of God.*

1 Wait, O my soul! thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions! all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

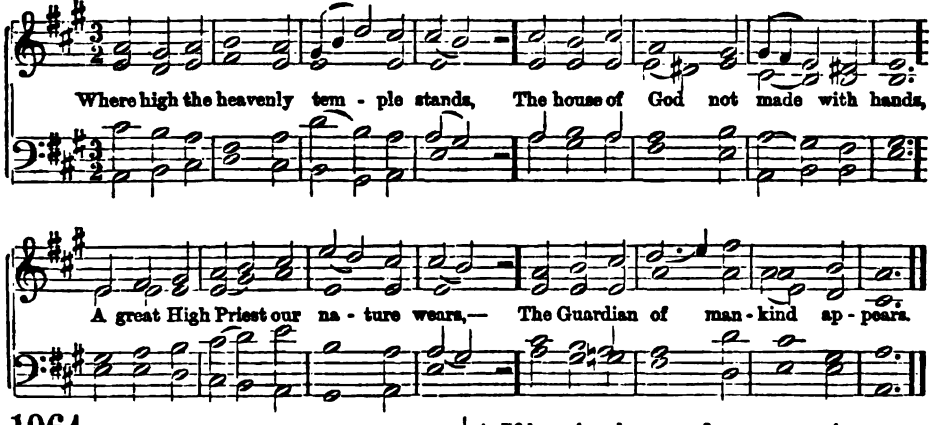
2 He in the thickest darkness dwells;
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
And, though his footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
He executes his wise decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Then, O my soul! submissive wait,
With reverence bow before his seat;
And, midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

Benjamin Beddome, 1772.

BOWEN. L. M. From *Francis Joseph Haydn*, 1732-1809.



1064.

The Sympathy of Jesus.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,—
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our Fellow-Sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agónies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows hath a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

Michael Bruce, 1745.

1065.

PSALM 91.

1 HE that hath made his refuge, God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there, at night, shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say,—"My God! thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I, that am formed of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is thy life; his wings are spread,
To shield thee with a healthful shade.

5 If vapors, with malignant breath,
Rise thick and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe; the poisoned air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1066.

PSALM 36.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud,
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

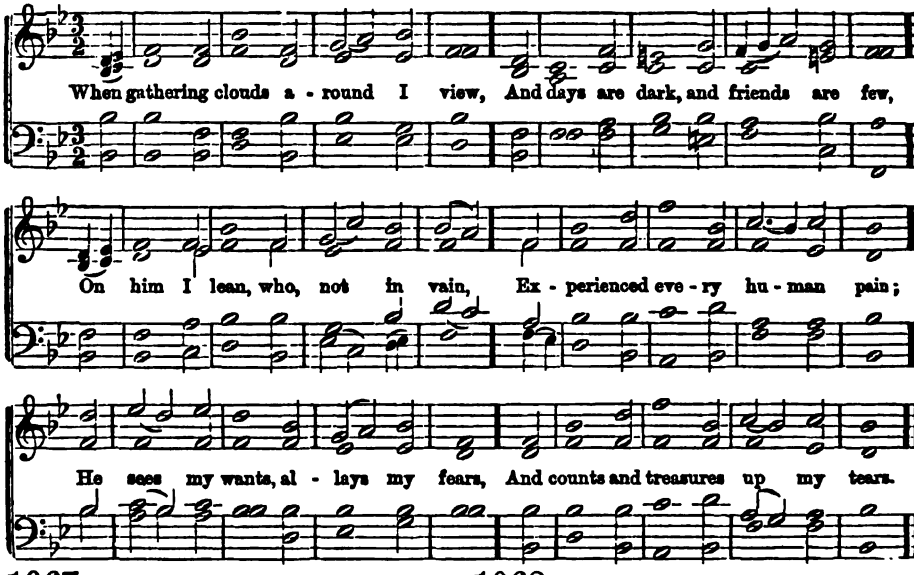
3 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And, in thy light, our souls shall see,
The glories promised in thy word.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

GRANT. L. M. 6 LINES. *Thomas Hastings, 1827.*



1067. *Comfort under Affliction.*

1 When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me, for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour! mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And, Oh! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Robert Grant, 1806.

1068. *A sympathising Saviour.*

1 As oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought how comforting and sweet,
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

2 Just such as I, this earth he trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And, though indeed the very God,
As I am now so he has been:
My God, my Saviour! look on me,
With pity, love, and sympathy.

James Edmeston, 1847.

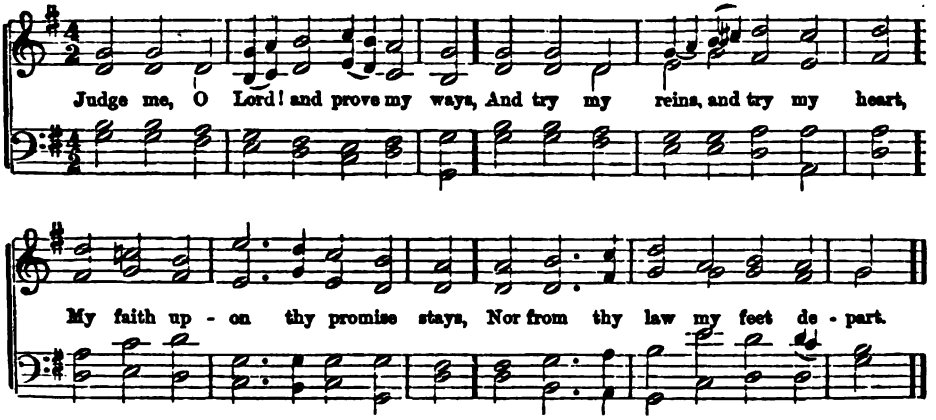
1069. *Refuge in the Sanctuary.*

1 Forth from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord! to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour! we seek thy shelter here;
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed;
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

Reginald Heber, 1820.

BISHOP. L. M. *John Bishop*, Chr. 1696.



1070. Psalm 26.

1 Judge me, O Lord! and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit,
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongst thy saints will I appear,
With hands well washed in innocence;
But, when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord!—
The temple where thine honors dwell;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be joined at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have passed
Among the saints, and near my God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1071. *Religion vain without Love.*

1 Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

1072. Psalm 139.

1 Lord! thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

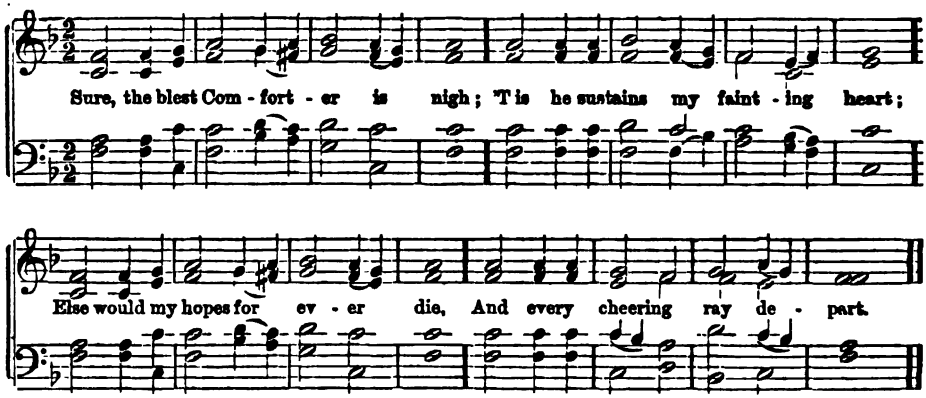
3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh! may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

HAMBURG. L. M. Gregorian. Adapted by *Lowell Mason*, 1825.



1073. *The Witness of the Spirit.*

1 SURE, the blest Comforter is nigh;
'T is he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

3 Whene'er, to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires;
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires?

4 What less than thine almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust;
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord!
My Life, my Treasure, and my Trust?

5 And, when my cheerful hope can say,—
I love my God and taste his grace,
Lord! is it not thy blissful ray, [peace?
Which brings this dawn of sacred

6 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet Earnest of the joys above.

Anne Steele, 1760.

1074. *Self-Inspection.*

1 WHAT strange perplexities arise!
Ah! what am I?—my spirit cries;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice, or in heart appear?

2 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed, and living there?
Say; do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine?

3 Searcher of hearts! Oh! search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
To God, and my own conscience, clear.

4 May I at that blessed world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

Samuel Davies, 1769, v. 1, a.

1075. *Almost a Saint.*

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveler.

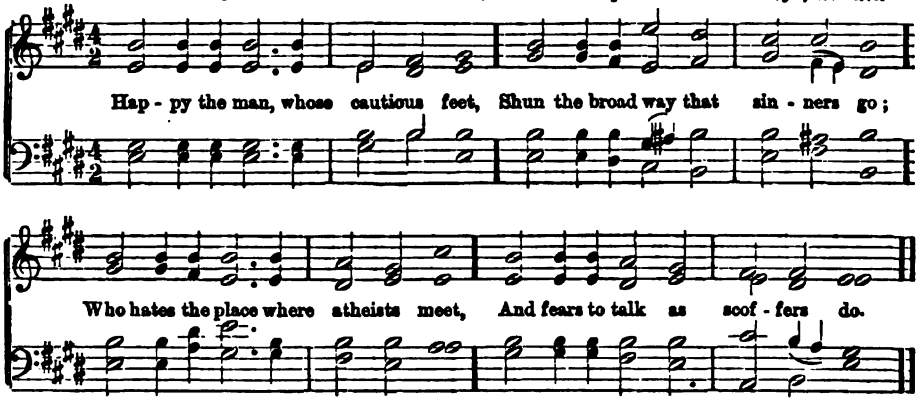
2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"—
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord! let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain:—
Which false apostates never knew.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

APPLETON. L. M. Adapted from *William Boyce*, 1710-1779.



1076. Psalm 1.

1 Happy the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go;
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Among the statutes of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels crossed;
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1077. *The Beatitudes.*

1 Blessed are the humble souls, that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blessed are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blessed are the souls, that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness,
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

4 Blessed are the men, whose hearts do move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

5 Blessed are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure, they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

6 Blessed are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife,
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

1078. Psalm 15.

1 Who shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God! and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:

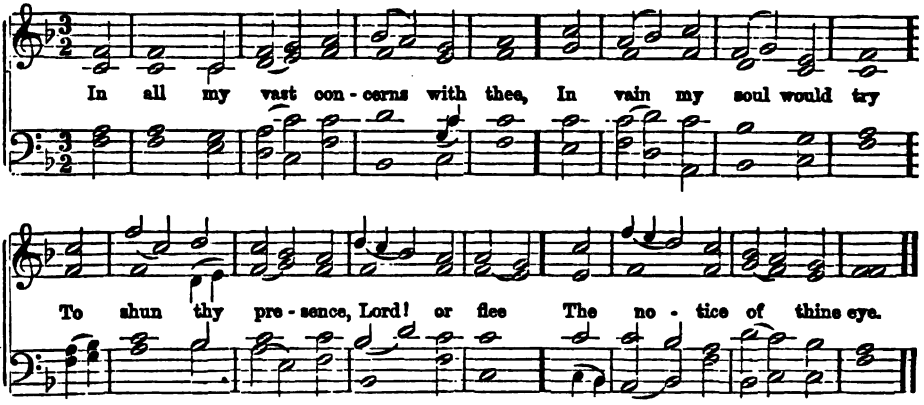
2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the things they mean:
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

3 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

4 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord! with thee.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

IRISH. C. M. *Isaac Smith, ab. 1760.*



1079. PSALM 139.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord! or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they 're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh! wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1080. PSALM 139.

1 LORD! where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.

2 Should I suppress my vital breath
T' escape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

3 If, winged with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

4 If, o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes, that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
Oh! may I ne'er provoke that power,
From which I cannot flee!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1081. *The Searcher of Hearts.*

1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.

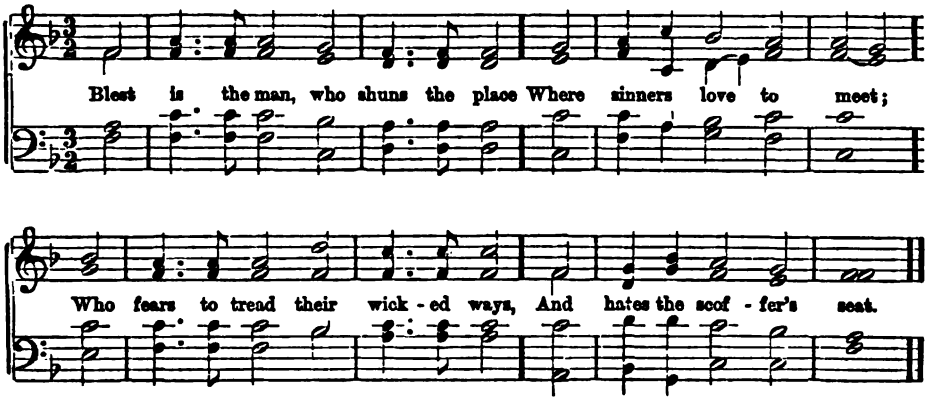
2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies;
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord! search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

ARLINGTON. (ARTAXERXES.) C. M. Arr. from *Thomas A. Arne*, 1762.



1082.

PSALM I.

1 BLEST is the man, who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat;

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He, like a plant of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine,
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand,
Appoints his saints a place.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1083.

The Contrite Heart.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God! is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 't is only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

3 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry, "My strength renew!"
Seem weaker than before.

4 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

5 Oh! make this heart rejoice or ache;—
Decide this doubt for me;
And, if it be not broken, break;
And heal it, if it be.

William Cowper, 1772.

1084.

The witness of the Spirit.

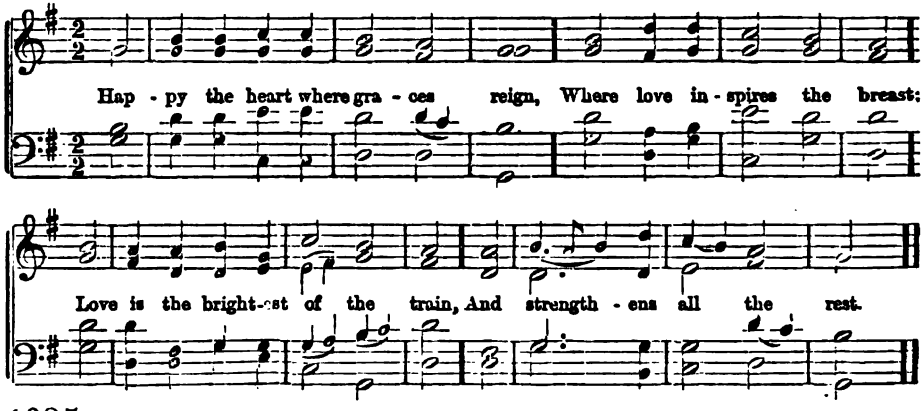
1 COME, Holy Ghost! my soul inspire;
This one great gift impart,—
What most I need, and most desire,
An humble, holy heart.

2 Bear witness, I am born again,
My many sins forgiven;
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain,
To cloud my hope of heaven.

3 More of myself grant I may know,
From sin's deceit be free,
In all the Christian graces grow,
And live alone to thee.

Anon., 1825.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M. *Ralph Harrison, 1784.*



1085. *The Grace of Love.*

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 't is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear,
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'T is love, that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace, that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1086. *The Marks of true Piety.*

1 GRACE, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within:
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

2 Not, by the terrors of a slave,
Do they perform his will,
But, with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfill.

3 They find access, at every hour,
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

4 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

5 Lord! I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

6 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong:
Then shall I say, My Father God!
With an unwavering tongue.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

1087. *A living and a dead Faith.*

1 MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

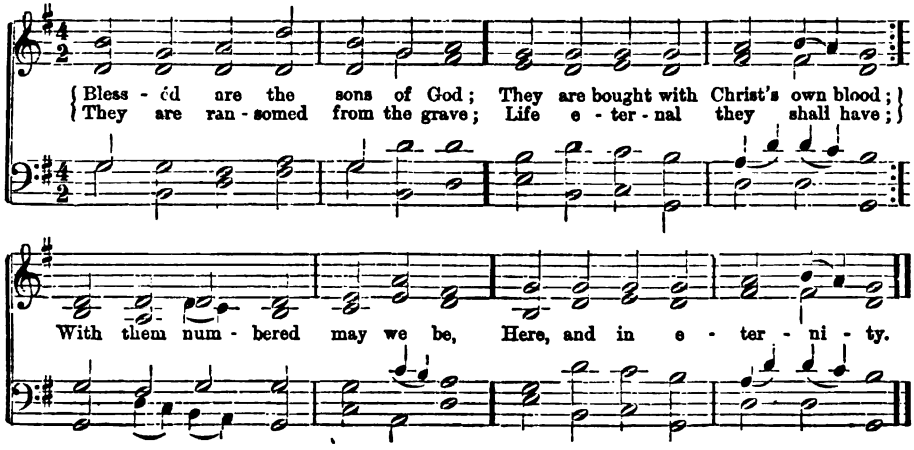
2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'T is faith, that changes all the heart;
'T is faith, that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'T is faith, that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

NUREMBERG. 7s. 4 or 6 LINES. *Johann Rudolf Ahle, 1664.*



1088. *The Character of the Believer.*

1 BLESSÉD are the sons of God;
They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day;
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek and mild
Holy, humble, undefiled:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

4 They are lights upon the earth,—
Children of a heavenly birth,—
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

Joseph Humphreys, 1743.

1089. PSALM 15.

1 WHO, O Lord! when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest?

2 He, whose heart thy love has warmed;
He, whose will, to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He, whose words and thoughts are one:

3 He, who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself hath done:—
He, great God! shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessings share.

James Merrick, 1765;
Altered by Harriet Auber, 1829

1090. *Lovest thou me?*

1 'T IS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

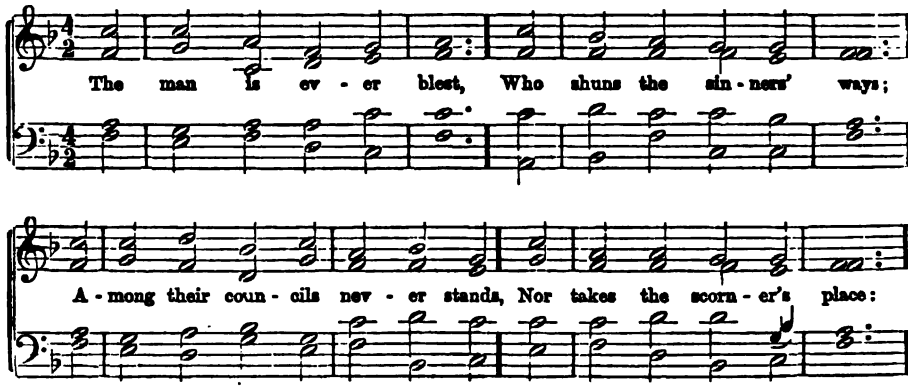
4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

5 Lord! decide the doubtful case;
Thou, who art thy people's Sun!
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

6 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

John Newton, 1779.

BADEA. S. M. German Melody.



1091.

PSALM 1.

1 THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinners' ways;
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place:

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He, like a tree, shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee, like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1092.

PSALM 48.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,—
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

3 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where his own sheep have been.

4 In every new distress,
We 'll to his house repair;
We 'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1093.

PSALM 48.

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord! before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well;

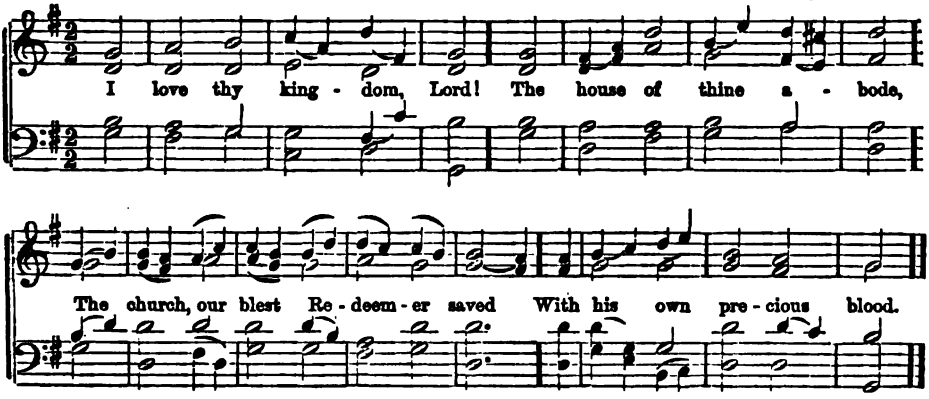
4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us, till we die;
Will be our God, while here below;
And ours above the sky.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

SHIRLAND. S. M. *Samuel Stanley, alt. 1800.*



1094. Psalm 137.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of thine abode,
The church, our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King!
Thy hand, from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

1095. Psalm 118.

1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord! is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood:
Bless him, ye saints! he comes, to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord!
Our sacrifice of praise.

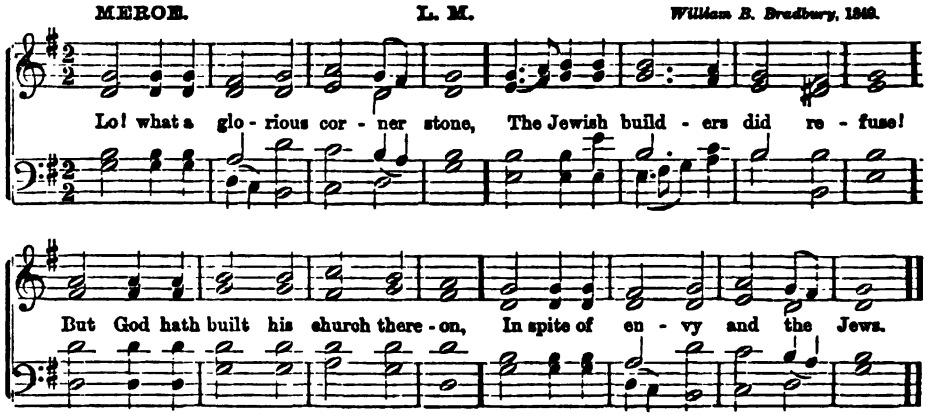
Isaac Watts, 1719.

1096. Psalm 117.

1 THY name, almighty Lord!
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light, and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.



1097. Psalm 118.

1 Lo! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built his church thereon!
In spite of envy, and the Jews.

2 Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners! rejoice, and, saints! be glad;
Hosanna! let his name be blessed:
A thousand honors on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory, rest!

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race:
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1098. *God, the Defence of the Church.*

1 Happy the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God!

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1099. Psalm 87.

1 God, in his earthly temple, lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well;
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house,
That pay their night and morning vows,
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

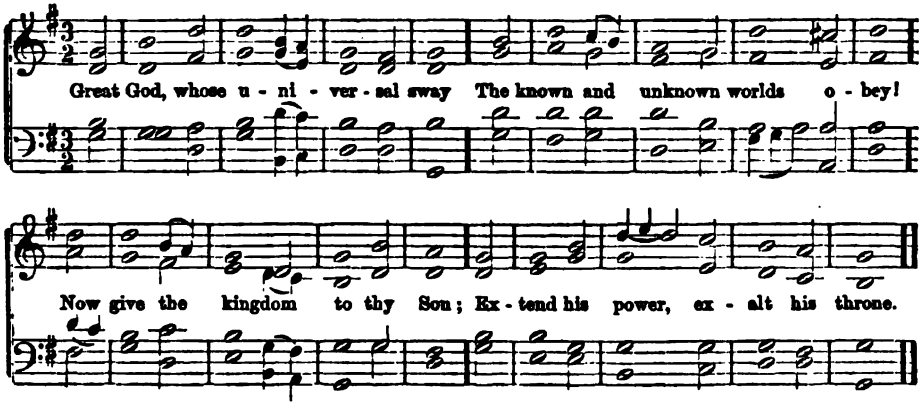
3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below!
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'T will be an honor to appear,
As one new-born, or nourished there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PILESGROVE. L. M. *Nahum Mitchell*, 1812.



1100. PSALM 72.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey!
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace, on fainting souls, distills,
Like heavenly dew, on thirsty hills.

4 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light;
And deserts blossom at the sight.

5 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1101. PSALM 72.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1102. *The Glory of the Church.*

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

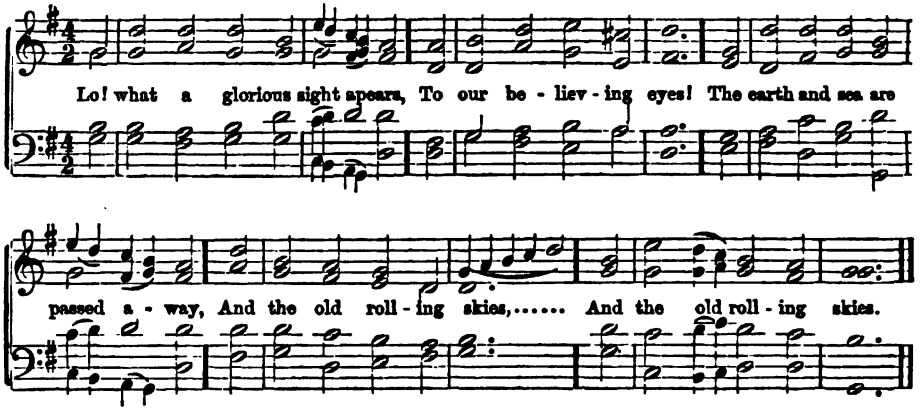
2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known;
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

ST. GEORGE. (BRAY.) C. M. Altered from *Nicolaus Hermann*, 1554.



1103. *The Glory of Christ's Kingdom.*

1 Lo! what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes!
The earth and sea are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode,—
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears
And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour! Oh! how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1104. *The Safety of the Church.*

1 How honorable is the place
Where we adoring stand,—
Zion — the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell:
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,—
You, that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

4 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1105. PSALM 118.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

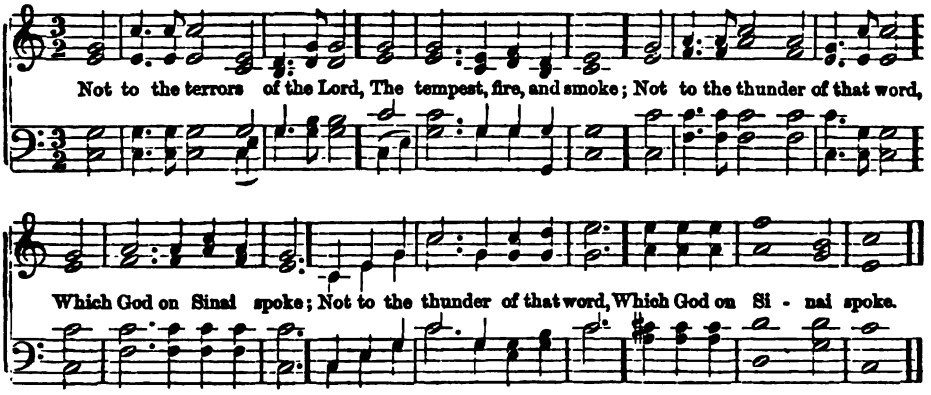
2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear;
And saints adore his name:—
They trust their whole salvation here.
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What, though the gates of hell withstood?
Yet must this building rise:
'T is thine own work, almighty God!
And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts, 1719

ZERAH. C. M. *Lowell Mason, 1837.*



1106. *Sinai and Sion.*

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word,
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the blessed assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest;
The man, that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blessed.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

1107. *The Church Immovable.*

1 OH! where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord! thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For, not like kingdoms of the world,
Thy holy church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1839, a.

1108. *The little Flock.*

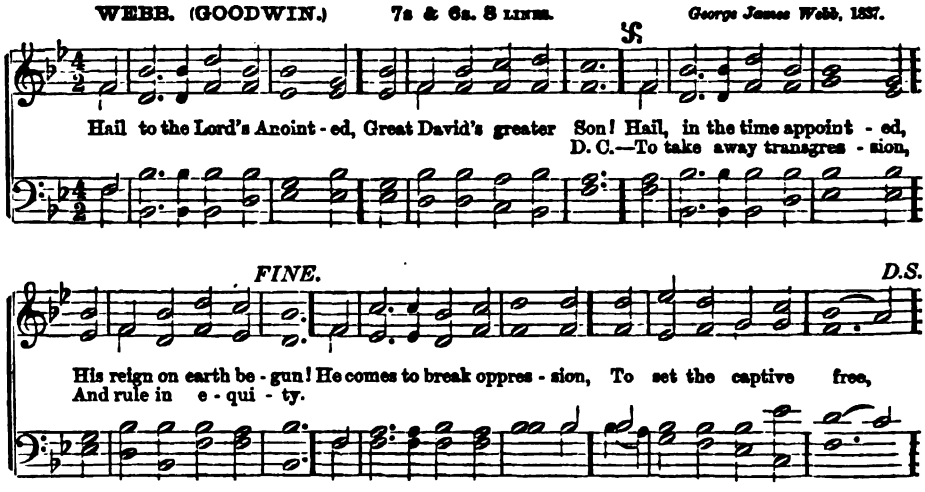
1 CHURCH of the ever-living God,
The Father's gracious choice!
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!

2 A "little flock!"—'t is well, 't is well;
Such be her lot and name:
Through ages past, it has been so,
And now 't is still the same.

3 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Her feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A "little flock" no more.

4 No more a lily among thorns,
Weary and faint and few;
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.



1109. PSALM 72.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong:
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing, —
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covénant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is — Love.

James Montgomery, 1822.

1110. *The Triumphs of the Gospel.*

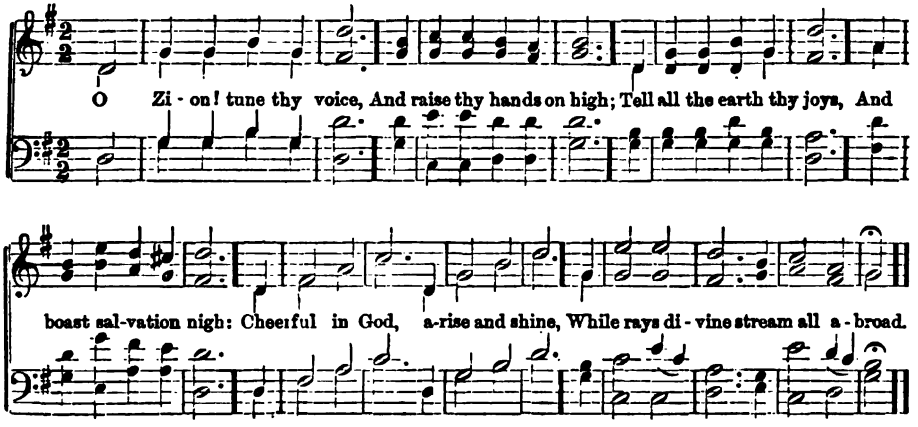
1 Now be the gospel banner,
In every land, unfurled;
And be the shout, — "Hosanna!" —
Reëchoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What, though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His power, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord! victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious, —
Thine empire still increase.

3 Yes, — thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Thomas Hastings, 1832.

RHINE. H. M. *Thomas Hastings, 1836.*



1111. *The Glory of the Church.*

1 O ZION! tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
While rays divine stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy morning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round thy form shall view,
With lustre new, divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue his praise, till sovereign love,
In worlds above, the glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And, with his radiance, fill
Those fairer, purer skies; [stars,
While, round his throne, ten thousand
In nobler spheres, his influence own.

5 Then Zion! tune thy voice,
And lift thy hands on high;
Tell all the world thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, arise and shine;
While rays divine stream all abroad.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

1112. *The Church and its Founder.*

1 WITH ecstasy of joy
Extol his glorious name,
Who raised the spacious earth,
And raised our ruined frame:
He built the church who built the sky;
Shout, and exalt his honors high.

2 See the foundation laid
By power and love divine;
Jesus, his first-born Son,
How bright his glories shine!
Low he descends, in dust he lies,
That from his tomb a church might rise.

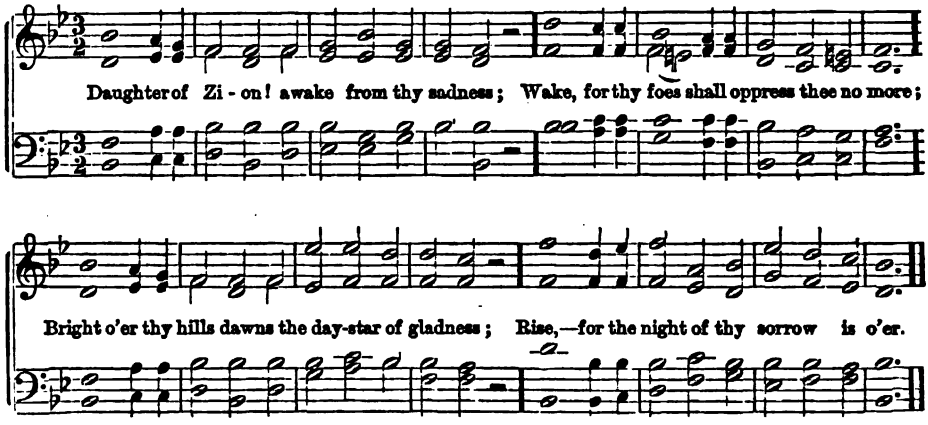
3 But he for ever lives,
Nor for himself alone;
Each saint new life derives
From this mysterious Stone:
His influence darts through every soul,
And in one house unites the whole.

4 To him with joy we move,
In him cemented stand;
The living temple grows,
And owns the Founder's hand.
That structure, Lord! still higher raise,
Louder to sound its Builder's praise.

5 Descend, and shed abroad
The tokens of thy grace,
And, with more radiant beams,
Let glory fill the place:
Our joyful souls shall prostrate fall,
And own — our God is All in all.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

WESLEY. 11s & 10s. *Lowell Mason*, 1839.



1113. *Zion triumphant.*

1 DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness;
Wake, — for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Rise, — for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them, [far;
Scattering their legions, was mightier
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee,
Prais'd with the harp and the timbrel should be:
Shout, — for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Satan is vanquished, and Zion is free.

Anon., 1830.

1114. *Zion exultant.*

1 WAKE thee, O Zion! thy mourning is ended,
God, thine own God, hath regarded thy prayer;
Wake thee, and hail him, in glory descended, [repair.
Thy darkness to scatter, thy wastes to

2 Wake thee, O Zion! his Spirit of power
To newness of life is awaking the dead;
Array thee in beauty, and greet the glad hour
That brings thee salvation, through Jesus who bled.

3 Saviour! we gladly, with voices resounding,
Loud as the thunder, our voices would swell;
Till, from the mountains, its echoes rebounding,
To all the wide world, of salvation shall tell!

Ray Palmer, 1862.

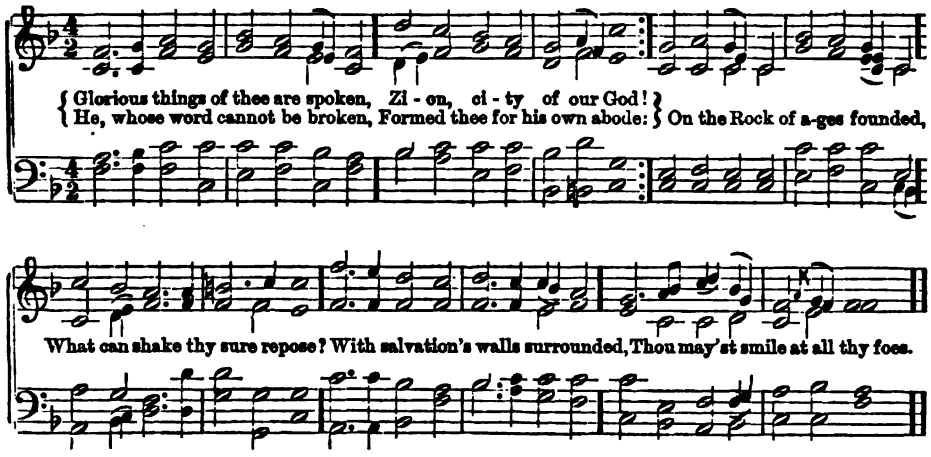
1115. *Progress of the Gospel.*

1 LANDS, long benighted! the morning is nearing;
Lift, with the waves, the glad song of the free;
He that was promised, in triumph appearing,
Now wields his sway o'er the land and the sea.

2 Loud from the tops of the mountains sing praises;
Valleys shall ring with the echoing strain;
Mighty in war, he the standard upraises.
Glorious in peace, he advances to reign!

Anon., 1865

AUSTRIA. 8s & 7s. 8 LINES. *Francis Joseph Haydn, 1797.*



1116. *The Glory of the Church.*

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

John Newton, 1779.

1117. *Zion's Glory.*

1 ZION is Jehovah's dwelling;
There the King of kings appears;
Her's is glory, far excelling
All the worlding sees, or hears:
Zion's walls are everlasting,
Formed through endless years to shine;
Strength and beauty, never-wasting,
Show their origin divine.

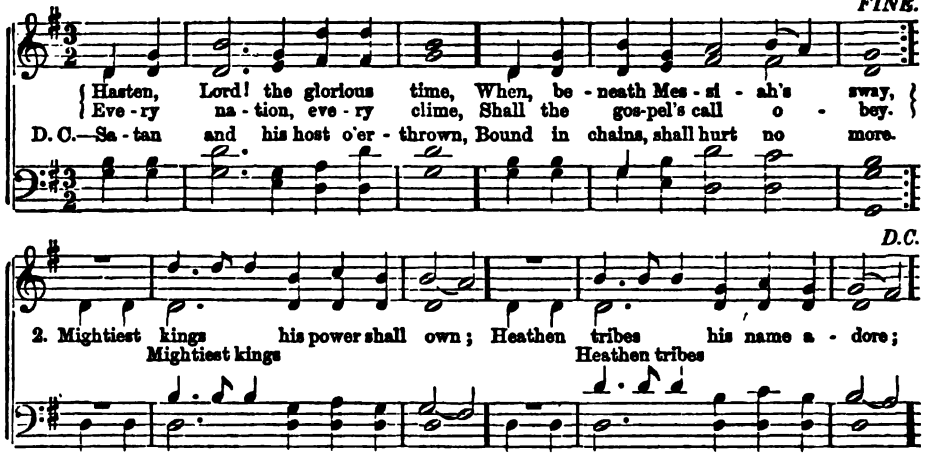
2 Zion claims peculiar honor;
High distinction marks her lot;
Light eternal shines upon her;
Her's a sun, that faileth not:
Zion's city hath foundations;
God himself has raised her walls;
She survives the wreck of nations;
Zion stands, whatever falls.

3 Happy they who, now discerning
Zion's glory, thither move!
Earth, with all its honors, spurning,
Zion is the place they love:
There the Lord, his face disclosing,
Fills his people's hearts with joy;
While, from all their toils reposing,
Bliss is theirs without alloy.

4 Brethren! let the prospect cheer us;
Fair the lot that's cast for us:
When we call, our God will hear us:
Happy who are favored thus!
Let the timid fear no longer:
What though earth and hell oppose?
He who pleads our cause is stronger,
Stronger far, than all our foes.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

ELTHAM. 7s. 8 LINES. *Lowell Mason*, 1840.



1118.

PSALM 72.

1 HASTEN, Lord! the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel's call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord:
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record;
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

1119.

Triumphs of the Gospel.

1 WHO are these, that come from far,
Led by Jacob's rising star?
Strangers now to Zion come,
There to seek a peaceful home.

2 Lo! they gather like a cloud,
Or as doves their windows crowd:
Zion wonders at the sight,—
Zion feels a strange delight.

3 Zion now no more shall sigh,
God will raise her glory high;
He will send a large increase,—
He will give his people peace.

4 Sons of Zion! sing aloud:
See her sun, without a cloud!
God will make her joy complete;
Zion's sun shall never set.

Thomas Kelly, (?) 1835.

1120.

The Song of Jubilee.

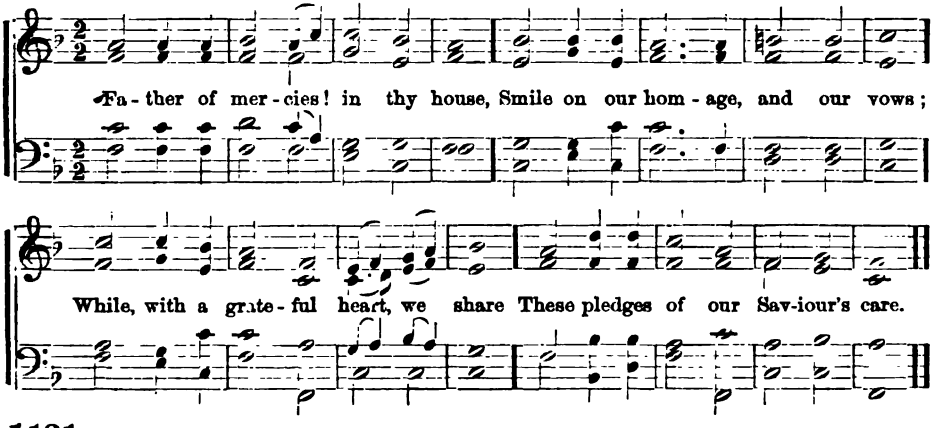
1 HARK!—the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,—
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore;—
"Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign!"
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark!—the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furled! [done,
Sheathed his sword! he speaks—'t is
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah!—Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

James Montgomery, 1812.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. *Henry K. Oliver, 1832.*



1121. *The Ordination of a Minister.*

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy house,
Smile on our homage, and our vows;
While, with a grateful heart, we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' apostles' honored name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

4 So shall the bright succession run,
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

5 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The Spring, whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

Philip Doddridge, 1745.

1122. *Prayer for Ministers.*

1 FATHER of mercies! bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them aright to sow the seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed,
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labor, Lord! in vain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace adore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

1123. *The Installation of a Pastor.*

1 SHEPHERD of Israel! thou dost keep,
With constant care, thine humble sheep;
By thee inferior pastors rise,
To feed our souls and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modeled by thine own gracious heart,
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

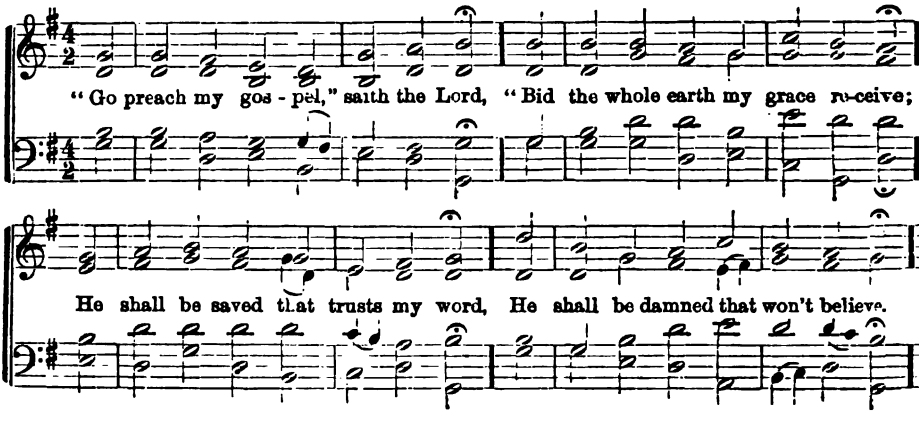
3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pasture tread.

4 Here hast thou listened to our vows,
And scattered blessings on thy house:
Thy saints are succored, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M. *Guillaume Franc, 1543.*



1124. *The Preacher's Commission.*

1 "Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
He shall be damned that won't believe.

2 I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Go, heal the sick; go, raise the dead;
Go, cast out devils in my name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid, [pheme.
Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-

4 Teach all the nations my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted to my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

5 He spake; and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They, to the farthest nation, spread
The grace of their ascended God.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

1125. *A Meeting of Ministers.*

1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord! thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply, [ness.
And clothe thy priests with righteous-

2 Within thy temple, when we stand,
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour! like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be!

3 Wisdom and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart, [love:
And love the souls whom thou dost

4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night, strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope, our charge resign;
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be thine.

James Montgomery, 1825.

1126. *A Pastor sought of God.*

1 SHEPHERD of Israel! bend thine ear,
Thy servants' prayers indulgent hear;
Perplexed, distressed, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

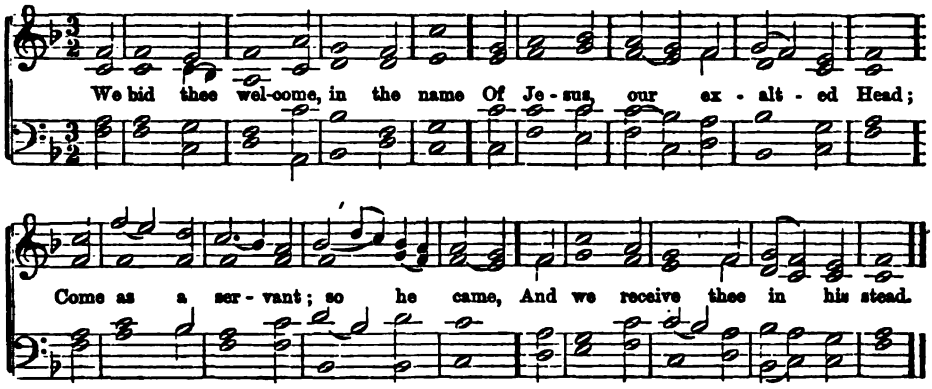
2 With longing eyes, behold! we wait,
A suppliant band, at mercy's gate;
Our drooping hearts, O God! sustain:
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?

3 O Lord! in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

4 Fed by his care, our tongues shall raise
A cheerful tribute to thy praise,
Our children learn the grateful song,
And theirs the cheerful notes prolong.

Philip Doddridge, 1736.

BRENTFORD. L. M. English Melody. Arr. *Lowell Mason*, 1830.



1127. *Welcome to a Pastor.*

1 We bid thee welcome, in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant; so he came,
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a teacher, sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

James Montgomery, 1825.

1128. *The Installation of a Pastor.*

1 Spirit of peace and holiness!
This new-created union bless;
Bind each to each in ties of love,
And ratify our work above.

2 Saviour, who carést for thy sheep!
The shepherd of thy people keep;
Guide him in every doubtful way,
Nor let his feet from duty stray.

3 Gird thou his heart with strength divine;
Let Christ through all his conduct shine;
Faithful in all things may he be,
Dead to the world, alive to thee.

4 O Thou, whose love doth never fail!
Breathe on this dry and thirsty vale;
And may it, from this hour, appear,
That thy reviving power is here.

5 Lord of the Sabbath! unto thee
Our spirits rise in harmony;
Accept our praise, our sins remove,
And fit us for thy courts above.

Samuel F. Smith, 1843.

1129. *An Installation Service.*

1 The solemn service now is done;
The vow is pledged, the toil begun;
Seal thou, O God! the oath above,
And ratify the pledge of love.

2 The shepherd of thy people bless;
Gird him with thine own holiness;
In duty may his pleasure be,
His glory in his zeal for thee.

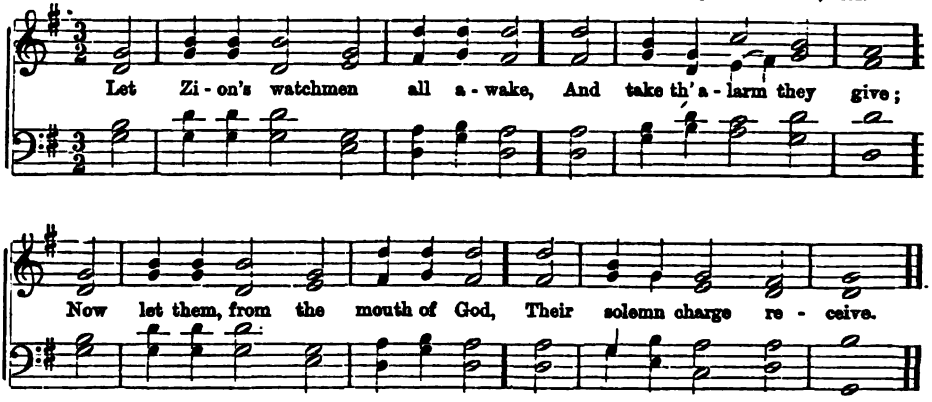
3 Here let the ardent prayer arise,
Faith fix its grasp beyond the skies,
The tear of penitence be shed,
And myriads to the Saviour led.

4 Come, Spirit! here consent to dwell;
The mists of earth and sin dispel:
Blest Saviour! thine own rights main-
Supreme in every bosom reign. [tain;

5 Oh! let our humble worship be
A grateful tribute, Lord! to thee;
And may these hallowed scenes of love
Fit us for purer joys above.

Samuel F. Smith, 1843.

MARLOW. C. M. English Melody. Arr. by *Lowell Mason*, 1832.



1130. *The Pastor's Charge.*

1 Let Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'T is not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego; —
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord! how should we appear?

5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

Philip Doddridge, 1736.

1131. *A faithful Ministry.*

1 Jesus! the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
Let all who preach thy word believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Jesus! let all thy servants shine
Illustrious as the sun;
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

3 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

4 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of error's night.

5 As the bright Sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

Charles Wesley, 1762, a.

1132. *Faithful Missionaries.*

1 Father of mercies! condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While these our brethren we commend
To thy paternal care.

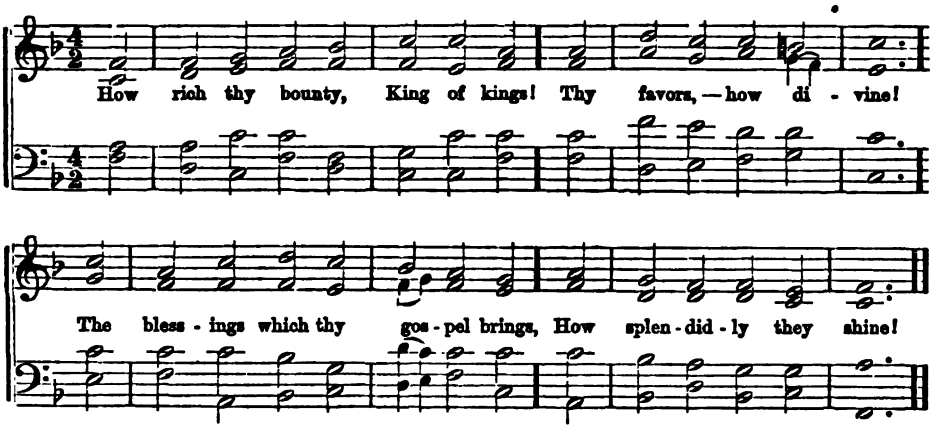
2 Before them set an open door;
Their various efforts bless;
On them thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown them with success.

3 Endow them with a heavenly mind;
Supply their every need;
Make them in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold them by thy grace,
And guard them by thy mighty power,
Till they shall end their race.

Thomas Morell, 1818, a.

DUMFERLINE. C. M. Scotch, 1567.



1133. *Treasure in earthen Vessels.*

1 How rich thy bounty, King of kings!
Thy favors — how divine!
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine!

2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys:
Should gold and gems compare,
How mean! when set against those joys,
Thy poorest servants share?

3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodged in fragile clay;
And the weak sons of mortal race
Th' immortal gifts convey.

4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,
Yet grace the vict'ry gives;
Quickly they moulder back to earth;
Yet still the gospel lives.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

1134. *The Preacher's Theme.*

1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls, enlightened from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

1135. *The Death of a Pastor.*

1 Now let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry; [grief,
Why should those eyes be drowned in
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What, though the arm of conquering
Does God's own house invade? [death
What, though the prophet and the priest,
Be numbered with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye, in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue;

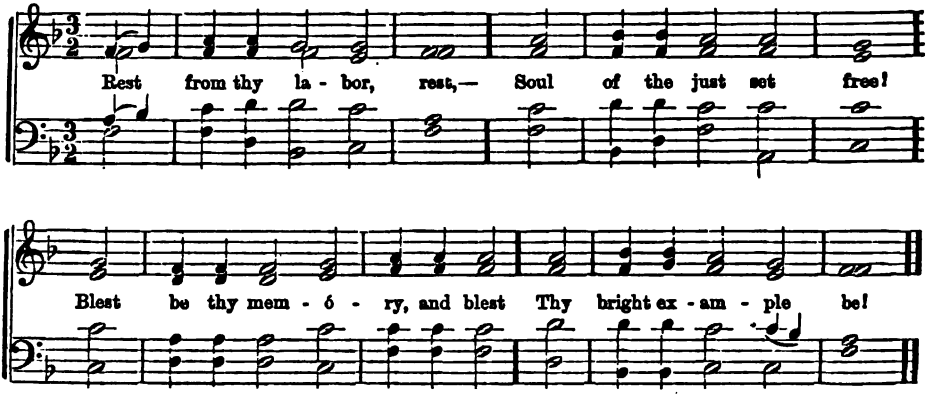
4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you!" saith the Lord;
"My church shall safe abide:
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

Philip Doddridge, 1736.

BRALTON. S. M. *Lowell Mason, 1840.*



1136. *A Pastor's Death.*

1 REST from thy labor, rest,
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memóry, and blest
Thy bright example be!

2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love,—prompt to act, and quick to feel,
Marked thee, till life's last hour.

3 Now,—toil and conflict o'er,—
Go, take with saints thy place;
But go, as each hath gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.

4 Lord Jesus! to thy hands
Our pastor we resign;
And now we wait thine own commands:
We were not his, but thine.

5 Thou art thy church's Head;
And, when the members die,
Thou raisést others in their stead:
To thee we lift our eye.

6 On thee our hopes depend;
We gather round our Rock;
Send whom thou wilt; but condescend
Thyself to feed thy flock.

James Montgomery, 1825.

1137. *The Death of a Minister.*

1 "SERVANT of God! well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought,—the vict'ry won,—
Enter thy Master's joy."

2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.

3 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

4 Soldier of Christ! well-done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy!

James Montgomery, 1825.

1138. *The Laborers few.*

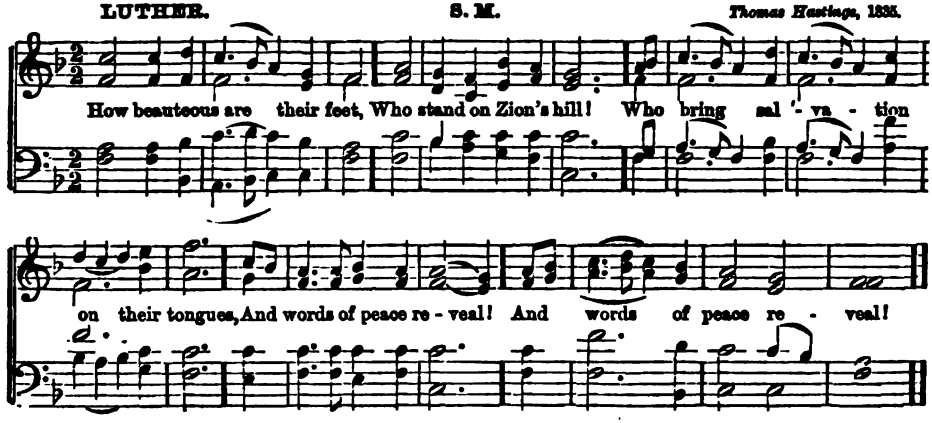
1 LORD of the harvest! hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord! is great,
The labórers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Oh! let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,—
Thine all redeeming love.

Charles Wesley, 1742.



1139.

The Heralds of Christ.

1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!—
"Zion! behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here!"

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessèd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1140.

Ordination of Missionaries.

1 Ye messengers of Christ!
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame;
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.

Mrs. Voke, 1806.

1141.

Vigilance.

1 Ye servants of the Lord!
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

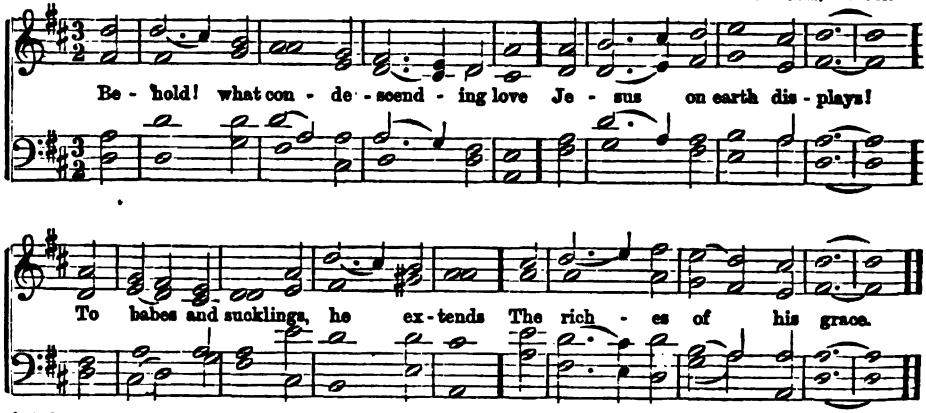
2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 't is your Lord's command;
And, while we speak, he 's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh! happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Philip Doddridge, 1763.

COLCHESTER. C. M. From *Aaron Williams' Coll.*, ca. 1760.



1142.

Children blessed by Jesus.

1 Behold! what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings, he extends
The riches of his grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not, whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare—
Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord! into thine arms,—
Thine may they ever be.

John Peacock, 1806, a.

1143.

The Saviour blessing Children.

1 When Jesus left his Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth;
Like us, unhonored and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

2 Like him, may we be found below,
In wisdom's path of peace;
Like him, in grace and knowledge, grow,
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
When mothers round him pressed;
Their infants, in his arms, he took,
And on his bosom blessed.

4 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around; [strewed
For joy, they plucked the palms, and
Their garments on the ground.

5 Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

6 For we have learned to love his name;
That name, divinely sweet,
May every pulse through life proclaim,
And our last breath repeat.

James Montgomery, 1825.

1144.

The Promise to Abraham.

1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Abra'm and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

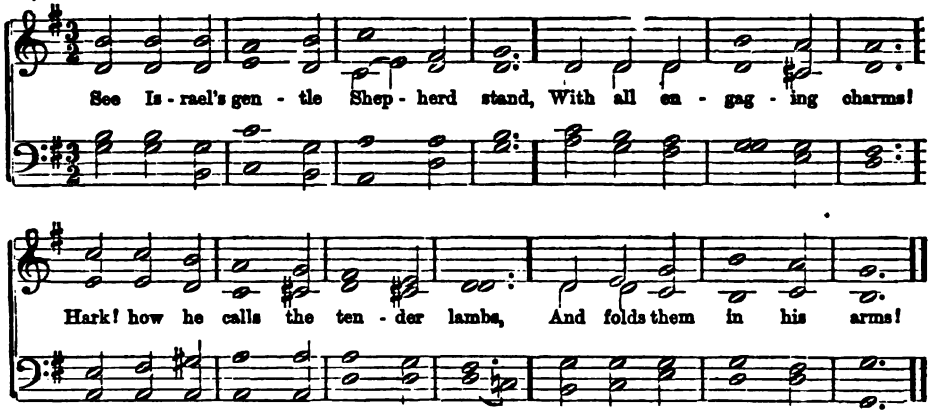
2 The words of his extensive love,
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given:
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God,—how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor, from the promise of his grace,
Blots out the children's name.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

ST. AGNES. C. M. *John B. Dykes, 1862.*



1145. *Christ receiving Children.*

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms!
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord! in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock! with pleasure hear,—
Ye children! seek his face;
And fly, with transport, to receive
The blessings of his grace.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

1146. *The Saviour's Love for Children.*

1 Thy life I read, my dearest Lord!
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,—
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants, in thy tender arms,
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blessed.

4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 Their feeble frames my power shall raise
And mould with heavenly skill:
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."

6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout, with joys divine,—
"Dear Saviour! all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine."

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

1147. *Children devoted to God.*

1 Thus saith the mercy of the Lord,—
"I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me."

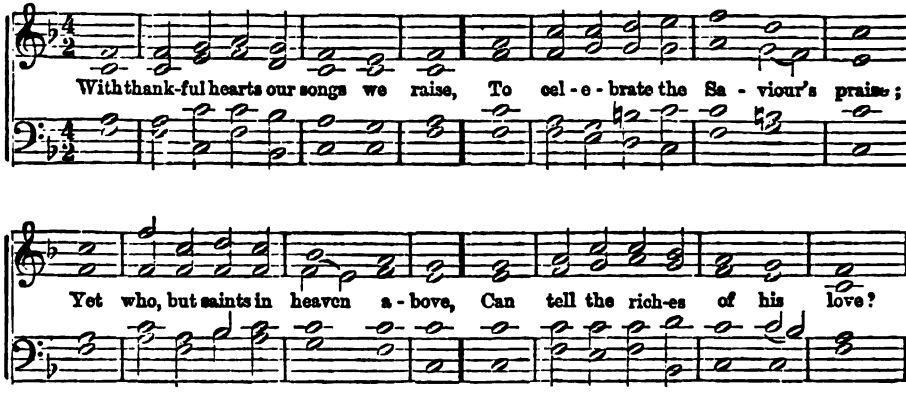
2 Abraham believed the promised grace,
And gave his sons to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was sealed with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word;
Thus the believing jailer gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King!
Thine ancient truth embrace:
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. *Lowell Mason, 1830.*



1148. *The Lambs of the Flock.*

1 With thankful hearts our songs we raise,
To celebrate the Saviour's praise;
Yet who, but saints in heaven above,
Can tell the riches of his love?

2 He, the good Shepherd, kindly leads
The wanderer, and the hungry feeds;
Deigns in his arms the lambs to bear,
And makes them his peculiar care.

3 Jesus! to thy protecting wing,
Our helpless little ones we bring; [they
Oh! grant them grace and strength, that
May find and keep the heavenward way.

Edward Bickersteth, 1841.

1149. *The baptismal Covenant.*

1 'T was the commission of our Lord, —
"Go teach the nations, and baptize!"
The nations have received the word,
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his covenant with the seals,
To bless the distant Christian lands.

3 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

4 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord;
Oh! may the great eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record!

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1150. *Children brought to Jesus.*

1 A little child the Saviour came,
The mighty God was still his name,
And angels worshiped, as he lay,
The seeming infant of a day.

2 He who, a little child, began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
Let little children come to me.

3 We bring them, Lord! and with the sign
Of sprinkled water, name them thine;
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptise them with thy Spirit now.

William Robertson, 1751.

1151. *The Baptism of a Household.*

1 United prayers ascend to thee,
Eternal Parent of mankind!
Smile on this waiting family;
Thy blessing let thy servants find.

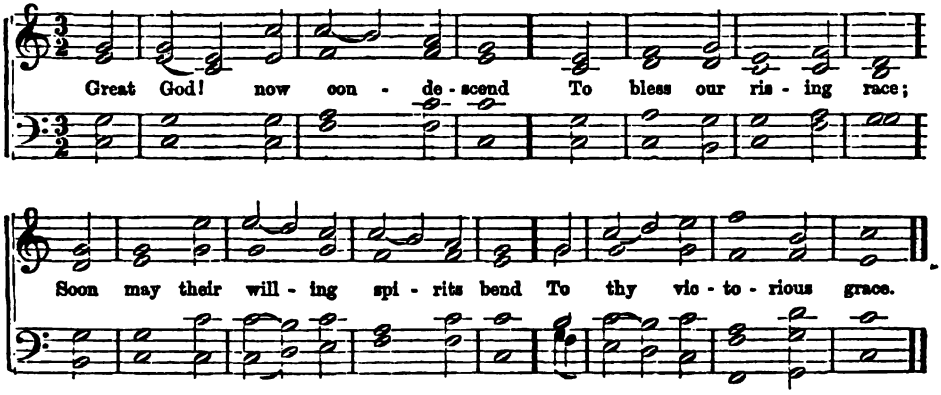
2 Let the dear pledges of their love,
Like tender plants, around them grow;
Thy present grace, and joys above,
Upon their little ones bestow.

3 Receive, at their believing hand,
The charge which they devote as thine,
Obedient to their Lord's command;
And seal, with power, the rite divine.

4 To every member of their house,
Thy grace impart, thy love extend;
Grant every good that time allows,
With heavenly joys that never end.

William B. Collyer, 1812, a.

FERGUSON. S. M. *George Kingsley, 1843.*



1152. *Prayer for Children.*

1 GREAT God! now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

2 Oh! what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Dear Lord! thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed;
Oh! bring the longed-for happy hour
That makes them thine indeed.

John Fellows, 1773.

1153. *Children given to God.*

1 O GOD of Abra'm! hear
The parents' humble cry;
In covenant mercy now appear,
While in the dust we lie.

2 These children of our love,
In mercy thou hast given,
That we through grace may faithful prove,
In training them for heaven.

3 Oh! grant thy Spirit, Lord!
Their hearts to sanctify;
Remember now thy gracious word;—
Our hopes on thee rely.

4 These children now are thine,—
We give them back to thee;
Oh! lead them by thy grace divine,
Along the heavenly way.

Thomas Hastings, 1832.

1154. *Christ blessing Children.*

1 THE gentle Saviour calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms;
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,—
For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord!
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

Henry U. Onderdonk, 1837.

1155. *Children in the Covenant.*

1 LORD! what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace,
Thy love in long succession shown
To every faithful race.

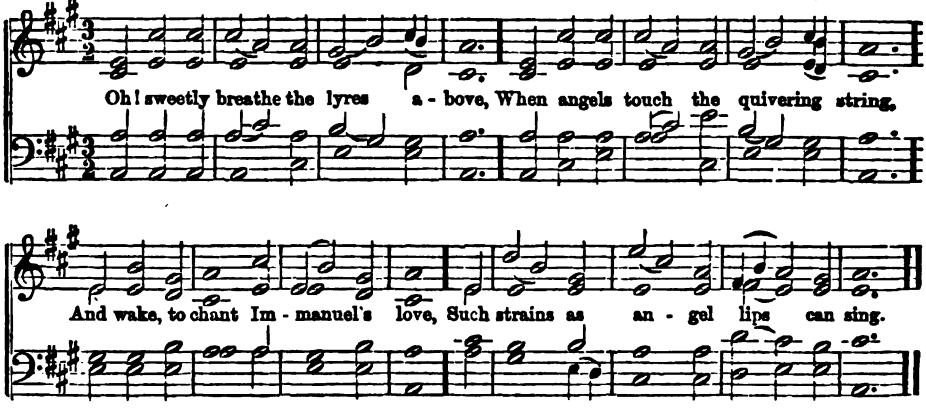
2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine;
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine!

3 Thy covenant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,
Which, closer still, engage their hearts
To honor thy commands.

4 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race!

Anon., 1773.

OBERLIN. L. M. From *Boot*, By *Thomas Hastings*, 1836.



1156. *Consecration to Christ.*

1 Oh! sweetly breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,—
Such strains as angel lips can sing.

2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays,
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

3 Jesus! thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys, that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow and give ourselves away.

5 In thee we trust, on thee rely;
Though we are feeble, thou art strong;
Oh! keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright, immortal throng!

Ray Palmer, 1843.

1157. *The Day of Espousals.*

1 O happy day! that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond! that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

1158. *Converts welcomed.*

1 Come in, thou blesséd of the Lord!
Enter in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee, with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

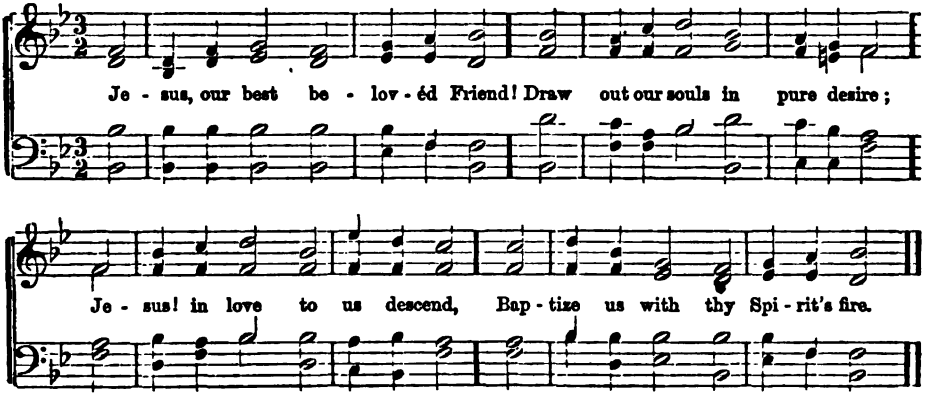
2 Those joys, which earth cannot afford,
We 'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And, while we pass this vale of tears,
We 'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We 'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.

4 Once more, our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
Oh! may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above.

Thomas Kelly, 1813.

HEBRON. L. M. *Lowell Mason, 1830.*



1159. *Consecration to Christ's Service.*

1 JESUS, our best belovéd Friend!
Draw out our souls in pure desire;
Jesus! in love to us descend,
Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
Oh! take our hearts, our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.

3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer.
May we thy blesséd will obey,
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

4 Yet, Lord! for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
And, till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

James Montgomery, 1825.

1160. *Self Dedication to God.*

1 LORD! I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross, where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Samuel Davies, 1769.

1161. *God's Living Temples.*

1 COME, ever-blesséd Spirit! come,
And make thy servants' hearts thy home;
Thus consecrated, Lord! to thee,
May each a living temple be.

2 Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

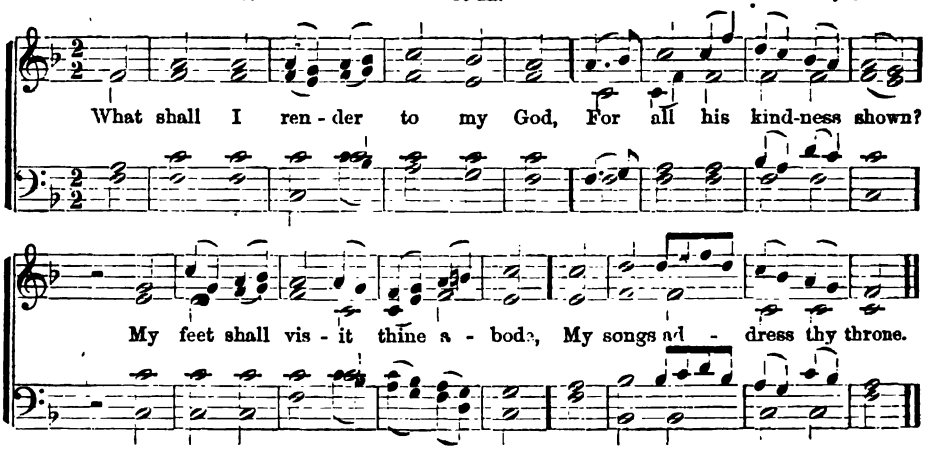
3 Arm these, thy youthful soldiers, Lord!
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe.

4 With banner of the cross unfurled,
Oh! may they overcome the world,
And so, at last, receive from thee
The palm and crown of victory.

5 Oh! grant us so to use thy grace
That we may see thy glorious face;
And ever with the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1865.

CLARENDON. C. M. *Isaac Tucker, 1800.*



1162.

PSALM 116.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessèd God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord! I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints! who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1163.

Entering into Covenant.

1 PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord.
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord!

2 Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God! be thine.

Samuel F. Smith, 1843.

1164.

Covenant Vows.

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels! now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break; —

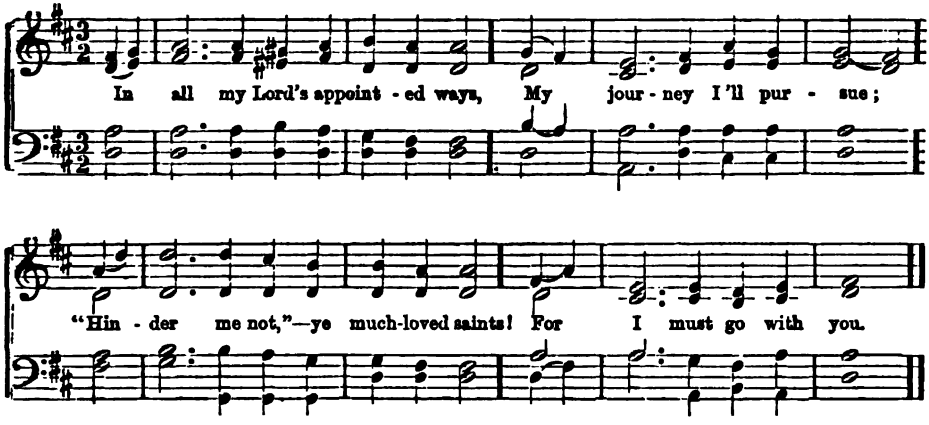
2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Oh! guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

Benjamin Beddome, 1760.

COOLING. C. M. *A. J. Abbey, 1858.*



1165.

"Hinder me not."

1 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not"—ye much-loved saints!
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not!"—shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
"Hinder me not,"—come, welcome, death!
I'll gladly go with thee.

John Ryland, 1773.

1166.

Entering God's Service.

1 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons Three!
We come in faith to count the cost,
And give ourselves to thee.

2 In hope and love, thy name we bless
For countless mercies given;
To make our earthly burdens less,
And smooth our way to heaven.

3 We seek to serve no other King,
Follow no other Guide,
Nor earth, nor any earthly thing
Shall tear us from thy side.

4 We seek to know no other love,
Save what we love in thee;
And thee we choose, all else above,
Our chiefest love to be.

5 Thy blood our only treasure is,
Thy cross our chosen part;
Thy sacrament our highest bliss,
Our home, thy sacred heart.

Anon., 1867.

1167.

All of Grace.

1 All that I was — my sin, my guilt,
My death was all my own;
All that I am, I owe to thee,
My gracious God! alone.

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice,
Is thine, and only thine.

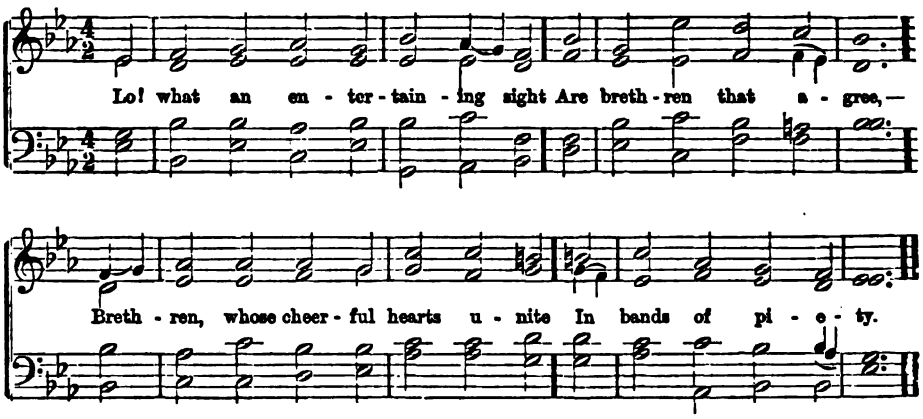
3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life, in which I walk,
The liberty, is thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

5 All that I am, ev'n here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord! to thee.

Horatius Bonar, 1850.

HORSLEY. C. M. *William Horsley, cir. 1818.*



1168.

PSALM 133.

1 Lo! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree,—
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2 When streams of love from Christ, the Spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'T is like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head,
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'T is pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distill.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1169.

Christian Fellowship.

1 Our souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'T is heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed and blessed,
And filled th' enlarged desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows;
But pour a mighty flood;
Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

5 And, when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own;—

6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

H. Miller, 1836.

1170.

The Communion of Saints.

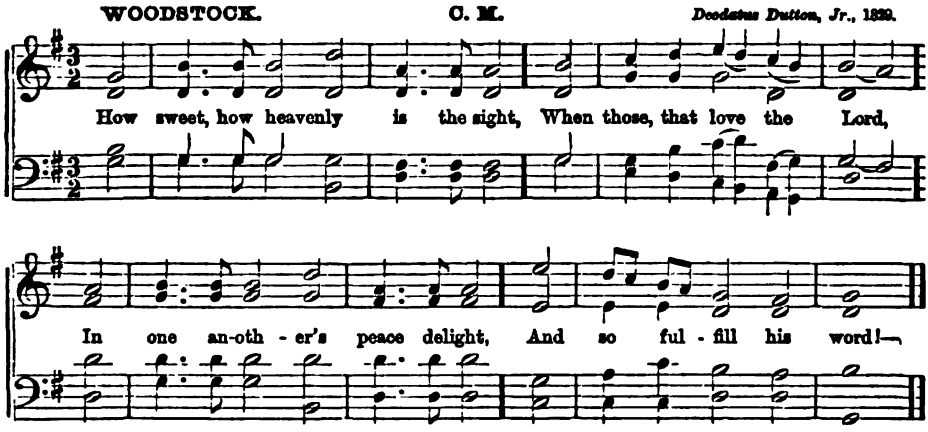
1 Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone!
Walking in all thy ways, we find
Our heaven on earth begun.

2 The church, triumphant in thy love,—
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we, in hymns below.

3 Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We, in the kingdom of thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he, that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

Charles Wesley, 1745.



1171. *Brotherly Love.*

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those, that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word! —

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart: —

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love: —

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain, 1792.

1172. *Saints all of one Family.*

1 Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And, on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him, —
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream, —
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ev'n now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 Dear Saviour! be our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1759, a.

1173. *Saints all of one Spirit.*

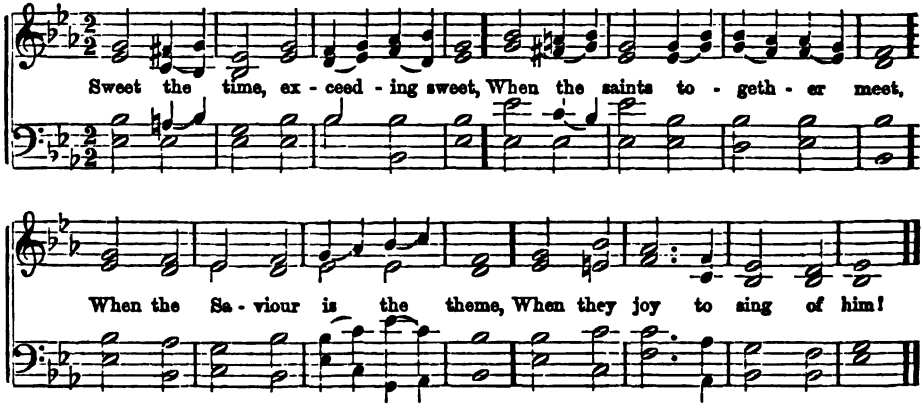
1 Blessed be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Oh! may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

Charles Wesley, 1742.

HOLLEY. 7s. *George Hews, 1836.*



1174. *The Sweetness of Christian Fellowship.*

1 SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they joy to sing of him!

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move;
He beheld the world undone,—
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
With our wretched hearts he strove,
Took the things of Christ, and showed
How to reach his blest abode.

5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour 's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

George Burder, 1779, v. 4, a.

1175. *Christian Union and Love.*

1 JESUS, Lord! we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all strife for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us one in heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Wholly like our blessèd Lord.

4 Let us each for others care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To thy church a pattern give,
Showing how believers live.

5 Let us, then, with joy, remove
To thy family above:
On the wings of angels fly,
Showing how believers die.

Charles Wesley, 1749, a.

1176. *Cleaving to God's People.*

1 PEOPLE of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

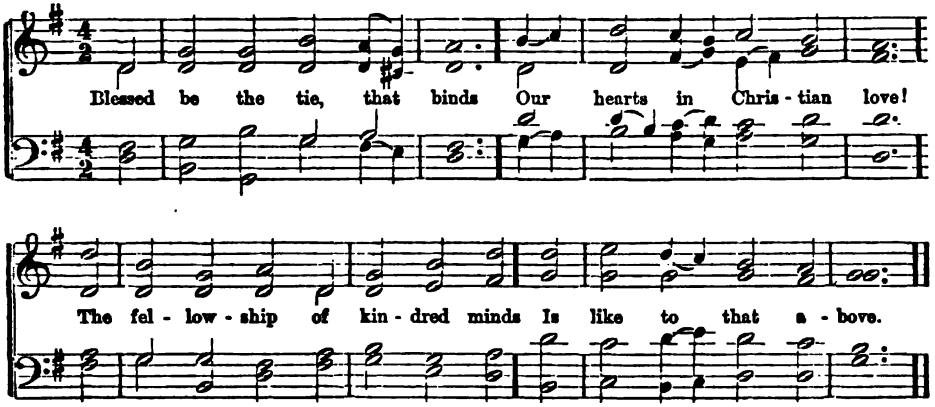
2 Now to you my spirit turns,—
Turns, a fugitive unblessed;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
Oh! receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

James Montgomery, 1825.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. *William Tansur, 1768*



1177. *Love to the Brethren.*

1 BLESSED be the tie, that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear:
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain:
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1772.

1178. PSALM 133.

1 BLESSED are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blessed is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when, on Aaron's head,
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blessed above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distills,
And all the air is love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1179. *Communion of Saints.*

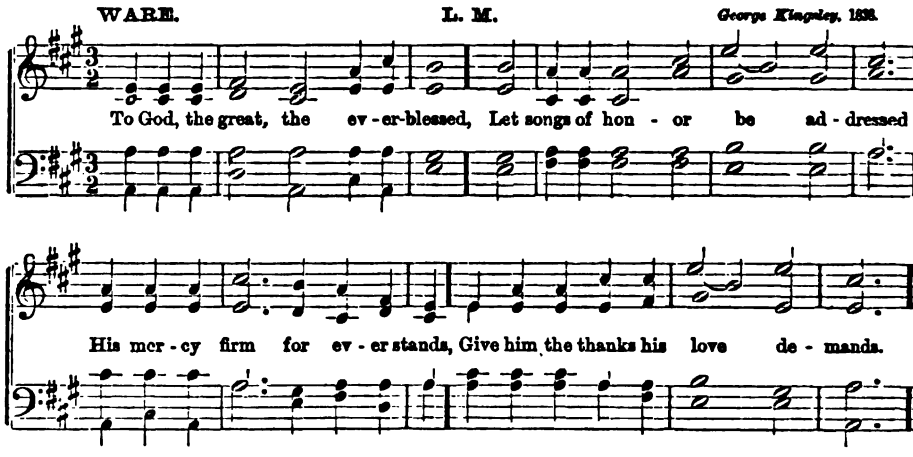
1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth.
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be banished far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

Benjamin Beddome, 1769.



1180. Psalm 106.

1 To God, the great, the ever-blessed,
Let songs of honor be addressed;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfill thy boundless praise?—
Blessed are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And, with the same salvation, bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 Oh! may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice:
This is my glory, Lord! to be
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1181. *A Welcome to Christian Friends.*

1 Kindred in Christ! for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by grace 't is given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

5 We 'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread;
And what he 's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We 'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

John Newton, 1773.

1182. *Brotherly Love.*

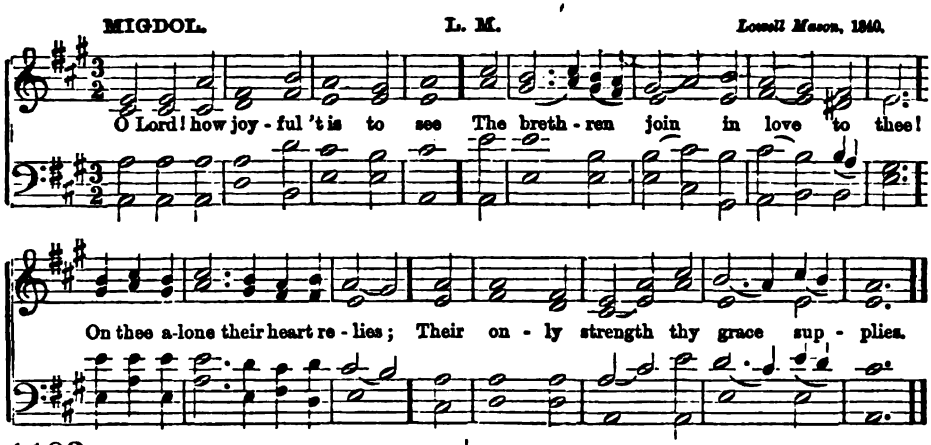
1 Now, by the love of Christ, my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

2 Clamor, and wrath, and war be gone;
Envy and spite for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ, his Son.

Isaac Watts, 1709, line 1st, a.



1183. "Oh! quam juvat fratres, Deus!"

1 O LORD! how joyful 't is to see
The brethren join in love to thee!
On thee alone their heart relies;
Their only strength thy grace supplies.

2 How sweet, within thy holy place,
With one accord to sing thy grace,
Besieging thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

3 Oh! may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode!
Oh! may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy!

4 The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to thee,
With hearts to thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven.

5 Lord! show'r upon us, from above,
The sacred gift of mutual love;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

Lat., *Santolius Victorinus*, 1660.
Tr., *John Chandler*, 1837.

1184. *Christian Friendship.*

1 How blest the sacred tie, that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There 's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1797.

1185. PSALM 92.

1 LORD! 't is a pleasant thing, to stand
In gardens, planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

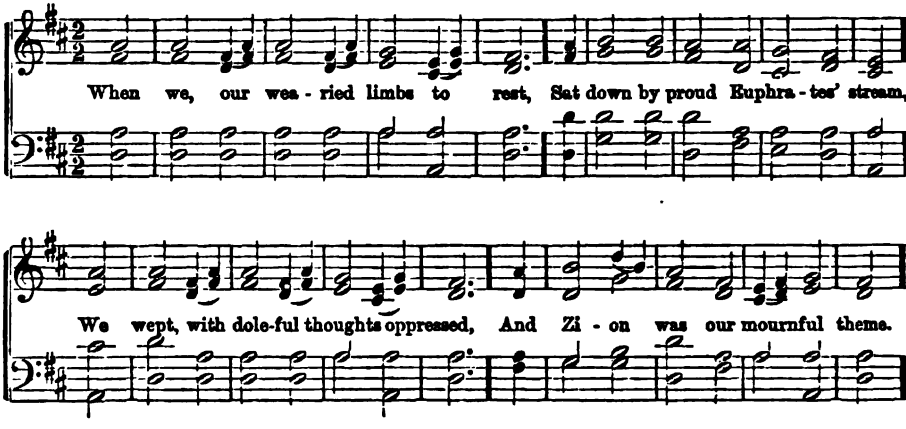
2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just and true;
None, that attend his gates, shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

CAPTIVITY. L. M. *William B. Bradbury, 1857.*



1186. Psalm 137.

1 When we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppressed,
And Zion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings, neglected hung
On willow trees, that withered there.

3 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skillful hands?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

4 O Salem! our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

1187. Psalm 80.

1 Great Shepherd of thine Israel!
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep;

2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey!
How long shall we lament, and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

5 Hast thou not planted, with thy hands,
A lovely vine in these fair lands?
But now, dear Lord! look down, and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree!

6 Return, almighty God! return;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1188. *The Vision of the dry Bones.*

1 Look down, O Lord! with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

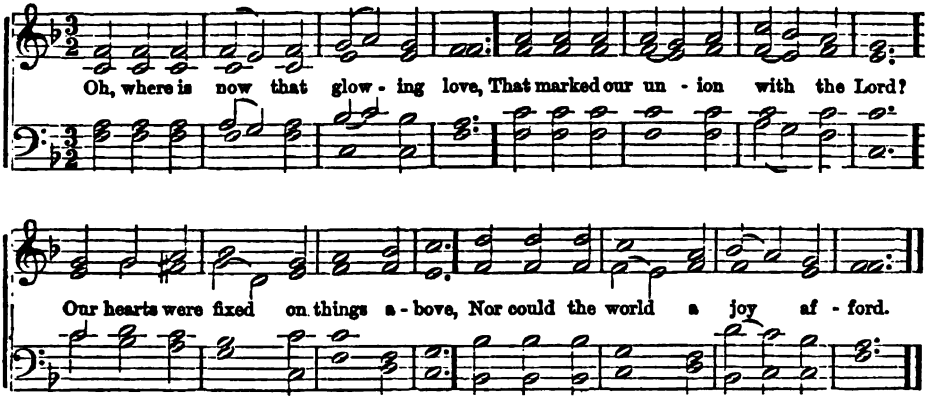
2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perished bones revive?
That, mighty God! to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But, if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

HURSLEY. L. M. Adapted from *Francis Joseph Haydn*, 1732-1809.



1189. *Past Joys remembered.*

1 Oh! where is now that glowing love,
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal, that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons, spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessédness that then we proved?

4 Behold! again we turn to thee;
Oh! cast us not away, though vile!
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord, our God! but in thy smile.

5 And, Oh! renew our former love;
Yea, never let it cease to grow,
Till, brightened and refined above,
A pure celestial flame it glow.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

1190. *Compassion for Transgressors.*

1 Arise, my tenderest thoughts! arise;
To torrents melt, my streaming eyes!
And thou, my heart! with anguish feel
Those evils, which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;—
The Father wounded through the Son,—
The world abused,—the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight,
Closing in everlasting night,—
In flames, that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.

4 My God! I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men:
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

1191. Psalm 85.

1 Lord! thou hast called thy grace to mind,
Thou hast reversed our heavy doom;
So God forgave when Israel sinned,
And bro't his wandering captives home.

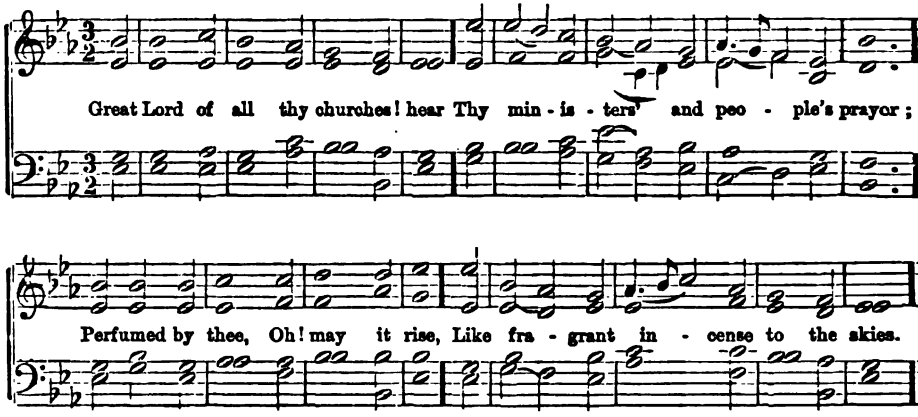
2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turned to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord!
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfill thy word;
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say;
He 'll speak, and give his people peace;
But let them run no more astray;
Lest his returning wrath increase.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

LUTON. L. M. From *Aaron Williams'* Coll., ca. 1760.



1192. *Prayer for a Revival.*

1 GREAT Lord of all thy churches! hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfumed by thee, Oh! may it rise,
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

2 May every pastor, from above
Be new inspired with zeal and love,
To watch thy flock, thy flock to feed,
And sow with care the precious seed.

3 Revive thy churches with thy grace;
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

4 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

5 May aged saints matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And, when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And, weeping, sow the seed of praise;
In humble hope, that thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

William Kingsbury, 1806.

1193. *Hoping for a Revival.*

1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,—
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

2 Though for a time I hide my face,
Rely upon my love and power;
Still wrestle at a throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

3 Take down thy long-neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord! I obey; my hopes revive; [sing;
Come, join with me, ye saints! and
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

John Newton, 1779.

1194. PSALM 126.

1 WHEN God restored our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
The grace, beyond our hopes, so great,
That joy appeared a painted dream.

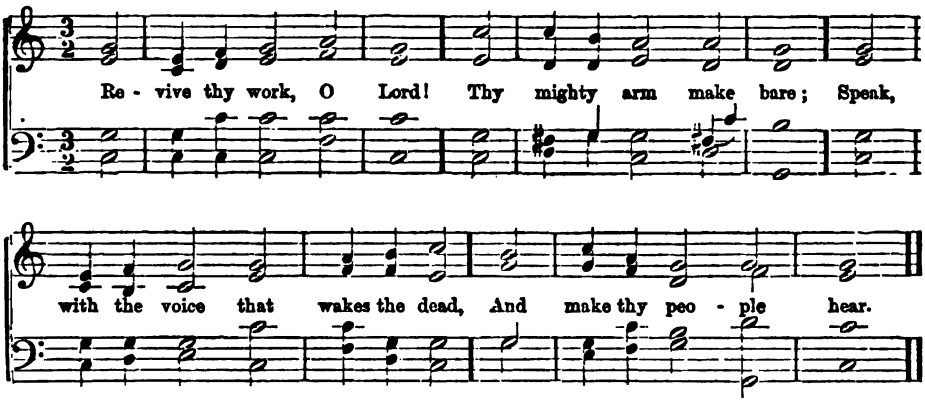
2 The scoffer owns thy hands, and pays
Unwilling honors to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we reviewed our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears;
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that, in his furrowed field,
His scattered seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout, to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

BOYLSTON. S. M. *Lowell Mason, 1832.*



1195. *A Revival sought.*

1 Revive thy work, O Lord!
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak, with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make thy people hear.

2 Revive thy work, O Lord!
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now,
By thine almighty breath.

3 Revive thy work, O Lord!
Exalt thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

4 Revive thy work, O Lord!
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing, Lord! be ours.

Albert Midlane, 1861.

1196. *Prayer for a Revival.*

1 O Lord! thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 Oh! let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covénant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
Oh! come and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

Mrs. Phebe H. Brown, 1831.

1197. *Longing for a Revival.*

1 Oh! for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry;
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high!

2 We meet, we sing, we pray,
We listen to the word,
In vain; we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.

3 Our prayers are faint and dull,
And languid all our songs;
Where once with joy our hearts were full,
And rapture tuned our tongues.

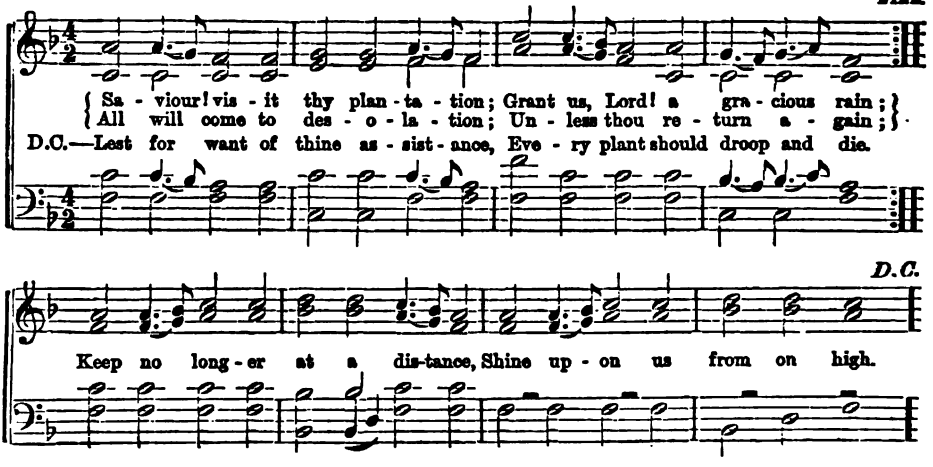
4 While many seek thy house,
How few, around thy board,
Meet to recount their solemn vows,
And bless thee as their Lord!

5 Thou, thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

6 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall our people all be thine,
Our church, like that above.

George W. Bethune, 1848

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. 8 LINES. From *Jean Jacques Rousseau*, 1750.



1198. *A spiritual Drought.*

1 SAVIOUR! visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord! a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

2 Surely, once thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen!
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord! thy help is greatly needed;
Help can only come from thee.

3 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below:
Some, alas! we fear, are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show:
Dearest Saviour! hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

4 Let our mutual love be fervent:
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares:
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

John Newton, 1779.

1199. *Comfort for the Church.*

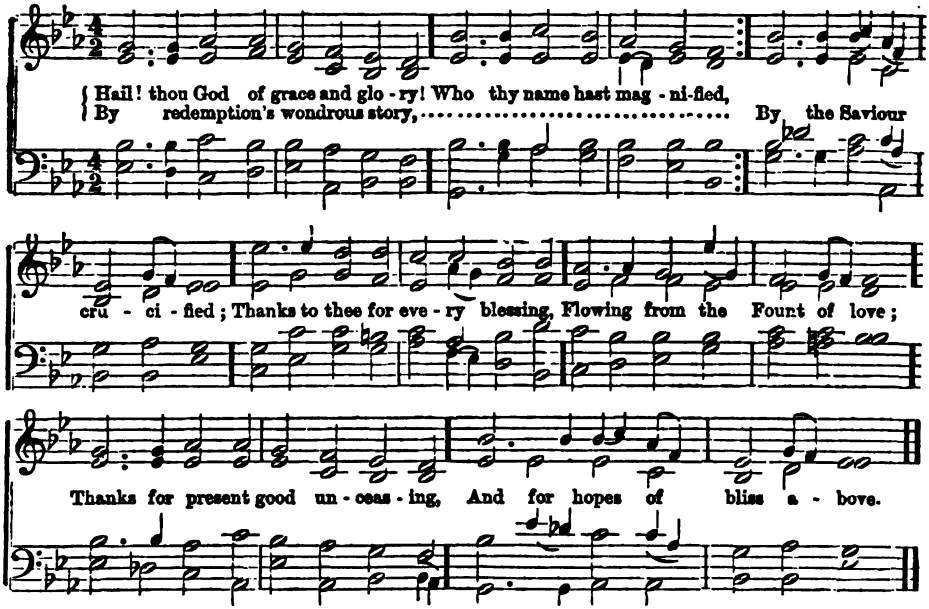
1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken;
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken!
Fair abodes I build for you;
Themes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow:
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see,
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God, your everlasting Light.

William Cowper, 1772.

SNOWDON. 8s & 7s. 8 LINES. *Isaac Willis.*



1200. *Seeking the Baptism of the Spirit.*

1 HAIL! thou God of grace and glory!
Who thy name hast magnified,
By redemption's wondrous story,
By the Saviour crucified;
Thanks to thee for every blessing,
Flowing from the Fount of love;
Thanks for present good unceasing,
And for hopes of bliss above.

2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly,
Near thy bright and burning throne;
We invoke thee, God most holy!
Through thy well-beloved Son;
Send the baptism of thy Spirit,
Shed the pentecostal fire;
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Waken, crown each good desire.

3 Bind thy people, Lord! in union,
With the sevenfold cord of love;
Breathe a spirit of communion
With the glorious hosts above;
Let thy work be seen progressing;
Bow each heart, and bend each knee;
Till the world, thy truth possessing,
Celebrates its jubilee.

Thomas W. Aveling, 1844.

1201. *Waiting for the Dawn.*

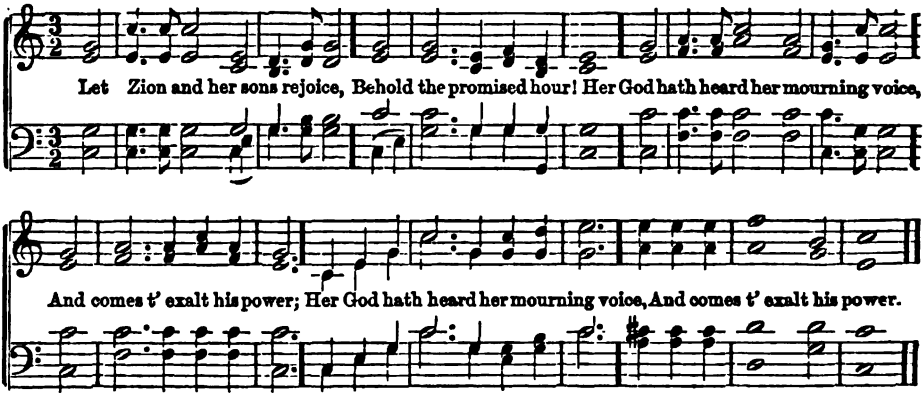
1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Come, and, by thy love's revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,—
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart;
Come, and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!
Come, and bring the gospel-grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley, 1744.

ZERAH. C. M. *Lowell Mason, 1837.*



1202. PSALM 102.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins, that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemned to death,
And, when his saints complain,
It sha' n't be said, that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known, when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1203. PSALM 126.

1 YE servants of the living God!
Let praise your hearts employ;
And, as you tread the heavenly road,
Lift up the voice of joy.

2 Have they not reason to rejoice,
Whose sins have been forgiven;—
Called by a gracious Father's voice
To be the heirs of heaven?

3 How do the captive's transports flow,
When rescued from his chains!
And how must sinners joy to know
Their great Deliverer reigns!

4 Oh! grant us, Lord! to feel and own
The power of love divine,
The blood that doth for sin atone,
The grace which makes us thine.

William H. Bathurst, 1830.

1204. *A Revival sought.*

1 BLEST Jesus! come thou gently down,
And fill this hallowed place;
Oh! make thy glorious goings known,
Diffuse around thy grace.

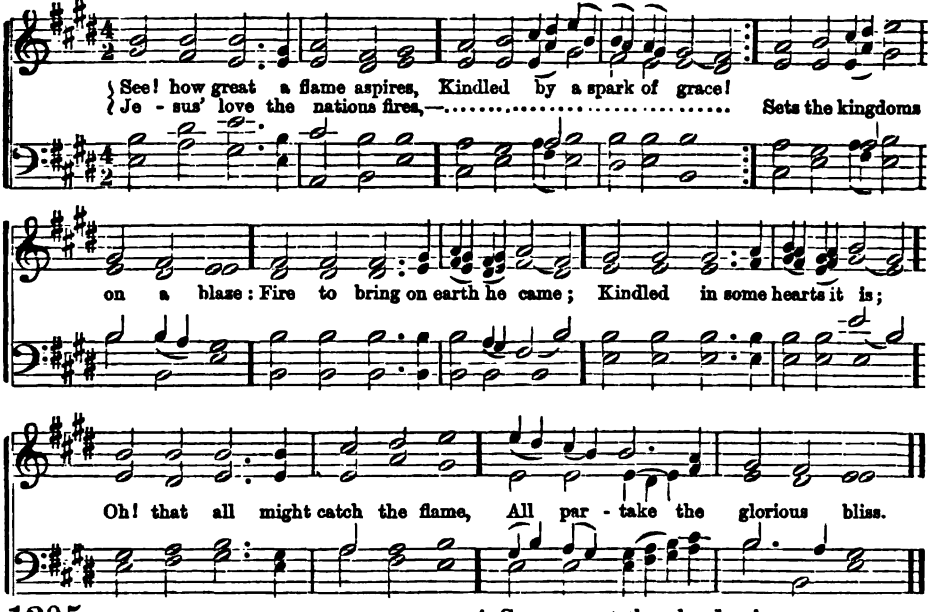
2 Shine, dearest Lord! from realms of day.
Disperse the gloom of night;
Chase all our clouds and doubts away,
And turn the shades to light.

3 Revive, O God! desponding saints,
Who languish, droop and sigh;
Refresh the soul that tires and faints,
Fill mourning hearts with joy.

4 Make known thy power, victorious King!
Subdue each stubborn will;
Then sovereign grace we 'll join to sing
On Zion's sacred hill.

Anon., 1833.

ONIDO. 7s. 8 LINES. From *Ignace Pleyel*, 1757-1831. Adapted by *Lowell Mason*, 1840.



1205. *An Outpouring of the Spirit.*

1 SEE! how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,—
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze;
Fire to bring on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is;
Oh! that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run;
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,—
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God! your Saviour praise;
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified;
Jesus, mighty to redeem,—
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,—
Him who spake a world from naught.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

1206. *A Revival.*

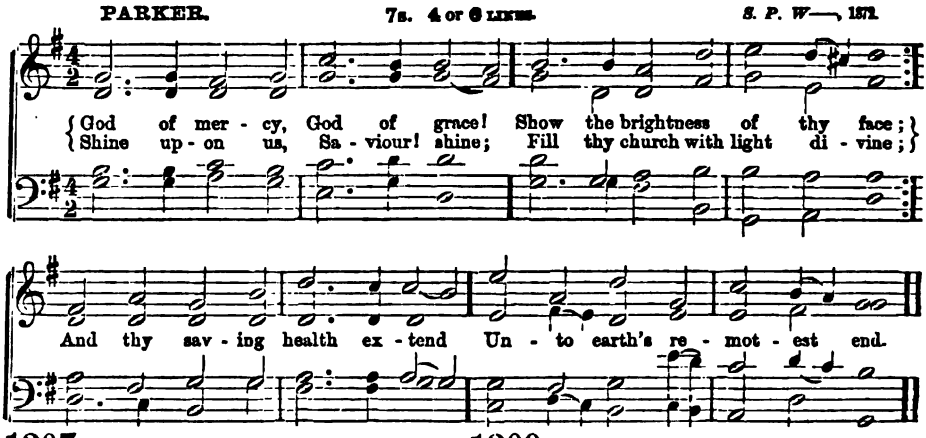
1 FOUNT of everlasting love!
Rich thy streams of mercy are,
Flowing purely from above;
Beauty marks their course afar.

2 Lo! thy church, athirst and faint,
Drinks the full, refreshing tide;
Thou hast heard her sad complaint,
Floods of grace are sweeping wide!

3 God of mercy! to thy throne
Now our fervent thanks we bring;
Thine the glory, thine alone,
Joyous praise to thee we sing.

4 While we lift our grateful song,
Let the Spirit still descend;
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end!

Ray Palmer, 1858.



1207.

PSALM 67.

1 GOD of mercy, God of grace!
Show the brightness of thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour! shine;
Fill thy church with light divine;
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King;
At thy feet their tributes pay,
And thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man his blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

1208.

PSALM 67.

1 ON thy church, O Power divine!
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations, from afar,
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons, from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

1209.

The triumphant Reign of Christ.

1 SEE the ransomed millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand!
This, before the throne, their strain,—
"Hell is vanquished; death is slain!

2 Blessing, honor, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right;
Thrones and powers before him fall,—
Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"

3 Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;
Come in glory, and in power;
Still thy foes are unsubdued;
Nature sighs to be renewed.

4 Time has nearly reached its sum;
All things, with thy bride, say, "Come!"
Jesus! whom all worlds adore,
Come,—and reign for evermore.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

1210.

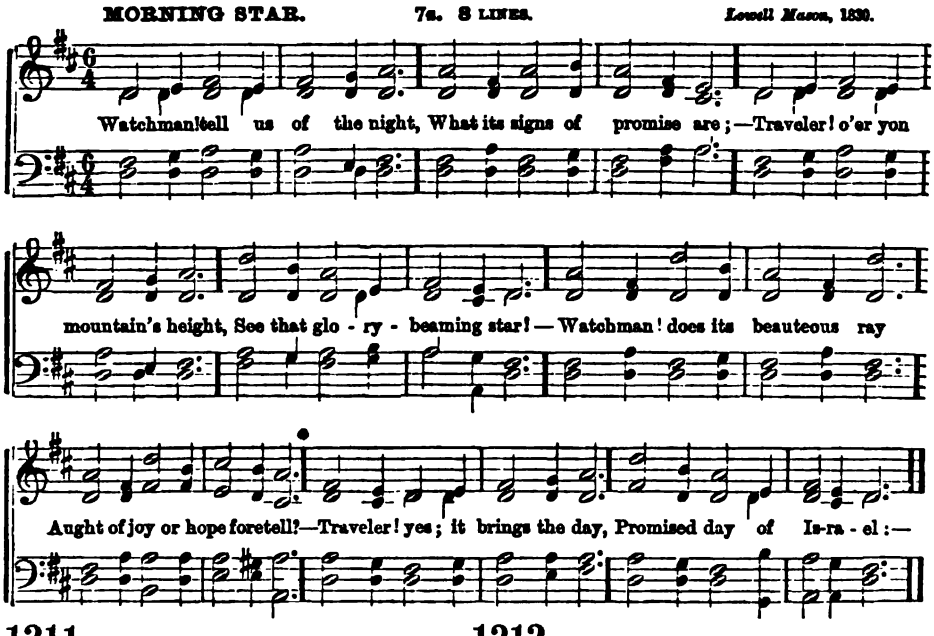
Christ's universal Reign.

1 WAKE the song of jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

2 All ye nations! join and sing;
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,—
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,—
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

Leonard Bacon, 1833.



1211. *The Glory-beaming Star.*

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;—
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!—
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?—
Traveler! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel!—

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends;—
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends;—
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?—
Traveler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!—

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;—
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn;—
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!—
Traveler! lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come!

John Bowring, 1825.

1212. *Home Missions.*

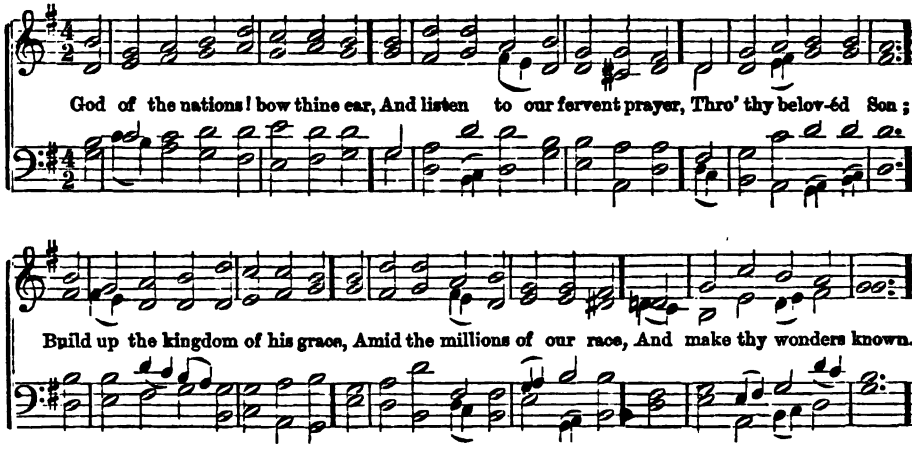
1 SOLDIERS of the cross! arise;
Gird you with your armor bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight;
O'er a faithless fallen world,
Raise your banner in the sky,
Let it float there, wide unfurled,
Bear it onward, lift it high.

2 Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard;
To the weary and the worn,
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn,
Speak of mercy, grace, and peace.

3 Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
Comfort troubles, banish grief;
With the Spirit's sword arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief:
Be the banner still unfurled,
Bear it bravely still abroad.
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

William Walsham How, 1864.

AITHLONE. C. P. M. *Heinrich Isaac, 1490.*



1213. *The Spread of the Gospel.*

1 God of the nations! bow thine ear,
And listen to our fervent prayer,
Through thy belovéd Son;
Build up the kingdom of his grace,
Amid the millions of our race,
And make thy wonders known.

2 Send forth the heralds in his name;
Bid them a Saviour's love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
Till distant lands shall hear the sound,
And send the joyful echoes round,
Amid the shades of death.

3 Hast thou not given the heavenly word,
That all the earth shall know the Lord,
And to his sceptre bow?
And is not this the favored hour,
When many a realm shall feel his power,
And pay the solemn vow?

4 Oh! let the nations rise, and bring
Their offerings to th' almighty King,
And trust in him alone;
Renounce their idols, and adore
The God of gods for evermore,
Upon his lofty throne.

5 The dying millions thus shall prove
The matchless power of bleeding love,
And feel their sins forgiven;
Shall join the converts' joyful throng,
And raise on high redemption's song,
Along the path to heaven.

Thomas Hastings, 1834.

1214. *Home Missions.*

1 When, Lord! to this our western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came, [youth,
Their ancient homes, their friends in
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,
To keep them in thy name.

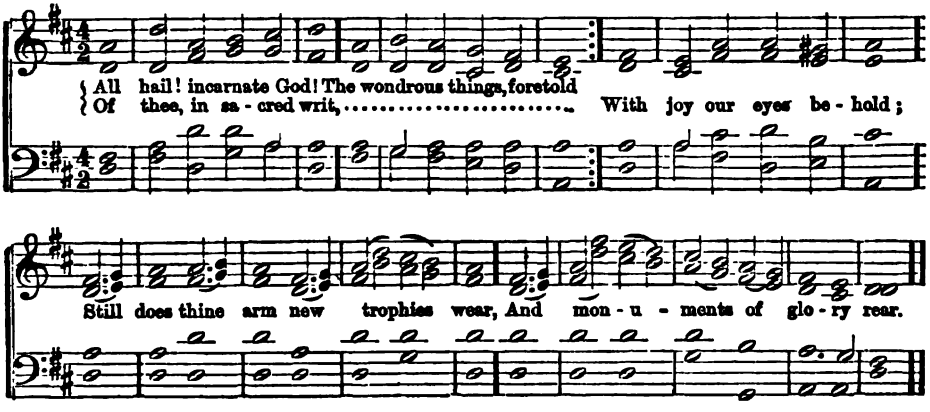
2 Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.

3 And, Oh! may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet,
Within our spreading land:
There brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam;
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Saviour! we own this debt of love:
Oh! shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy name,
Through all our desert west.

Henry U. Onderdonk, 1823.

HADDAM. H. M. English. Arr. *Lowell Mason*, 1822.



1215.

The great Conqueror.

1 All hail! incarnate God!
The wondrous things, foretold
Of thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold:
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 Oh! haste, victorious Prince!
That glorious, happy day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway;
Oh! may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies!

3 All hail! triumphant Lord!
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

Elisabeth Scott, 1763.

1216.

Psalm 45.

1 Gird on thy conquering sword,
Ascend thy shining car,
And march, almighty Lord!
To wage thy holy war:
Before his wheels, in glad surprise,
Ye valleys! rise; and sink, ye hills!

2 Before thine awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace,—
That grace which conquers all:
The world shall know, great King of kings,
What wondrous things thine arm can do.

3 Here, to my willing soul,
Bend thy triumphant way;
Here every foe control,
And all thy power display:
My heart, thy throne, blest Jesus! see,
Bows low to thee, to thee alone.

Philip Doddridge, 1736.

1217.

Prayer for the Spirit.

1 O thou that hearést prayer!
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

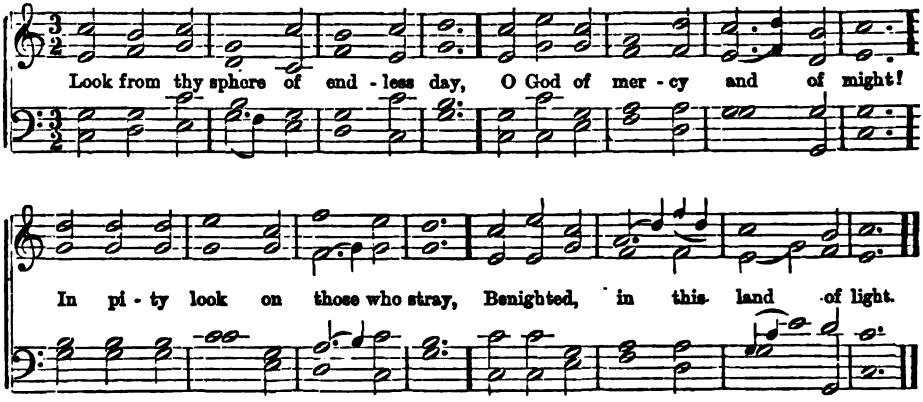
2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our Heavenly Father, thou;—
We, children of thy grace:
Oh! let thy Spirit now
Descend, and fill the place:
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 Oh! send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord!
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
That heathen lands may own thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.

John Burton, 1824.

MENDON. L. M. Old German. Arr., *Lowell Mason*, 1832.



1218. *Home Missions.*

1 Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord! to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William C. Bryant, 1840.

1219. *The Glory of the latter Day.*

1 Arise, arise; with joy survey
The glory of the latter day;
Already is the dawn begun
Which marks at hand a rising sun.

2 "Behold the way!" ye heralds! cry;
Spare not, but lift your voices high;
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
Glad tidings to the captive soul.

3 Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell!
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own.

4 The north gives up; the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store;
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

5 Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray
With joy we view, and hail the day:
Great Sun of righteousness! arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

Thomas Kelly, 1809, a.

1220. *For a missionary Meeting.*

1 Assembled at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King! we stand:
The voice that marshaled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.

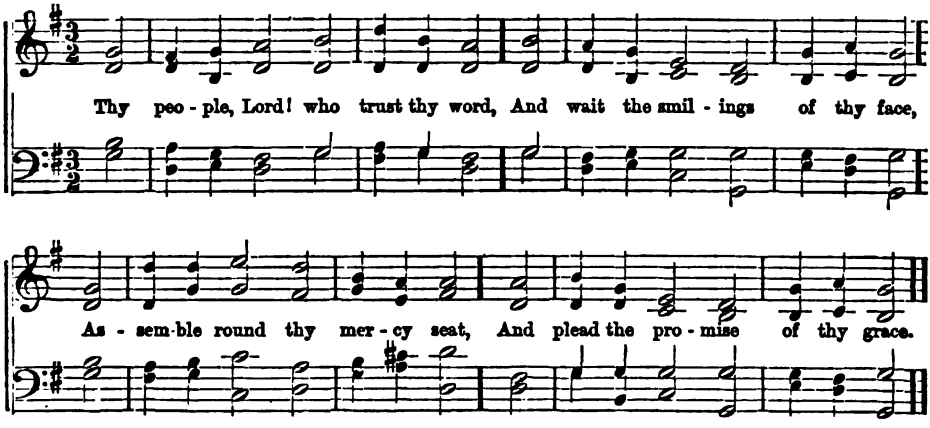
2 We meet, through distant lands, to spread
The truth, for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise,
Our counsels aid; and, Oh! impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious world around.

William B. Collyer, 1812.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. *Lowell Mason*, 1830.



1221. *The Success of Missions.*

1 THY people, Lord! who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.

2 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son,
To be a light to gentile lands;
To open the benighted eye,
And loose the wretched prisoner's [bands?

3 Hast thou not said, — from sea to sea,
His vast dominion shall extend;
That every tongue shall call him Lord,
And every knee before him bend?

4 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favor Zion come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banished children home.

Mrs. Voke, 1806.

1222. *Pentecostal Grace.*

1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion — order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

5 God, from eternity, hath willed, —
All flesh shall his salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned, through thee.

James Montgomery, 1825.

1223. *Pleading for the Perishing.*

1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies!
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise?
Till thine own power shall stand con-
And make Jerusalem a praise? [fessed,

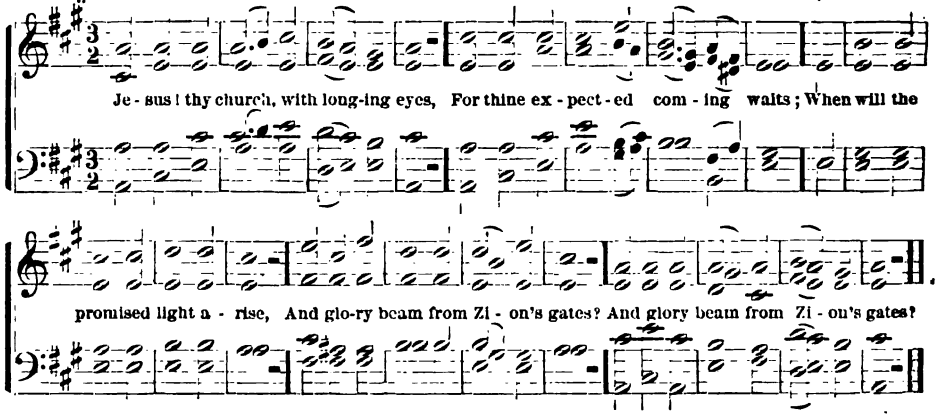
3 Look down, O God! with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round;
See, what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.

4 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

5 On all our souls let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, in copious showers;
That we may call our God our Friend;
That we may hail salvation ours.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

PARK STREET. L. M. From *Freibrick M. A. Venua*, cir. 1310.



1224. *Christ's coming to reign.*

1 JESUS! thy church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption 's nigh.

3 Oh! come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

William H. Bathurst, 1831.

1225. *The Time to favor Zion.*

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
Oh! bid the morning star arise;
Oh! point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known;
Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice:
Dispel the gloom of heathen night;
Bid every nation hail the light.

B. H. Draper, 1816.

1226. *The coming of Christ's Kingdom.*

1 JESUS! we bow before thy throne,
We lift our eyes to seek thy face;
To bleeding hearts thy love make known,
On contrite souls bestow thy grace.

2 See, spread beneath thy gracious eye,
A world o'erwhelmed in guilt and tears;
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
And no kind voice dispels their fears!

3 Lord! arm thy truth with power divine,
Its conquests spread from shore to shore
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
And earth and skies shall be no more.

4 Oh! rise, ye ransomed captives! rise,
Peal the loud anthem here below;
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
And heaven with new-born rapture glow.

Nathan S. S. Beman, 1832.

1227. *Zion's Glory.*

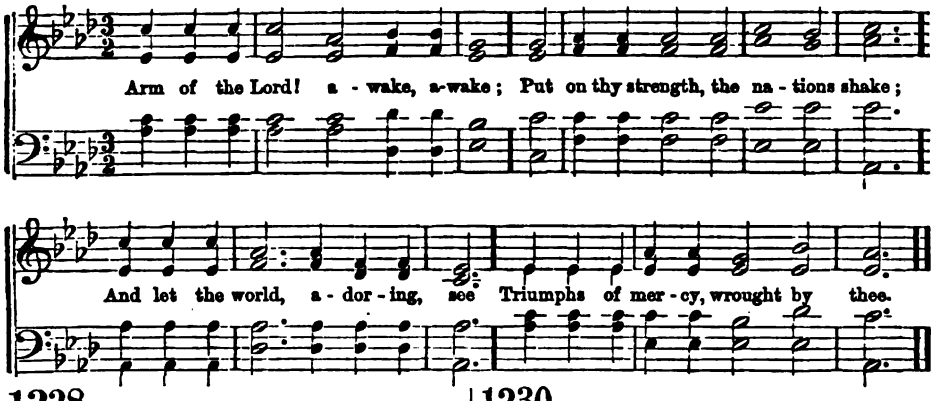
1 ZION! awake, thy strength renew,
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
And let th' admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

2 Church of our God! arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine;
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.

3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
And shall admire and love thee too;—
They come, like clouds across the sky
As doves that to their windows fly.

William Shrubsole, 1780.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. *Charles Zeuner, 1832.*



1228. *The universal Reign of Christ.*

1 Arm of the Lord! awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy, wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah — God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood, that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
In every clime, of every name,
Till adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour — Lord of all.

William Shrubsole, 1776.

1229. *The coming Reign of Christ.*

1 Ascend thy throne, almighty King!
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat;
Let humble mourners seek thy face;
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 Oh! let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name,—
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787

1230. Psalm 110.

1 Thus the eternal Father spake
To Christ, the Son: "Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 From Zion shall thy word proceed;
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

3 That day shall show thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O blesséd power! O glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1231. *The final Anthem of Triumph.*

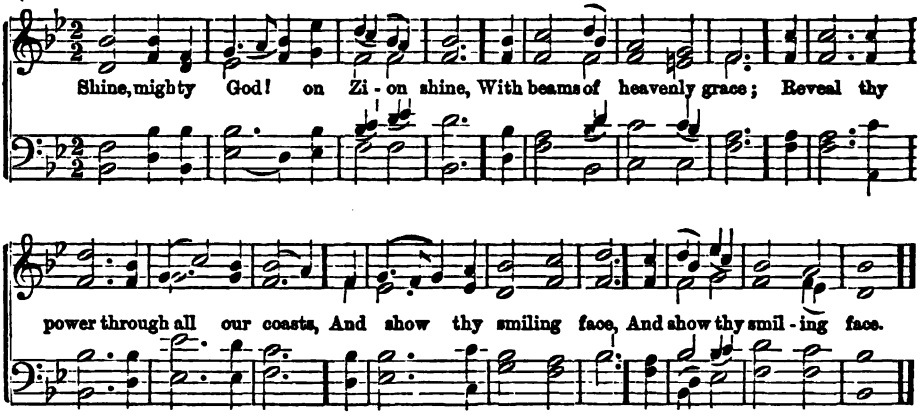
1 Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies,—
That song of triumph, which records,
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God! to thee;
And, over land, and stream, and main,
Wave thou the sceptre of thy reign.

3 Oh! that the anthem, now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,—
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Anon., 1839

BROOMSGROVE. C. M. *Thomas Williams's Coll., cir. 1768.*



1232. Psalm 67.

1 Shine, mighty God! on Zion shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands!
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

4 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land,
With fruitfulness and peace.

5 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favors here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

Isaac Watts, 1719, *a.*

1233. *The Conversion of Israel.*

1 Daughter of Zion! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,—
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,—
Thy beautiful array;
Thy day of freedom dawns at length,—
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south,—"Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!"

4 They come! they come! thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs, thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

James Montgomery, 1825.

1234. Psalm 96.

1 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands!
Ye tribes of every tongue!
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

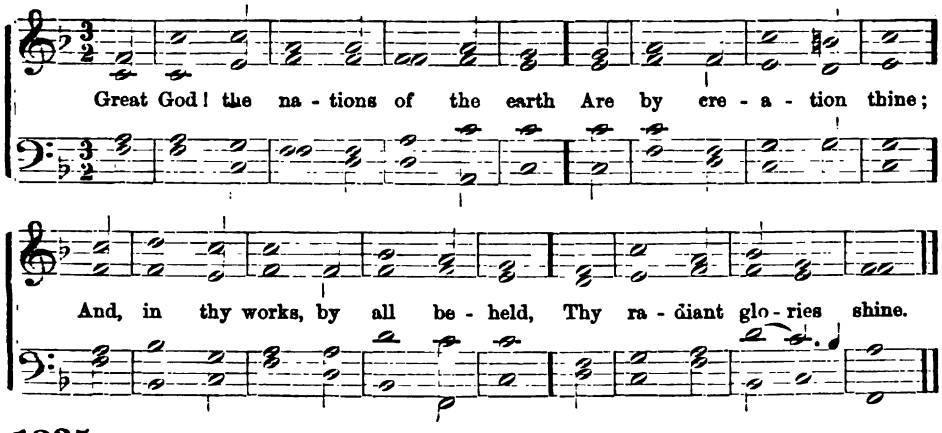
2 Say to the nations,—Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains! sink; ye valleys! rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

MEAR. C. M. *Aaron Williams' Coll., ctr. 1760.*



1235. *The Diffusion of the Gospel.*

1 GREAT God! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And, in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord! thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Lord! when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound!

4 Oh! when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals, long enslaved, become
The freedmen of the Lord?

5 When shall th' untutored India tribes,
A dark, bewildered race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace!

6 Smile! Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build, on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise.

Thomas Gibbons, 1769.

1236. *The latter Day.*

1 LORD! send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power;
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of its grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,—
A blooming paradise.

3 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall
Her wings from shore to shore; [stretch
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

4 Lord! for these days we wait;— these
Are in thy word foretold: [days
Fly swifter, sun and stars! and bring
This promised age of gold.

5 Amen!— with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
Amen!— with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

Thomas Gibbons, 1769.

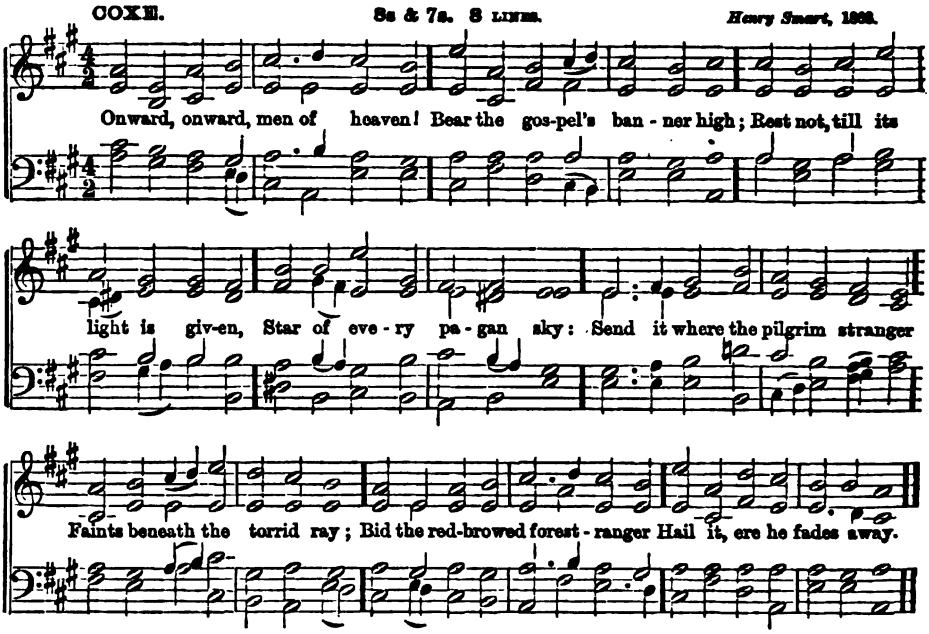
1237. *The Gospel Heralds.*

1 Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye favored men of God!
Go, publish, through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 He, who has called you to the war,
Will recompense your pains:
Before Messiah's conquering car,
Shall mountains sink to plains.

3 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Assured that e'en your mightiest foes
Shall bow before his cross.

Thomas Morell, 1818.



1238. *The Heralds of the Gospel.*

1 Onward, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the gospel's banner high;
Rest not, till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky:
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the red-browed forest-ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

2 Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow:
India marks its lustre stealing;
Shivering Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation:
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, 1833.

1239. *Spreading wide the Gospel.*

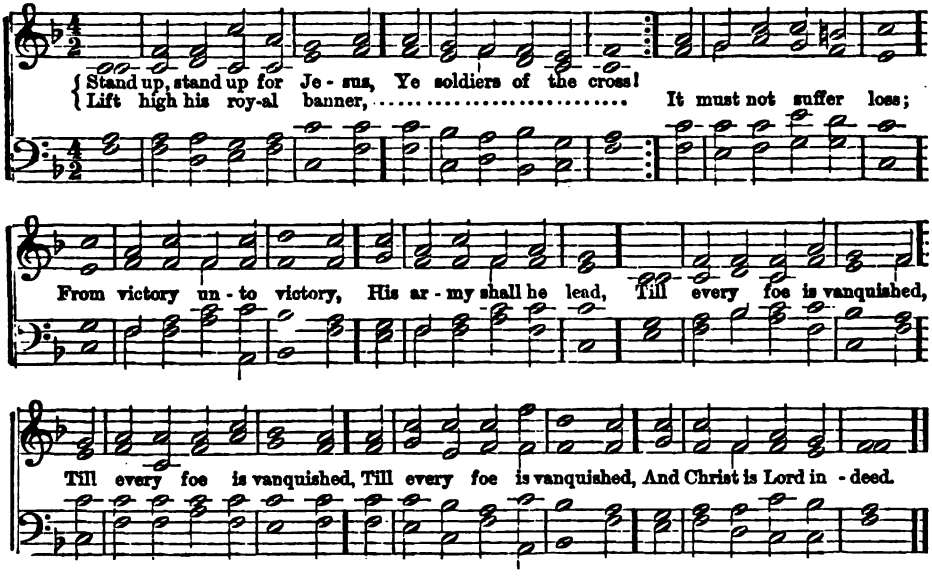
1 Saviour! sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let thy sorrows be;
By thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto thee:
Of thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see thee in thy glory,
And thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for thee are flowing,
Human hearts in thee would rest,
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee, as man, for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting, [sight,
Stretched the hand, and strained the
For thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth, by every creature,
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1851.

YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s. 8 LINES. *Lowell Mason*, 1836.



1240. *Good Soldiers.*

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
Ye that are men! now serve him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,—
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally!

George Duffield, 1858.

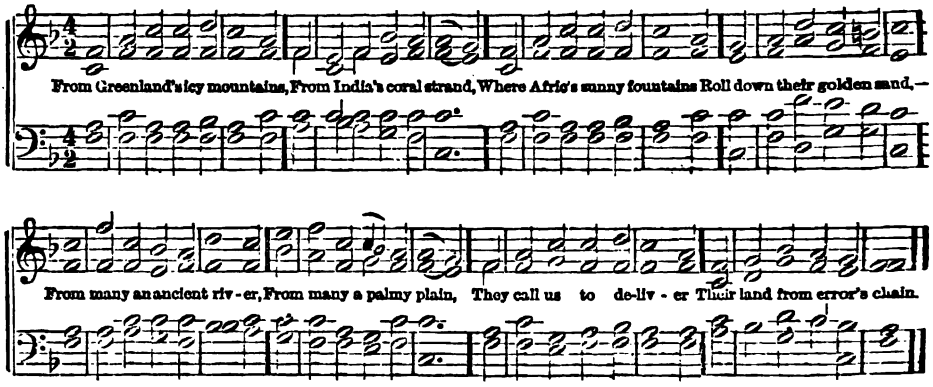
1241. PSALM 14.

1 OH! that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord! in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart;
Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. 8 LINES. *Lowell Mason, 1824.*



1242. *Salvation for all the World.*

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What, though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, Oh! salvation!—
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds! his story,
And you, ye waters! roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

Reginald Heber, 1819.

1243. *Success of the Gospel.*

1 THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze, that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings, from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

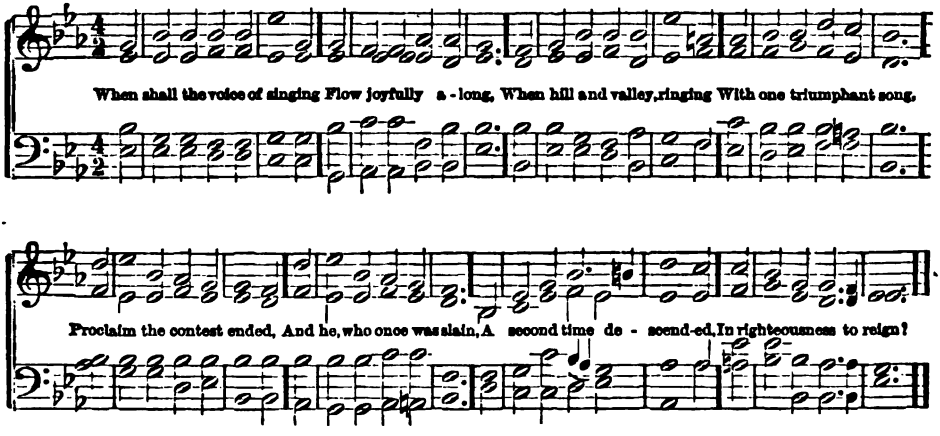
2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:—
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

Samuel F. Smith, 1834.

GREENLAND. 7s & 6s. 8 LINES. Lausanne Psalter.



1244. *The universal Hallelujah.*

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him, who once was slain,
A second time descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then, from the craggy mountains,
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the hymn around,
All, hallelujah swelling
In one continued sound.

James Edmeston, 1822.

1245. *The departure of Missionaries.*

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below:
Arise, ye gales! and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler!
Who holdest, in thine arm,
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us, who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

James Edmeston, 1822.

1246. *The Day of Jubilee.*

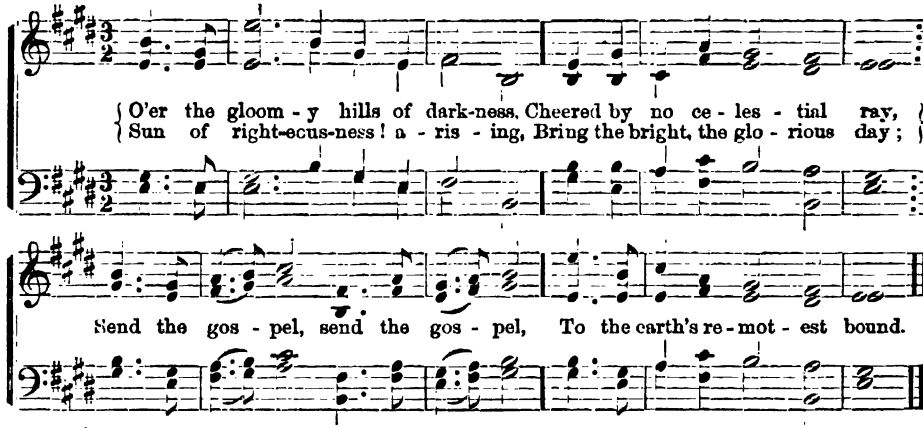
1 How beauteous, on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains
Good tidings of good things;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace!

2 Lift up thy voice, O watchman!
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus, —
"The victory is ours!"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear his rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness;
O waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod;
Behold, O earth! the glorious
Salvation of our God!

Benjamin Gough, 18[illegible]

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4. Scotch Melody. Adapted by *Charles Lockhart*, cir. 1790.



1247. *Success of the Gospel.*

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel,
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour! all the world around.

William Williams, 1772, *a.*

1248. *Light for the Gentiles.*

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;—
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth!

2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light, to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing:
To thy brightness,
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshiping before him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

4 Thou, to whom all power is given!
Speak the word; at thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name from land to land:
Lord! be with them,
Alway to the end of time.

Thomas Cotterill, 1819.

1249. *The Spirit and the Word.*

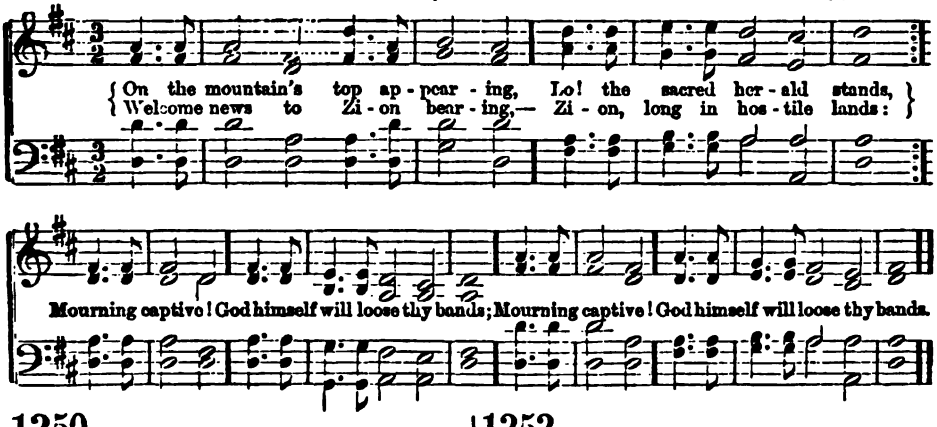
1 WHO but thou, almighty Spirit!
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but, till thou favor,
Heathens still will be the same:
Mighty Spirit!
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewildered nations;
Change our prayers and tears to praise.
Promised Spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors
Must be vain without thy aid;
But thou wilt not disappoint us;
All is true that thou hast said:
Gracious Spirit!
O'er the world thy influence shed.

"*Eriphas*," Eng., 1821.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4. *Thomas Hastings, 1830.*



1250. *The Heralds of Salvation.*

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;—
Zion still is well-beloved.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

1251. *Dawning of the latter Day.*

1 Yes, we trust, the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land;
Mark his progress!
Darkness flies, at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious!
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land;
Let the idols
Perish, Lord! at thy command.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

1252. *Publishing the Gospel.*

1 Songs anew of honor framing,
Sing ye to the Lord alone,
All his wondrous works proclaiming;—
Jesus wondrous works hath done;
Glorious victory
His right hand and arm have won.

2 Now he bids his great salvation
Through the heathen lands be told;
Spread the news through every nation,
And his acts of grace unfold;
All the heathen
Shall his righteousness behold.

3 Shout aloud, and hail the Saviour;
Jesus, Lord of all, proclaim;
As ye triumph in his favor,
All ye lands! declare his fame;
Loud rejoicing,
Shout the honors of his name.

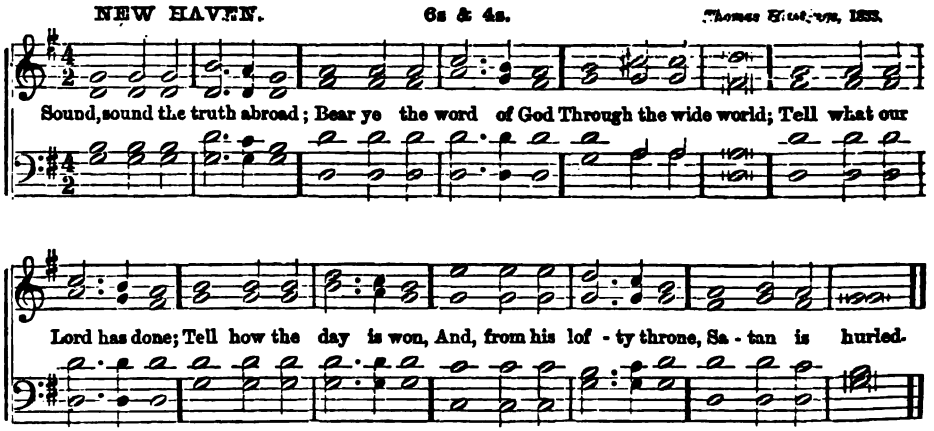
William Goode, 1811.

1253. *Fountain of Life.*

1 See, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow!
God has opened there a fountain,
That supplies the world below:
They are blessed,
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O ye nations!
Hail the long-expected day.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.



1254. *"I am with you always."*

1 SOUND, sound the truth abroad;
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done;
Tell how the day is won,
And, from his lofty throne,
Satan is hurled.

2 Speed on the wings of love;
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They, who his message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their Friend appear;
He will be nigh.

3 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand —
Jesus, their Lord.

4 Ye who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign!
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

1255. *Christ for the World.*

1 CHRIST for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

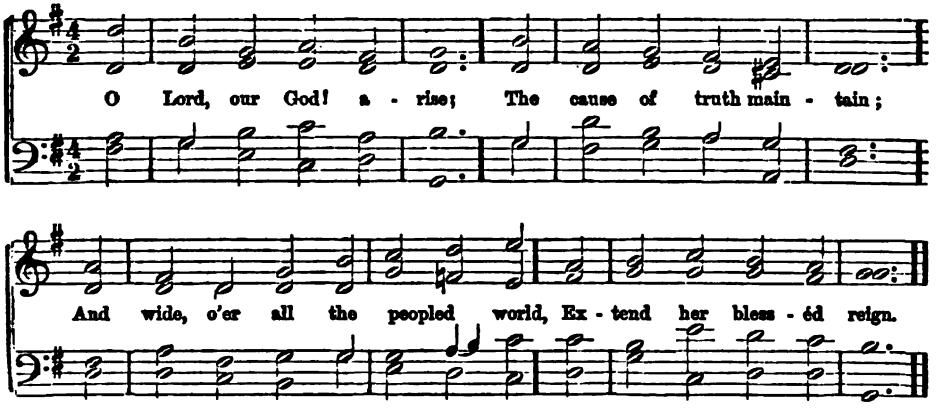
2 Christ for the world we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott, 1869.

PENTONVILLE. S. M. *Thomas Linley, 1800.*



1256. *The universal Reign of Christ.*

1 O LORD, our God! arise;
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide, o'er all the peopled world,
Extend her blesséd reign.

2 Thou Prince of life! arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost! arise, —
Expand thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth! arise, —
To God, the Saviour, sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring!

Ralph Wardlaw, 1803.

1257. PSALM 67.

1 To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord! incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face,
On all thy saints to shine; —

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord! combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4 Oh! let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

1258. *The Spread of the Gospel.*

1 O GOD of sovereign grace!
We bow before thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord!
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

Anon., 1836.

1259. *Christ's Coming.*

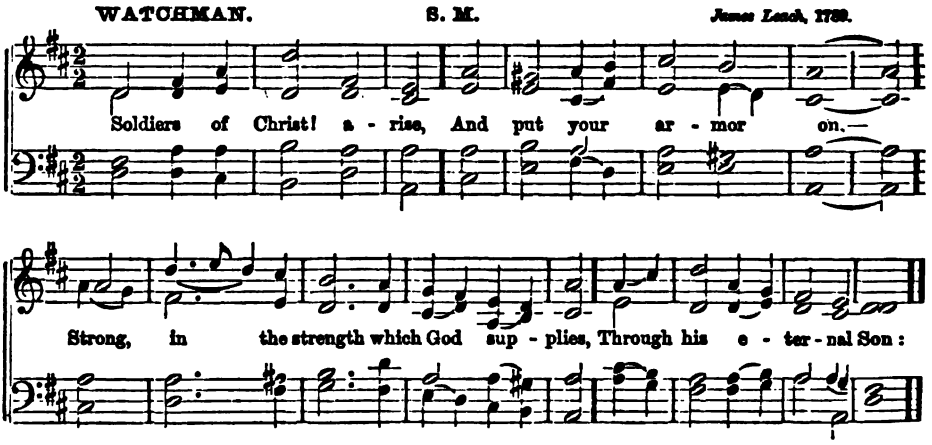
1 COME, Lord! and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh! why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise, —
Creation's second birth.

4 Come and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of righteousness!

Horatius Bonar, 1857.



1260. *The Panoply of God.*

1 Soldiers of Christ! arise,
And put your armor on,— [plies,
Strong, in the strength which God sup-
Through his eternal Son:—

2 Strong, in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:—

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

1261. *Ministering for Christ.*

1 Laborers of Christ! arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise, from the skies,
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And, where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth,
That earth may ne'er despoil;
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, 1841.

1262. *Sowing and Reaping.*

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

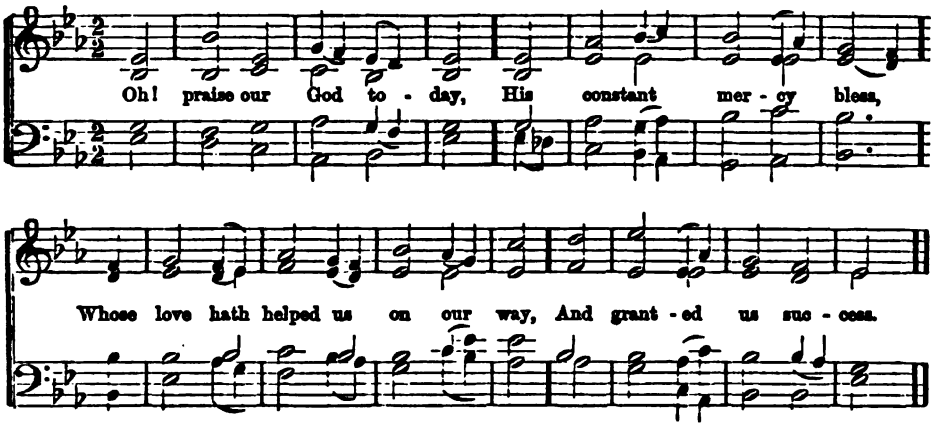
2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry "Harvest-home!"

James Montgomery, 1825

CARLISLE. S. M. *Charles Lockhart, etc. 1790.*



1263.

The Law of Love.

1 Oh! praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

2 His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts,
Each other's load to share.

3 Oh! happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe,
By deeds of holy love!

4 Lord! may it be our choice
This blessèd rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

5 God of the widow! hear;
Our work of mercy bless;
God of the fatherless! be near,
And grant us good success.

Henry W. Baker, 1852.

1264.

Doing Good.

1 We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord! from thee.

2 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

3 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

4 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be:
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

William Walsham How, 1854.

1265.

Contributions.

1 Thy bounties, gracious Lord!
With gratitude we own;
We bless thy providential grace,
Which showers its blessings down.

2 With joy the people bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold! we pay
A tribute of thine own.

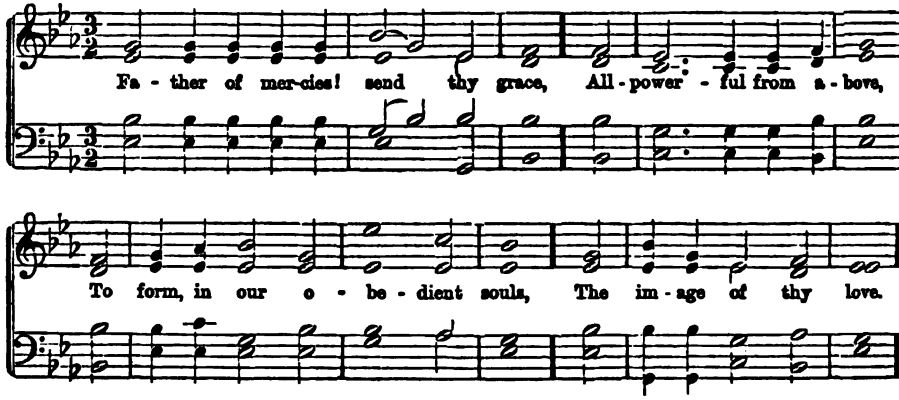
3 Let a Redeemer's blood
Diffuse its virtues wide;
Hallow and cleanse our every gift,
And all our follies hide.

4 Oh! may this sacrifice
To thee, the Lord, ascend,
An odor of a sweet perfume,
Presented by his hand.

5 Well pleased our God shall view
The products of his grace;
And, in a plentiful reward,
Fulfill his promises.

Elizabeth Scott, 1808.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. *George Kingsley, 1838.*



1266. *The good Samaritan.*

1 FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 Oh! may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When the most helpless sons of grief,
In low distress, are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And midst th' embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love, the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

1267. *Relieving the Poor.*

1 BRIGHT Source of everlasting love!
To thee our souls we raise;
And, to thy sovereign bounty, rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the paths of life,
With every cheering ray,
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 What shall we render, bounteous Lord!
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness, worms can yield,
Extendeth not to thee.

4 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
We cheerfully repair;
And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

5 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be fed;
And hungering souls we 'll gladly point
To Christ, the living Bread.

James Boden, 1801.

1268. *Remembering the Poor.*

1 LORD! lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasure still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

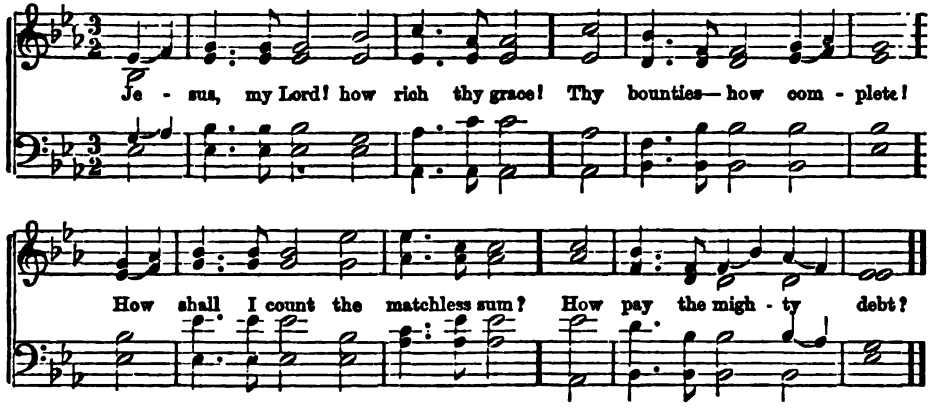
2 Like him, thro' scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill;
And, that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord!
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

William Cromwell, 1831.

SOUTHPORT. C. M. *George Kingsley, 1853.*



1269. *Christ relieved in his Saints.*

1 Jesus, my Lord! how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties — how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light,
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine.

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them may'st thou be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered;
And, in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice be heard.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

1270. Psalm 112.

1 Happy is he, that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells, within his breast,
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request,
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-established mind;
His soul to God his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honor on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1271. *Christian Charity.*

1 Blest is the man, whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain;—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

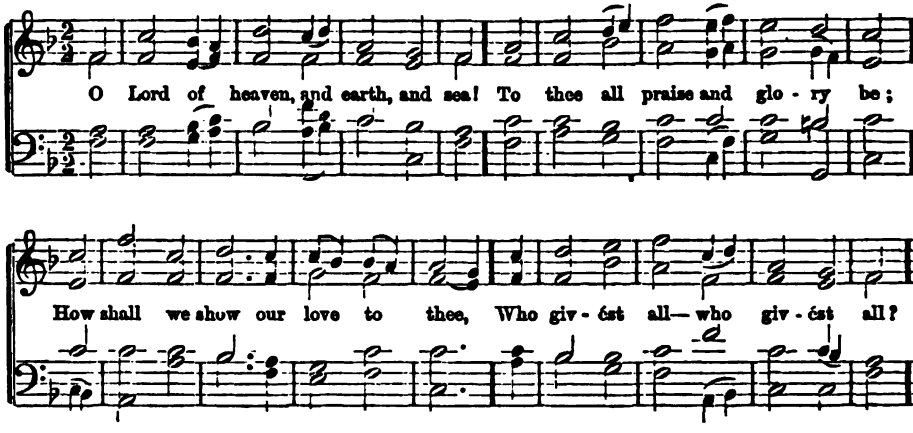
3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God,
The Lord to him will give;
And, when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1772.

ALFRETON. L. M. *William Bentall.*



1272.

Giving to God.

1 O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea!
To thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givést all — who givést all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, thou art there,
Who givést all — who givést all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givést all — who givést all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to thee, O Lord! be given,
Who givést all — who givést all.

5 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasures without end,
Whatever, Lord! to thee we lend,
Who givést all — who givést all?

6 Whatever, Lord! we lend to thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to thee,
Who givést all — who givést all.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1865.

1273.

The Grace of Benevolence.

1 Oh! what stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of Heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine, —
The grace that blazes like the sun;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings,
Swift let the great salvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
To pain and sickness help apply.

4 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn;
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

John Rippon, (?) 1787.

1274.

The useful Life.

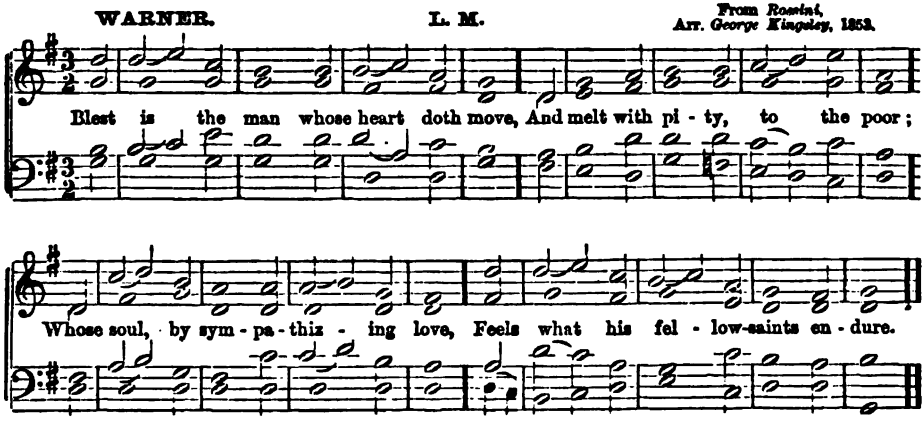
1 Go, labor on; spend, and be spent, —
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises; — what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal. — "Behold! I come!"

Horatius Bonar, 1857.



1275. Psalm 41.

1 Blest is the man whose heart doth move,
And melt with pity, to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives, for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1276. Psalm 112.

1 Thrice happy man, who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word!
Honor and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 His soul, well-fixed upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amid the darkness, light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1277. *Jesus, the Model of Benevolence.*

1 When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord! to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can
Creation's blot, creation's blank: [thank,

4 But he, who marks, from day to-day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

Thomas Gibbons, 1784.

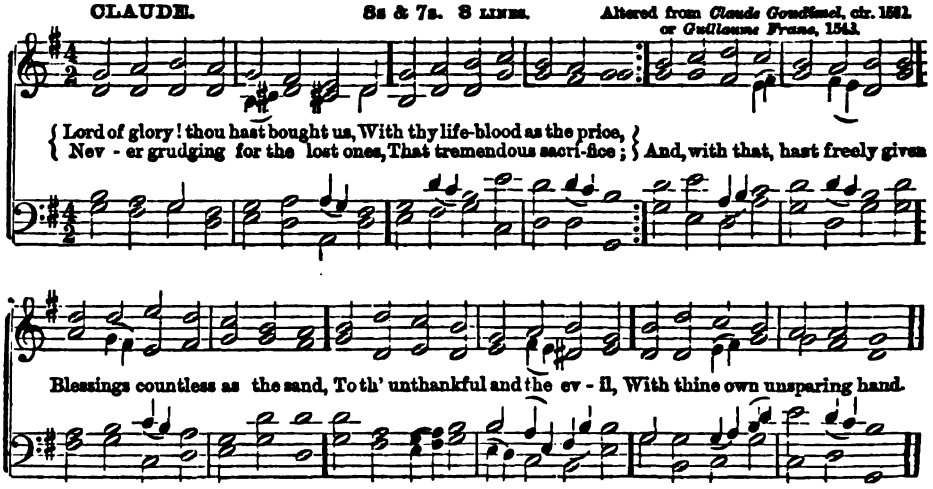
1278. *The coming of Christ's Kingdom.*

1 Behold th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear,
The barren wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom!

2 Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to our sight.

3 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.

Mrs. Voke, 1806.



1279. *The Blessedness of giving.*

1 LORD of glory! thou hast bought us,
With thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging, for the lost ones,
That tremendous sacrifice;
And, with that, hast freely given
Blessings, countless as the sand,
To th' unthankful and the evil,
With thine own unsparing hand.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord! to yield thee
Gladly, freely, of thine own;
With the sunshine of thy goodness,
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by thee, at length believe,
That more happy, and more blesséd,
'T is to give than to receive.

3 Wondrous honor hast thou given
To our humblest charity,
In thine own mysterious sentence, —
"Ye have done it unto me:"
Give us faith, to trust thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on thee;
But, Oh! — best of all thy graces —
Give us thine own charity.

Mrs. — Alderson, 1868.

1280. *Honoring Christ's Cause.*

1 PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations!
Praise him, all ye hosts above!
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love;
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.

2 With my substance, I will honor,
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word;
While the heralds of salvation,
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

Benjamin Francis, 1787.

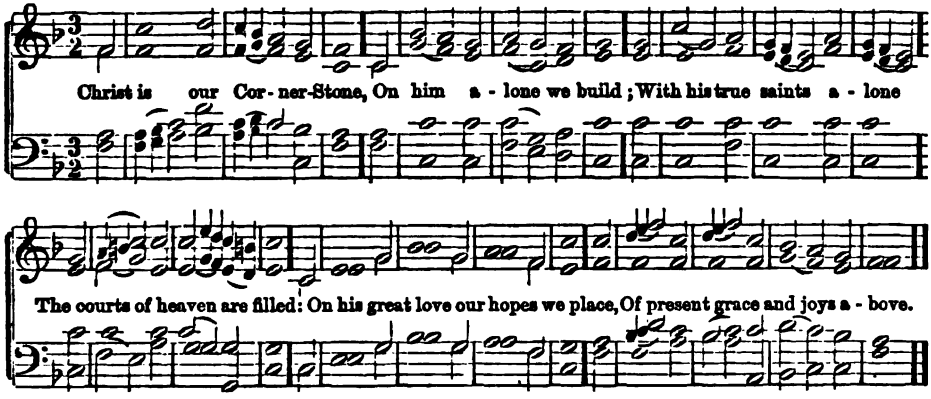
1281. PSALM 126.

1 HE, that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above:
Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy:
Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear!
Look again; the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings, 1836.

TRIUMPH. H. M. *Charles Lockhart, 1790.*



1282. *"Angulare Fundamentum."*

1 CHRIST is our Corner-Stone;
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On his great love our hopes we place,
Of present grace and joys above.

2 Oh! then, with hymns of praise,
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing,
And thus proclaim, in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God! do thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower, on all who pray,
Each holy day, thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore:
Until that day, when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Tr., *John Chandler, 1837.*

1283. *The House of Prayer.*

1 GREAT Father of mankind!
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find,
Within thy courts, a place:
How kind the care our God displays,
For us to raise a house of prayer!

2 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim;
Our Father-King! thy covenant-grace
Our souls embrace, thy titles sing.

3 May all the nations throng,
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still, till earth conspire
To join the choir, on Zion's hill.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

1284. *Opening a Place of Worship.*

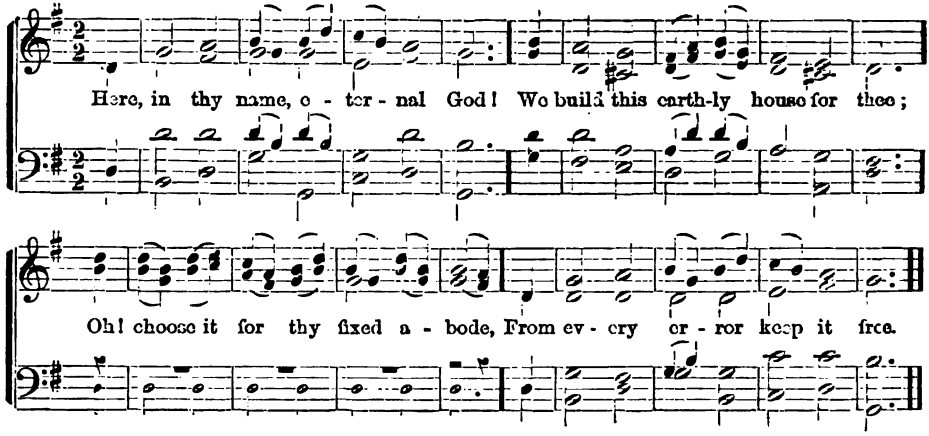
1 GREAT King of glory! come,
And, with thy favor, crown
This temple as thy dome —
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, Oh! deign to show,
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All-fragrant, to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

Benjamin Francis, 1774.

PORTUGAL. L. M. *Thomas Therley, 17—.*



1285.

A House for God.

1 HERE, in thy name, eternal God!
We build this earthly house for thee;
Oh! choose it for thy fixed abode,
From every error keep it free.

2 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

3 When children's voices raise the song,—
"Hosanna!"—to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong;
"Hosanna!"—let the angels sing.

4 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

5 That glory never hence depart! [alone;
Yet choose not, Lord! this house
Thy kingdom come to every heart!
In every bosom fix thy throne!

James Montgomery, 1825, v. 1, a.

1286.

Laying a Corner-Stone.

1 AN earthly temple here we raise,
Lord God, our Saviour! to thy praise;
Oh! make thy gracious presence known,
While now we lay its corner-stone.

2 Within the house thy servants rear,
Deign by thy Spirit to appear;
On all its walls salvation write,
From corner-stone to topmost height.

3 And, when this temple, "made with
Upon its firm foundation stands, [hands,"
Oh! may we all, with loving heart,
In nobler building bear a part:

4 Where every polished stone shall be
A human soul won back to thee;
All resting upon Christ alone,—
The chief and precious Corner-Stone.

5 So, when our toil is o'er at last,
All labor in both temples passed,
Oh! may it then by works be shown,
That faith hath laid this corner-stone.

Mrs. Catherine H. Johnson, 1866.

1287.

God's great Temple.

1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple,—built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars, one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

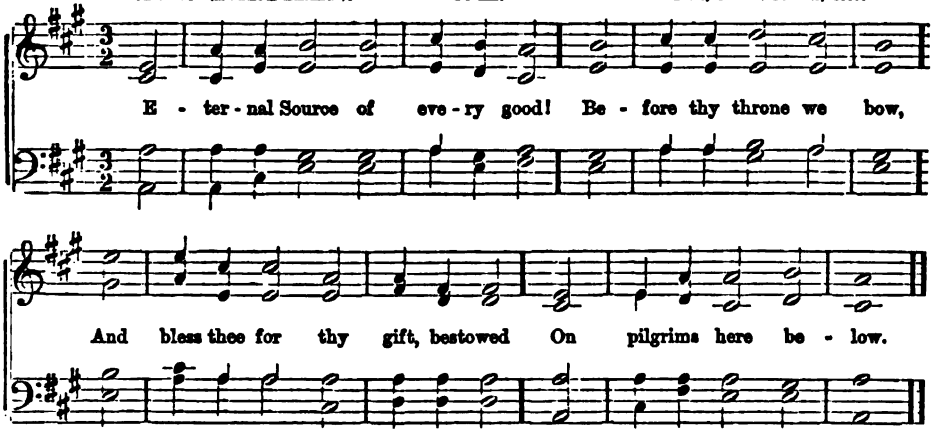
3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky, and "all was good;"
And, when its first pure praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

4 Lord, 't is not ours to make the sea
And earth and sky a house for thee;
But, in thy sight, our offering stands,—
An humbler temple, "made with hands."

Nathaniel P. Willis, 1836.

AZMON. (DENFIELD). C. M.

Carl Gotthelf Gläser, 1828.
Arr., Lowell Mason, 1839.



1288. *Dedication of a Church.*

1 ETERNAL Source of every good!
Before thy throne we bow,
And bless thee for thy gift, bestowed
On pilgrims here below.

2 Our hearts and hands hast thou inclined
To raise this house of prayer;
Oh! may we seek, and ever find,
Thy gracious presence here.

3 Long may thy heralds here proclaim
The wonders of thy grace,
And sinners, taught to fear thy name,
Repenting, seek thy face.

4 Here may thy children sweetly feed
On manna sent from heaven,
Drink freely at the fountain-head,
Whence living streams are given.

5 Here let our offspring, and their sons,
Be of the Saviour blessed;
And thus, while time its circuit runs,
Find here a settled rest.

6 To the eternal, sacred Three,
The great mysterious One,
Now may this house devoted be,—
To thee, and thee alone.

Benjamin Beddome, 1790.

1289. *The House of God.*

1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea!
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord! from thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While, round these hallowed walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William C. Bryant, 1836.

1290. *A new House of Worship.*

1 GOD of the universe! to thee
This sacred house we rear,
And now, with songs and bended knee,
Invoke thy presence here.

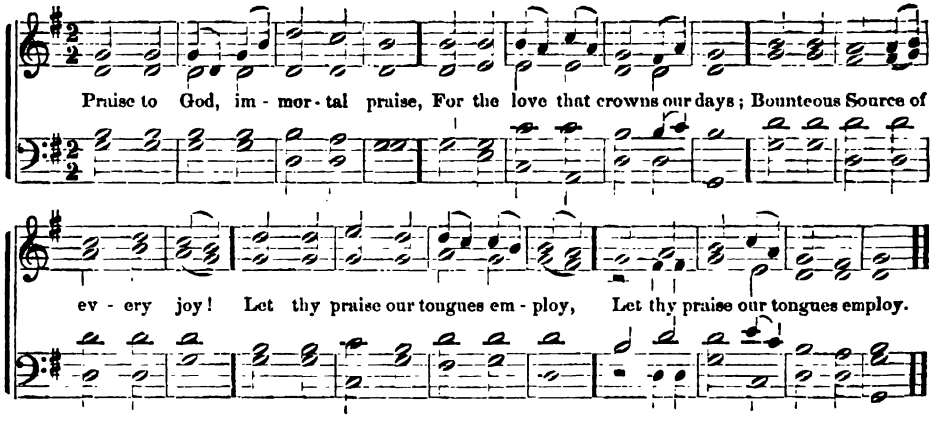
2 Long may this echoing dome resound
The praises of thy name,
These hallowed walls to all around
The Triune God proclaim.

3 Here let thy love, thy presence dwell;
Thy glory here make known;
Thy people's home, Oh! come and fill,
And seal it as thine own.

4 And, when the last long Sabbath morn
Upon the just shall rise,
May all who own thee here be borne
To mansions in the skies.

Miss Mary O—, 1841.

HENDON. 7s. *Cæsar Malan, 1830.*


Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days; Bounteous Source of
ev - ery joy! Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.

1291. *Thanksgivings.*

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy!
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the flocks that roam the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;—

3 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;—

4 Lord! for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing 's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1772.

1292. PSALM 107.

1 THANK and praise Jehovah's name;
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 To a pleasant land he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where, from flowery hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

4 He, with health, renews their frame,
Lengthens out their numbered days:
Let them glorify his name,
With the sacrifice of praise.

5 Oh! that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

James Montgomery, 1822.

1293. *Our native Land.*

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels! join to sing,
Praise to heav'n's almighty King.

2 Blessings, from his liberal hand,
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts, beneath his sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day.

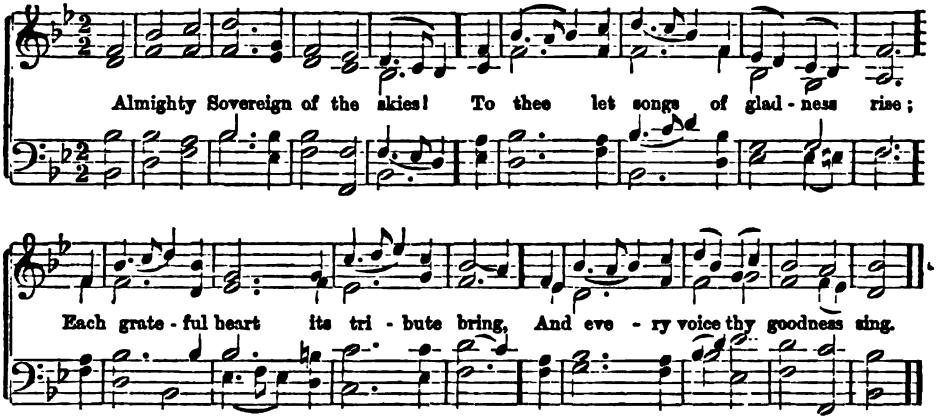
3 Now to thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heavenly Friend:
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

4 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
Lawful rulers we obey;
Here, we feel no tyrant's rod,
Here, we own and worship God.

5 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heavenly notes prolong.

Nathan Strong, 1799.

ANTIGUA. L. M. English Melody.



1294. *The Goodness of Providence.*

1 Almighty Sovereign of the skies!
To thee let songs of gladness rise;
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And every voice thy goodness sing.

2 From thee our choicest blessings flow,
Life, health, and strength thy hands be-
The daily good, thy creatures share, [stow;
Springs from thy providential care.

3 The rich profusion nature yields,
The harvest waving o'er the fields,
The cheering light, refreshing shower,
Are gifts from thine exhaustless store.

4 At thy command the vernal bloom
Revives the world from winter's gloom,
The summer's heat the fruit matures,
And autumn all her treasures pours.

5 Let every power of heart and tongue,
Unite to swell the grateful song;
While age and youth in chorus join,
And praise the majesty divine.

Nathan Strong, 1799.

1295. *National Thanksgiving.*

1 God of the passing year! to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With swelling heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 We bless thy name, almighty God!
For all the kindness, thou hast shown
To this fair land our fathers trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
For thou our country's arms didst guide,
And led them on their conquering way.

4 We praise thee, that the gospel light,
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Scatters the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 O God! preserve us in thy fear;
In troublous times, our Helper be;
Diffuse thy truth's bright precepts here,
And may we worship only thee.

Alfred Woodhull, 1828.

1296. *The goodly Heritage.*

1 How rich thy gifts, almighty King!
From thee our various comforts spring;—
The blessings liberty bestows;
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows.

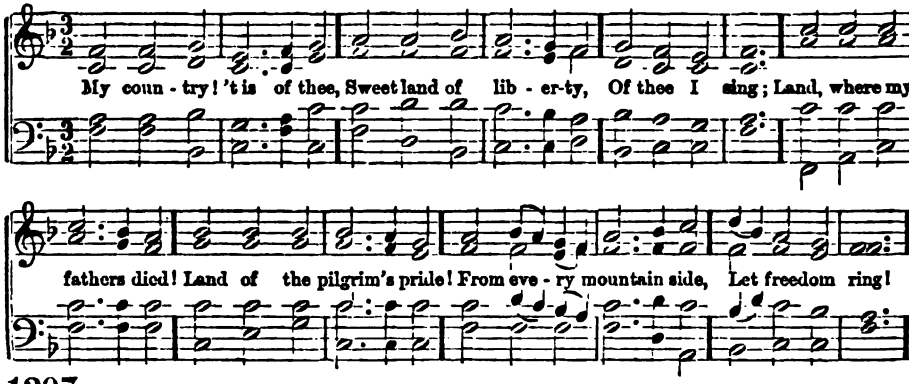
2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store
That pours from every foreign shore;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our Maker's praise.

3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
Through every age, we 'll gladly own,—
Jehovah here has fixed his throne.

4 Crown our just counsels with success;
With peace and joy our nation bless;
Thy sacred rights, O Lord! maintain,
And in our hearts for ever reign.

Andrew Kippis, 1795, a.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s. Adapted by *Henry Carey*, obit. 1743.



1297. *Native Country.*

1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land, where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble, free,—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring, from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us, by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel F. Smith, 1832.

1298. *The national Anniversary.*

1 Auspicious morning! hail!
Voices, from hill and vale,
Thy welcome sing:
Joy on thy dawning breaks;
Each heart that joy partakes,
While cheerful music wakes,
Its praise to bring.

2 When, on the tyrant's rod,
Our patriot fathers trod,
And dared be free,
'T was not in burning zeal,
Firm nerves, and hearts of steel,
Our country's joy to seal,—
But, Lord! in thee.

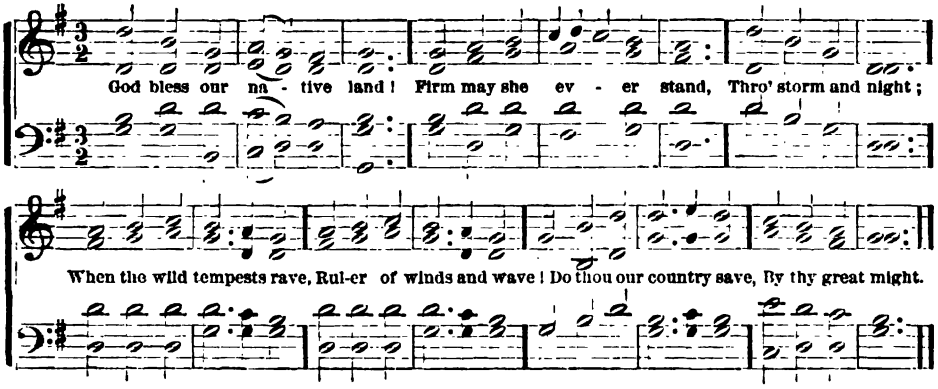
3 Thou, as a shield of power,
In battle's awful hour,
Didst round us stand;
Our hopes were in thy throne;
Strong in thy might alone,
By thee our banners shone,
God of our land!

4 Long, o'er our native hills,
Long, by our shaded rills,
May freedom rest;
Long may our shores have peace,
Our flag grace every breeze,
Our ships the distant seas,
From east to west.

5 Peace on this day abide,
From morn till even-tide;
Wake tuneful song;
Melodious accents raise;
Let every heart, with praise,
Bring high and grateful lays,
Rich, full, and strong.

Samuel F Smith, 1843.

ITALY. (ITALIAN HYMN.) 6s & 4s. *Felice Giardini, 1760.*



1299. *Our native Land.*

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou, who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye!
To thee aloud we cry,—
God save the State!

John S. Dwight, 1844.

1300. *A goodly Land.*

1 Our land, with mercies crowned,
This wide enchanted ground,
O God! is thine;
Our fathers knew thy name;
The trophies of their fame,—
Our heritage,—proclaim
A Power divine.

2 Far in the purple west,
Thy hand with beauty dressed
These fertile plains,
These rivers dark and deep,
These torrents down the steep,
These mighty woods, that sweep
From mountain chains.

3 Dear native land! rejoice;
Raise thou thy virgin voice
To God on high;
From all thy hills and bays,
From all thy homes and ways,
Let symphonies and praise
Ascend the sky.

4 And thou almighty One,
At whose eternal throne,
She bows the knee!
In all the coming time,
Bless thou this favored clime,
And may her deeds sublime
Be hymns to thee!

Edw'n. T. Winkler, 1871.

1301. *Thanks for the Harvest.*

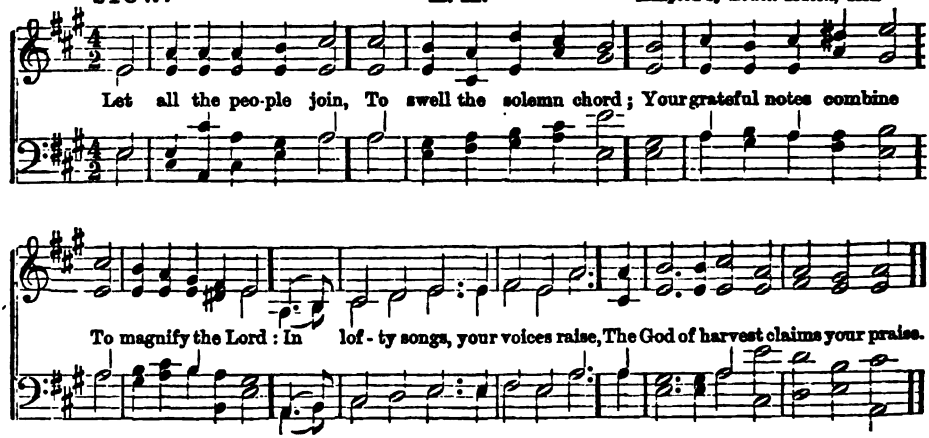
1 The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgivings, raise
Hand, heart, and voice!
The valleys laugh and sing;
Forests and mountains ring;
The plains their tribute bring;
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With one accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And, in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

James Montgomery, 1853.

STOW. H. M. English Melody. Adapted by *Lowell Mason*, 1832.



1302. *Praise for the Harvest.*

1 Let all the people join,
To swell the solemn chord;
Your grateful notes combine
To magnify the Lord:
In lofty songs, your voices raise,
The God of harvest claims your praise.

2 In rich luxuriance dressed,
Behold the spacious plain!
Its bounty stands confessed,
In fields of yellow grain:
In lofty songs, your voices raise,
The God of harvest claims your praise.

3 Fair plenty fills the land; —
His mercies never cease; —
The husbandman doth smile,
To see the large increase:
In lofty songs, your voices raise,
The God of harvest claims your praise.

4 The precious fruits he gives,
Oh! may we ne'er abuse;
But, through our future lives,
To his own glory use,
Then rise to heaven, and sing his praise,
In sweeter strains, and nobler lays.

5 Join, all ye people! join,
In songs, with one accord;
Harmonious notes combine,
To bless and praise the Lord:
In loftiest strains, your voices raise,
The God of harvest claims your praise.

Anon., 1843.

1303. *National Thanksgiving.*

1 Before the Lord we bow,
The God who reigns above,
And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love:
Our thanks we bring in joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise to heaven's high King.

2 The nation thou hast blessed
May well thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by thy care;
For this fair land, for this bright day,
Our thanks we pay, — gifts of thy hand.

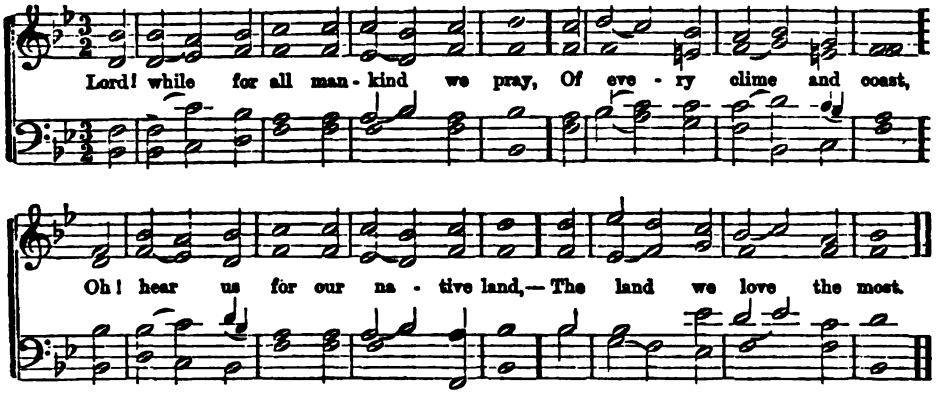
3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen;
May every tongue be tuned to praise,
And join to raise a grateful song.

4 Earth! hear thy Maker's voice,
Thy great Redeemer own;
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship him alone;
Cast down thy pride, thy sin deplore,
And bow before the Crucified.

5 And, when in power he comes,
Oh! may our native land,
From all its rending tombs,
Send forth a glorious band,
A countless throng, ever to sing,
To heaven's high King, salvation's song

Francis Scott Key, 1832, a.

ARMENIA. C. M. *Sylvanus B. Pond, 1835.*



1304. *Prayer for our Country.*

1 Lord! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh! hear us for our native land, —
The land we love the most.

2 Oh! guard our shore from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations! thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

John Reynell Wreford, 1837.

1305. *For a Temperance Meeting.*

1 'T is thine alone, almighty Name!
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

3 And see, O Lord! what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will,
In bondage, heart and soul!

4 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King!
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end th' usurper's reign.

5 The cause of Temperance is thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord! in thee alone
To crown them with success.

Edwin F. Hatfield, 1842.

1306. *A Christian Marriage.*

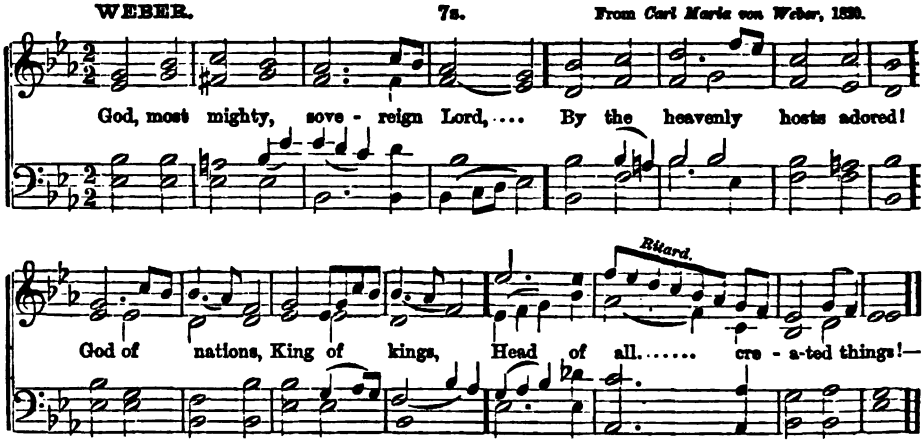
1 Since Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast;
O Lord! we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless; and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

John Berridge, 1775, v. 4, a.



1307.

Prayer for the Country.

1 God, most mighty, sovereign Lord,
By the heavenly hosts adored!
God of nations, King of kings,
Head of all created things! —

2 By thy saints with joy confessed,
God o'er all for ever blessed!
Lo! we come before thy throne,
In our Saviour's name alone.

3 On our fields of grass and grain,
Drop, O Lord! the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land,
Crown the labors of each hand.

4 Let thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea;
Open, Lord! thy bounteous hand,
Bless thy people, bless our land.

5 Let, O Lord! our rulers be
Men that love and honor thee;
Let the powers, by thee ordained,
Be in righteousness maintained.

6 In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus, united we shall stand,
One wide, free, and happy land.

Henry Harbaugh, 1860.

1308.

A Day of Humiliation.

1 God of mercy, God of love!
Hear our sad repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent,
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent; —

3 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

4 God of mercy, God of grace!
Hear our sad repentant songs;
Oh! restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom all praise belongs!

John Taylor, 1760.

1309.

Psalm 60.

1 Why, O God! thy people spurn?
Why permit thy wrath to burn?
God of mercy! turn once more,
All our broken hearts restore.

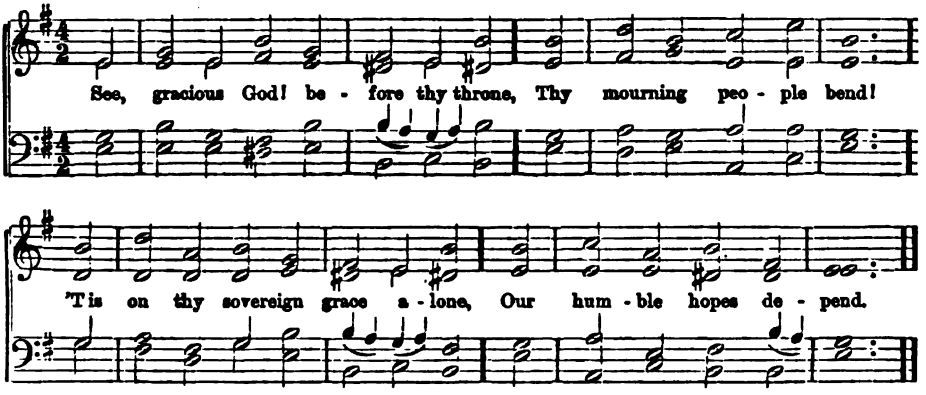
2 Thou hast made our land to quake,
Heal the sorrows thou dost make;
Bitter is the cup we drink,
Suffer not our souls to sink.

3 Be thy banner now unfurled,
Show thy truth to all the world;
Save us, Lord! we cry to thee,
Lift thine arm, thy chosen free.

4 Give us now relief from pain;
Human aid is all in vain;
We through God, shall yet prevail,
He will help, when foes assail.

Edwin F. Hatfield, 1837.

MARTYRS. C. M. Scotch Psalter, ed. 1611.



1310. *A Day of Fasting and Prayer.*

1 See, gracious God! before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments, from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 Great God! why is our country spared,
Ungrateful as we are?
Oh! be thine awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries "Forbear!"

4 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

5 Oh! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord!
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

Anne Steele, 1758.

1311. *"Solemne nos Jejunii."*

1 Once more the solemn season calls,
A holy fast to keep;
And now, within the temple walls,
Let priest and people weep.

2 Yet all in vain the sound of woe,
To reach the Father's ear,
If from the heart it does not flow,
To prove our grief sincere.

3 Vain, vain, in ashes though we mourn,
Our garments rend in twain,
Unless the smitten heart is torn
With penitential pain.

4 Then let us cry to God betimes,
Nor let his anger flow;
Lest, mindful of our numerous crimes,
It deal the threatened blow.

5 O Father, righteous Judge, and God!
Thy wrath be slow to burn;
Thou givést time to mark the rod, —
Give also hearts to turn.

Lat., *Charles Coffin*, 1709.
Tr., *William Mercer*, 1864.

1312. Psalm 60.

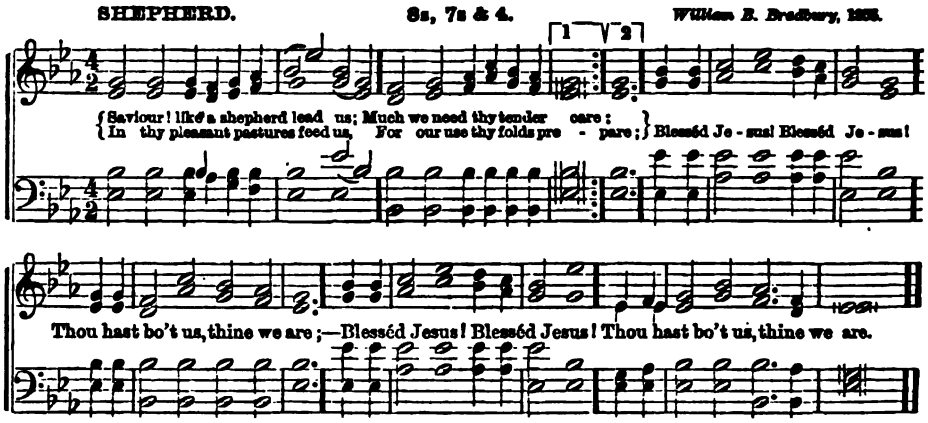
1 Lord! thou hast scourged our guilty land!
Behold thy people mourn!
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand?
And mercy ne'er return?

2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye,
Earth's haughty towers decay;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.

3 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
Oh! heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

4 Exalt thy banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name;
From barbarous hosts our nation shield,
And put our foes to shame.

Joel Barlow, 1786.



1313. *The good Shepherd.*

1 SAVIOUR! like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blesséd Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine; do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blesséd Jesus!
Hear young children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blesséd Jesus!
Let us early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour!
With thy grace our bosom fill:
Blesséd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Anon., 1850.

1314. *The Song of Children.*

1 ONCE was heard the song of children,
By the Saviour, when on earth;
Joyful, in the sacred temple,
Shouts of youthful praise had birth,
And hosannas
Loud to David's Son broke forth.

2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,
In fair Salem's crowded street,
While hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

3 God o'er all, in heavén reigning!
We this day thy glory sing;
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring,—
Glad hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest and King.

Anon., 1850.

1315. *Seeking Jesus early.*

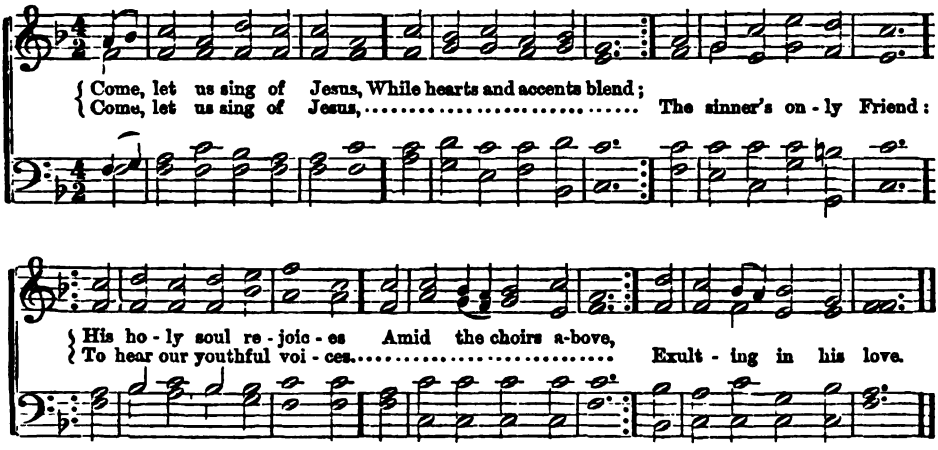
1 CHILDREN! hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'T is the Lord of life and glory:
Shall he plead with you in vain?
Oh! receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy;
They alone are his delight:
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite.

3 All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe;
He is waiting:
Will you not his grace receive?

Anon., 185[illegible].

EVARTS. 7s & 6s. 8 LINES. *Lowell Mason, 1840.*



1316.

Singing of Jesus.

1 COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only Friend:
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in his love.

2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along;
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong:
None, who besought his healing,
He passed unheeded by;
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.

3 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And, in our hour of danger,
We 'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

4 Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day:
For those who here confess him,
He will in heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless him,
He will for ever bless.

George W. Bethune, 1850.

1317.

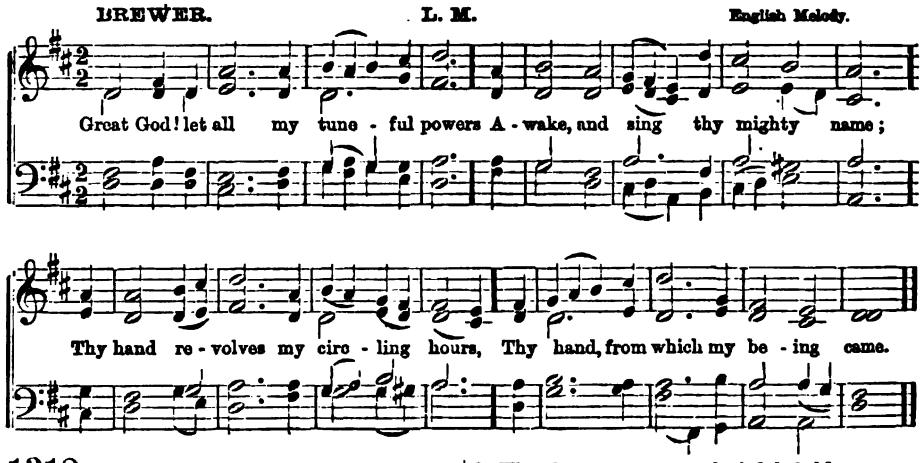
Children's Praises.

1 WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him:
But, as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And, since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We 'll flock around his banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

3 For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise:
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

Joshua King, 1840.



1318. *The revolving Year.*

1 GREAT God! let all my tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name;
Thy hand revolves my circling hours,—
Thy hand from which my being came.

2 Seasons and moons still rolling round,
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3 To thee I raise the annual song,
To thee the grateful tribute give;
My God doth still my years prolong,
And, midst unnumbered deaths, I live.

4 My life, my health, my friends, I owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

5 Thus will I sing, till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more,
And, after death, thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years, adore.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1763.

1319. PSALM 65.

1 ON God the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends;
At his command the morning-ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day.

2 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice,
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

3 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

4 Thy works pronounce thy power divine,
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1320. *The Year crowned with Goodness.*

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While, in thy temple, we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

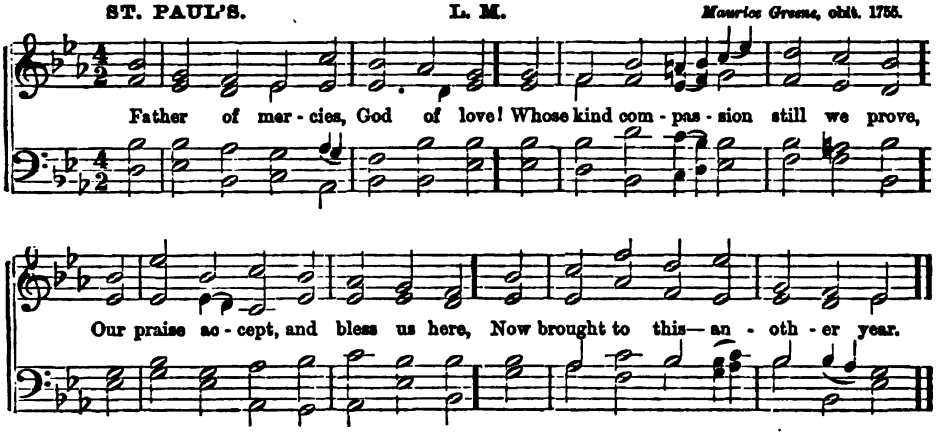
2 While, as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness, when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays, with vigor, shine
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

Philip Doddridge, 1749.



1321. *Another Year.*

1 FATHER of mercies; God of love!
Whose kind compassion still we prove,
Our praise accept, and bless us here,
Now brought to this — another year.

2 We sing thy goodness all divine,
Whose radiant beams around us shine;
'T is through thy goodness we appear
Preserved to this — another year.

3 Our souls, our all, we here resign;
Make us, and keep us ever thine;
And grant, that, in thy love and fear,
We may begin — another year.

4 Be this our sweet experience still,
To know and do thy holy will;
Then shall our souls, with joy sincere,
Bless thee for this — another year.

5 Still, Lord! through life thy love display,
And then, in death's approaching day,
We 'll joyful part with all that 's here,
Nor wish, on earth, — another year.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

1322. *The New Year.*

1 GREAT God! we sing thy mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future — all to us unknown —
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted, or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal, in silence, mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

1323. *The New Year.*

1 MY Helper, God! I bless his name;
The same his power, his grace the same;
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

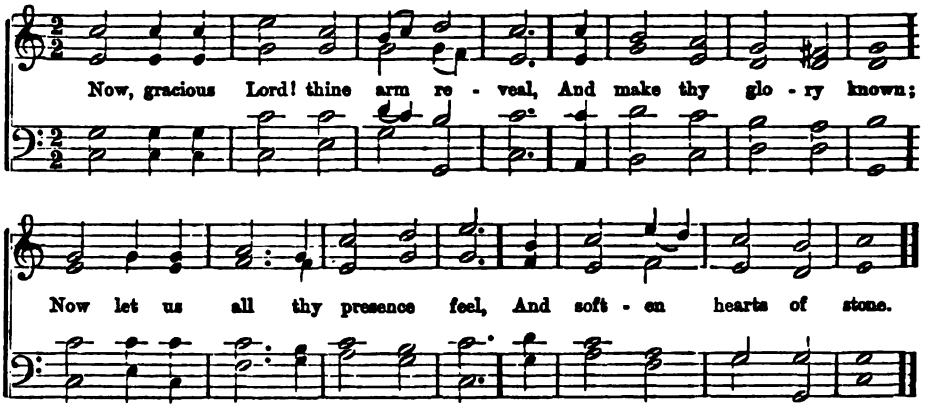
2 Amidst ten thousand snares I stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on,
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

ROBBINS. C. M. *J. Draper.*



1324. *The New Year.*

1 Now, gracious Lord! thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 And, when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

John Newton, 1779.

1325. *The Opening of a new Year.*

1 God of our life! thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound:
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend!
While annual mercies, from the skies,
In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see:
And, constant as thy favors are,
So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
In every age, appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1768.

1326. Psalm 147.

1 With songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessing down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

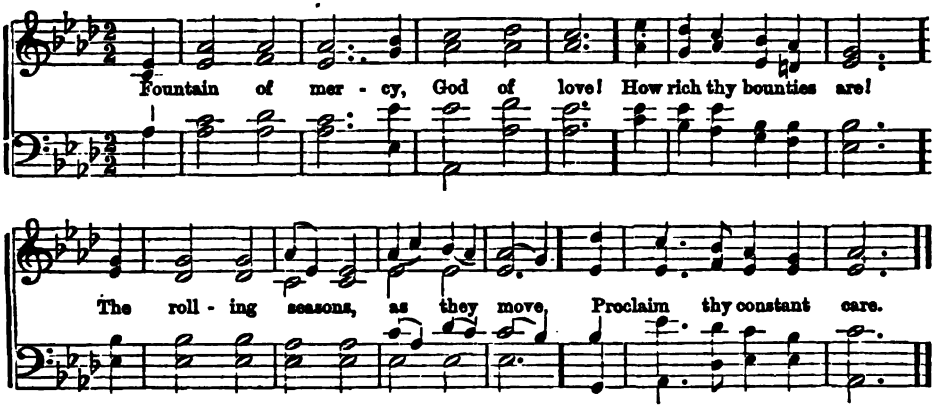
4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

HUMMEL. C. M. *Charles Zeuner, 1832.*



1327. *Seed-time and Harvest.*

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love!
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When, in the bosom of the earth,
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord! was
The plants in beauty grew; [thine;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies, from above,
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 Fountain of love! our praise is thine;
To thee our songs we 'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise.

Mrs. Alice Flowerdew, 1811.

1328. *Summer and Harvest.*

1 To praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul! wake all thy powers;
He calls — and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest-hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue! his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time —
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well-pleased the toiling workmen see
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God! to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and, with thy beams,
The ripening harvest bless.

John Needham, 1768.

1329. PSALM 65.

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

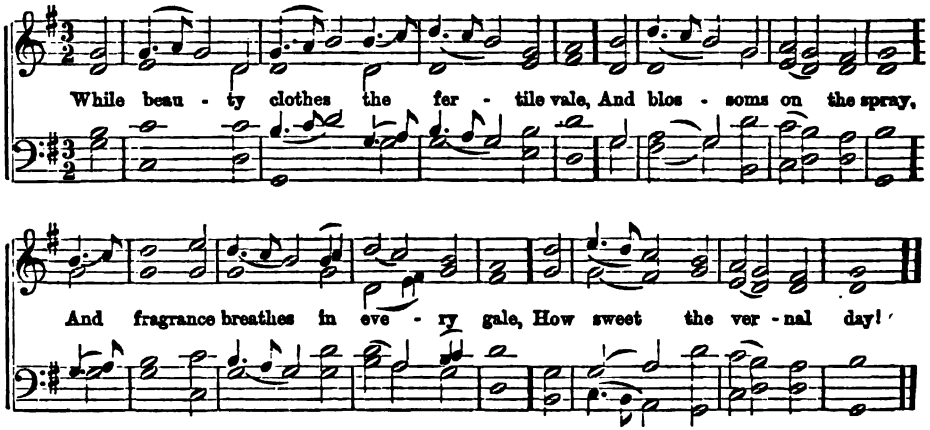
3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distill in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures, well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. *William Tansur, 1738.*



1330. *The Spring of the Year.*

1 While beauty clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2 And, hark! the feathered warblers sing!
'T is nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3 How kind the influence of the skies!
These showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance, rise,
And fix the roving thought.

4 Oh! let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless,
The garden, field, and grove.

5 That hand, in this hard heart of mine,
Can make each virtue live;
And kindly showers of grace divine,
Life, beauty, fragrance give.

6 O God of nature, God of grace!
Thy heavenly gifts impart,
And bid sweet meditation trace
Spring blooming in my heart.

Anne Steele, 1760.

1331. *Winter.*

1 Now faintly smile day's hasty hours,
The fields and garden mourn;
Nor ruddy fruits, nor blooming flowers
Stern winter's brow adorn.

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 Return, O blissful Sun! and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

4 Great Source of light! thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

Anne Steele, 1760.

1332. *The Close of the Year.*

1 Awake, ye saints! and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high:
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

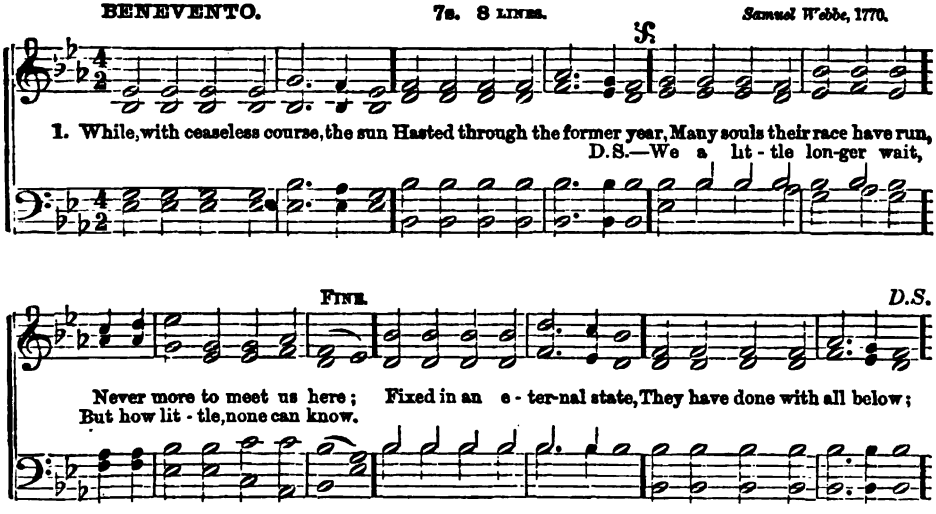
2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year!

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature! speed your course;
Ye mortal powers! decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

BENEVENTO. 7s. 8 LINES. *Samuel Webbe, 1770.*



1333. *The Beginning of the Year.*

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord! our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above!

John Newton, 1779.

1334. *The Close of the Year.*

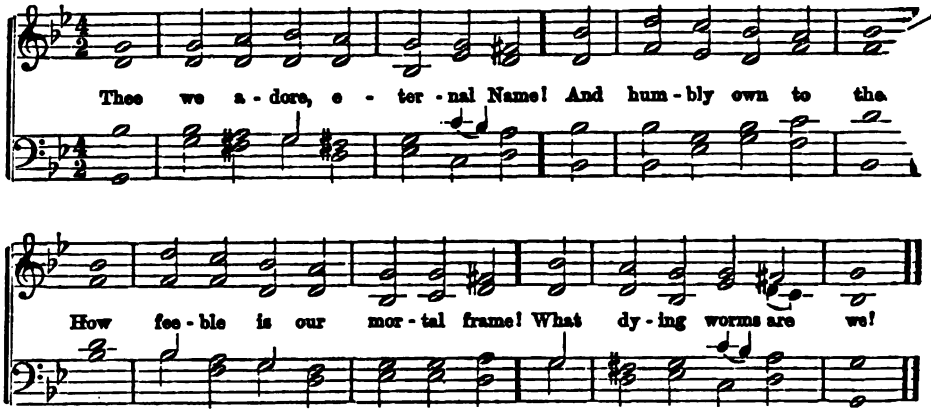
1 THOU who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our thanks shall rise to thee:
Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful praises swell,
That, sustained by thee, we now
Bid the parting year farewell.

2 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys for ever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more:
Mingled with th' eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord! forgive;
Cleanse each heart and make us thine;
Let thy grace within us live,
As our future suns decline;
Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, let us fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high.

Ray Palmer, 1865.

WINDSOR. (DUNDEE.) C. M. George Kirby. Ecd's Psalter, 1592.



1335. *Life, a brittle Thread.*

1 Thee we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're traveling to the grave.

3 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things! —
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord! our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And, if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1336. Psalm 39.

1 Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain!
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

3 Some walk in honor's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

4 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

5 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1337. *A Thought of Death and Glory.*

1 My soul! come meditate the day,
And think, how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

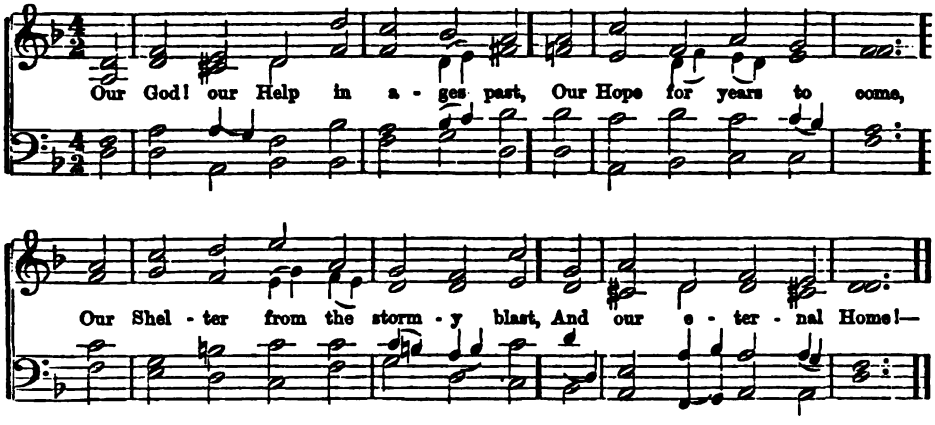
2 Oh! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:

3 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder, why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

4 We should almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

ST. MARY'S. C. M. *John Playford's "Psalms and Hymns," 1677.*



1338. Psalm 90.

1 Our God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home!—

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 Our God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come!
Be thou our Guard, while troubles last,
And our eternal Home.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1339. *Human Frailty.*

1 Let others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we 'll confess, O Lord! to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!

4 But 't is our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' almighty Name
That reared us from the dust.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1340. *The Shortness and Vanity of Life.*

1 How short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

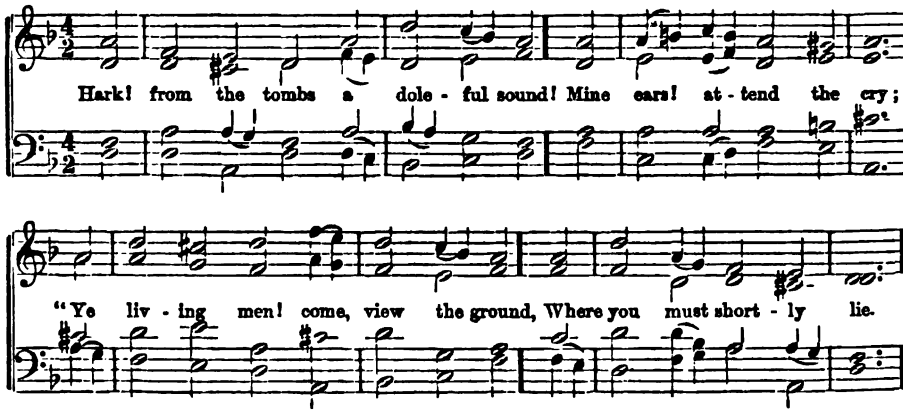
3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
That break such cords of love.

5 Draw us, O God! with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

BANGOR. C. M. *William Tansur's Coll., 1735.*



1341. *The common Home.*

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
Mine ears! attend the cry; —
"Ye living men! come, view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes! this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure? —
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the powers of quickening grace
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We 'll rise above the sky.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1342. *The Bitterness of Death deplored.*

1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God! at thy command; —

2 When every long-loved scene of life
Stands ready to depart;
When the last sigh, that shakes the frame,
Shall rend this bursting heart; —

3 O thou great Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save! —
Dispel the darkness, that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

4 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And let a beam of love divine
Illume my dying bed.

5 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
May I resign my breath,
And, in thy soft embraces, lose
"The bitterness of death."

William B. Collyer, 1812.

1343. *The solemn Hour.*

1 THERE is an hour, when I must part
With all I hold most dear;
And life, with its best hopes, will then
As nothingness appear.

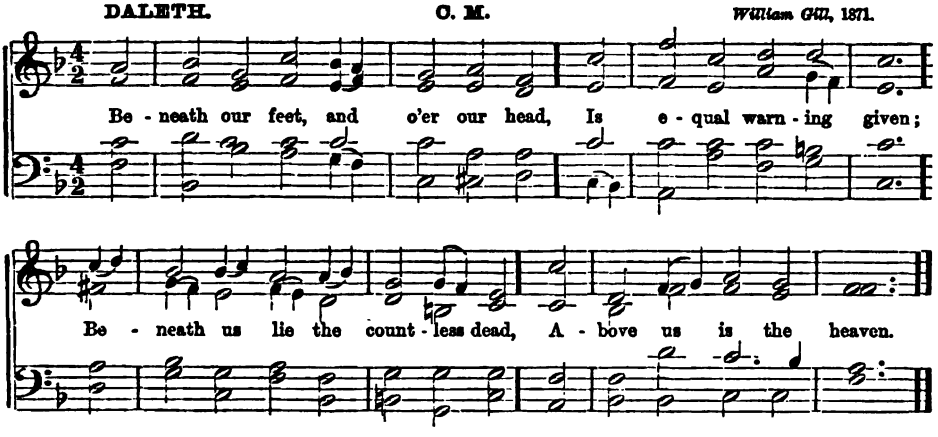
2 There is an hour, when I must sink
Beneath the stroke of death,
And yield to him, who gave it first,
My struggling vital breath.

3 There is an hour, when I must stand
Before the judgment-seat,
And all my sins, and all my foes,
In awful vision meet.

4 There is an hour, when I must look
On one eternity,
And nameless woe, or blissful life,
My endless portion be.

5 O Saviour! then, in all my need,
Be near, be near to me;
And let my soul, by steadfast faith,
Find life and heaven in thee.

Andrew Reed, 1842.



1344. *For a Funeral.*

1 BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead, —
Above us, is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze;
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril — every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend, in sudden night,
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb;—
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal! turn; thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

6 Turn, Christian! turn; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The bones, that underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven.

Reginald Heber, 1812.

1345. *Death and Eternity.*

1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that use to
Converse awhile with death; [rise!
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath!

2 But, Oh! the soul, that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay;
Ye thoughts! pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

3 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh! for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

4 Jesus! to thy dear, faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command
To drop into my dust.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1346. *Death dreadful, or delightful.*

1 DEATH! 't is a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.

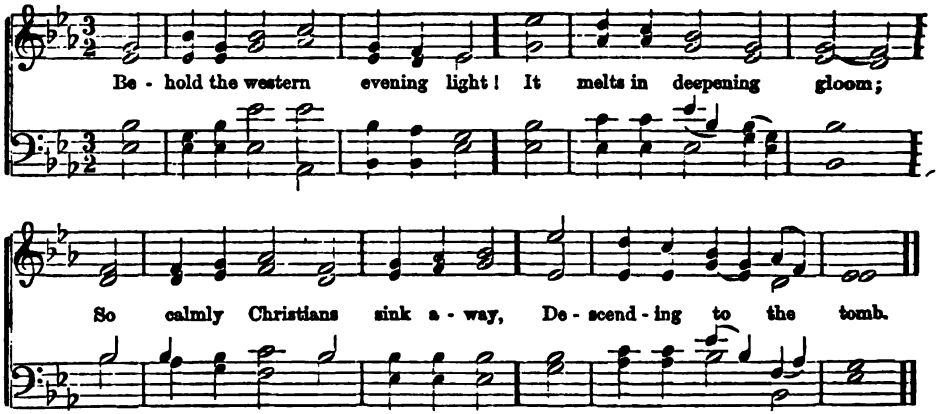
2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 He is a God of sovereign love
That promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

4 Prepare me, Lord! for thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day,
Come, death! and some celestial band!
To bear my soul away.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

MOUNT AUBURN. C. M. *George Kingsley, 1838.*



1347. *The Christian's Peace in Death.*

1 Behold the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'T is like the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

6 But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore;
And eyelids, that are sealed in death,
Shall wake, to close no more.

William B. O. Peabody, 1823.

1348. *Dying on Pisgah's Top.*

1 Death cannot make our souls afraid
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below
If my Creator bid,
And run if I were called to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1349. *Victory over Death.*

1 Oh! for an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster, death,
And all his frightful powers!

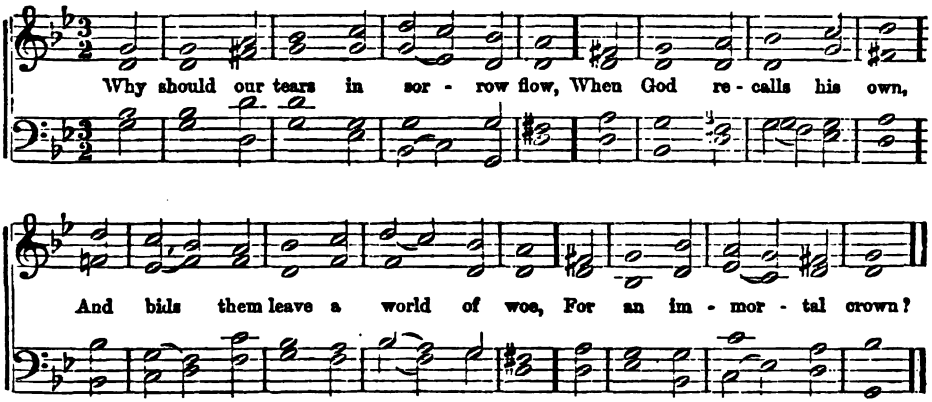
2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,—
Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where the monster's sting?

3 If sin be pardoned I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my Ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victóry
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

BURFORD. C. M. *Henry Purcell*, dir. 1680.



1350. *Sorrowing, not without Hope.*

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those,
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past — their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow, —
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, — "Thy will be done!"

Anon., 1829.

1351. *The Death of a Youth.*

1 When blooming youth is snatched away,
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh! may this truth, impressed
With awful power, — "I too must die!"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour, —
To-morrow death may come.

4 Oh! let us fly, — to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

5 Great God! thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart,
For death's surprising hour.

Anne Steele, 1760.

1352. *Submission under Bereavement.*

1 Peace! — 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,
That blasts our joys in death,
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back our breath.

2 'T is he, — the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above, —
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

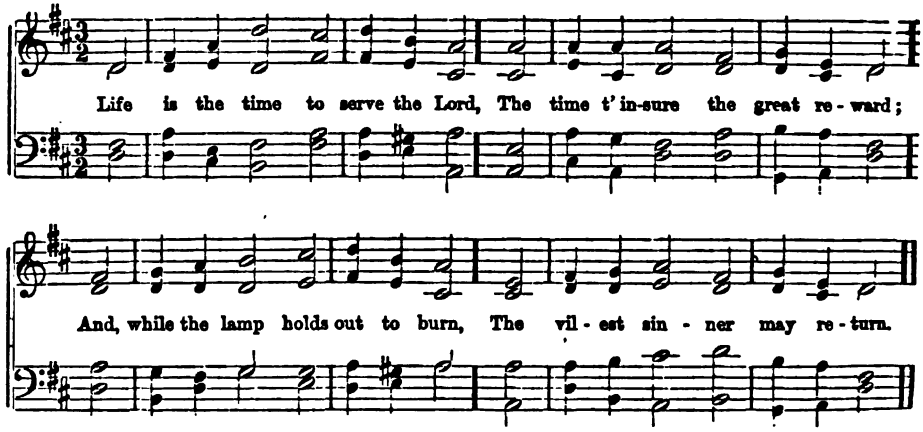
3 'T is he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant God and Father he,
In Christ our bleeding Lord,
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart,
With one reviving word.

5 Silent I own Jehovah's name,
I kiss thy scourging hand;
And yield my comforts and my life
To thy supreme command.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

WELLS. L. M. German. *Aaron Williams' Coll.*, 1769.



1353. *Life, the Day of Grace and Hope.*

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour, that God has given,
T' escape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Then, what my thoughts design to do,
My hands! with all your might, pursue;
Since no device, nor work, is found,
Nor faith, nor hope beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon passed,
In the cold grave to which we haste,
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

1354. Psalm 39.

1 Almighty Maker of my frame!
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Oh! be a nobler portion mine!
My God! I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on thee alone.

4 Oh! spare me, and my strength restore,
Ere my few hasty minutes flee;
And, when my days on earth are o'er,
Let me for ever dwell with thee.

Anne Steele, 1760.

1355. Psalm 90.

1 Through every age, eternal God!
Thou art our Rest, our safe Abode;
High was thy throne, ere heaven was made;
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned, ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

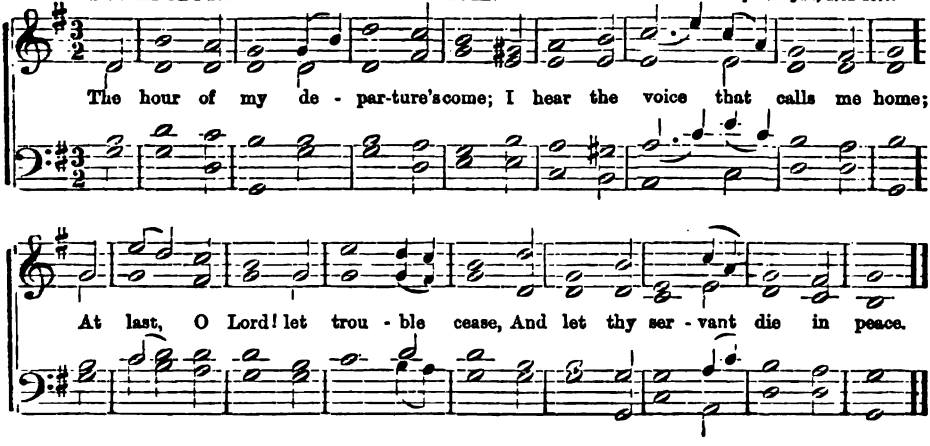
3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord! was just,
"Return, ye sinners! to your dust."

4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream:
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down, and withered in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord! how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

ST. EDMUND'S. L. M. From *Francis Joseph Haydn*, 1732-1809.



1356. *The Hour of Departure.*

1 The hour of my departure 's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run,
The combat 's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record 's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust;
And, through my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord! descend,
And to the friendless prove a Friend.

5 I come, I come, at thy command;
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

6 The hour of my departure 's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God! let trouble cease;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

Michael Bruce, 1766.

1357. *The dying Christian.*

1 Gently, my Saviour! let me down,
To slumber in the arms of death;
I rest my soul on thee alone,
Ev'n till my last, expiring breath.

2 Soon will the storm of life be o'er,
And I shall enter endless rest;
There I shall live to sin no more,
And bless thy name, for ever blest.

3 Bid me possess sweet peace within;
Let childlike patience keep my heart;
Then shall I feel my heaven begin,
Before my spirit hence depart.

4 Oh! speed thy chariot, God of love!
And take me from this world of woe;
I long to reach those joys above,
And bid farewell to all below.

5 There shall my raptured spirit raise
Still louder notes than angels sing,—
High glories to Immanuel's grace,
My God, my Saviour, and my King!

Rowland Hill, 1832.

1358. Psalm 39.

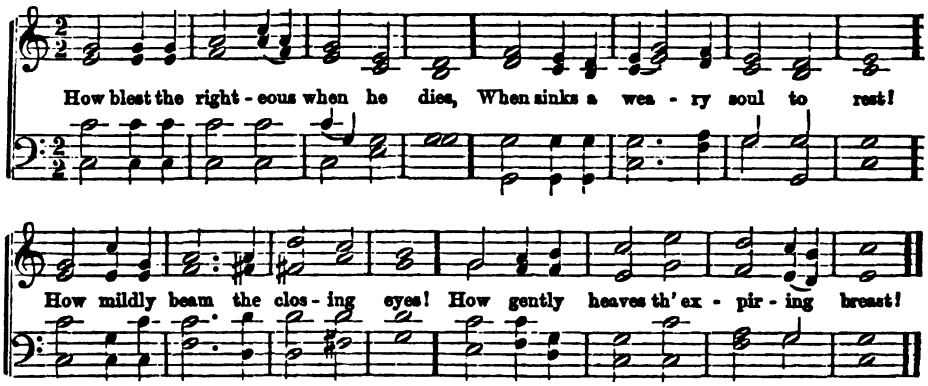
1 Oh! let me, heavenly Lord! extend
My view, to life's approaching end:
What are my days?—a span, their line;
And what my age, compared with thine?

2 Our life advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift, through an empty shade, we run,
And vanity and man are one.

3 God of my fathers! here, as they,
I walk, the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.

James Merrick, 1765.

ZEPHYR. L. M. *William B. Bradbury, 1844.*



1359. *The Death of the Righteous.*

1 How blest the righteous, when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell! [pears!
How bright th' unchanging morn ap-
Farewell, inconstant world! farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1773.

1360. *The Christian's parting Hour.*

1 How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour, —
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power, [breast.
Strengthens and cheers his languid

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek!
They tell us of his glory nigh, [speak.
In language which no tongue can

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die, like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

William H. Bathurst, 1831.

1361. *Death made easy.*

1 Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy;
And yet we dread to enter there.

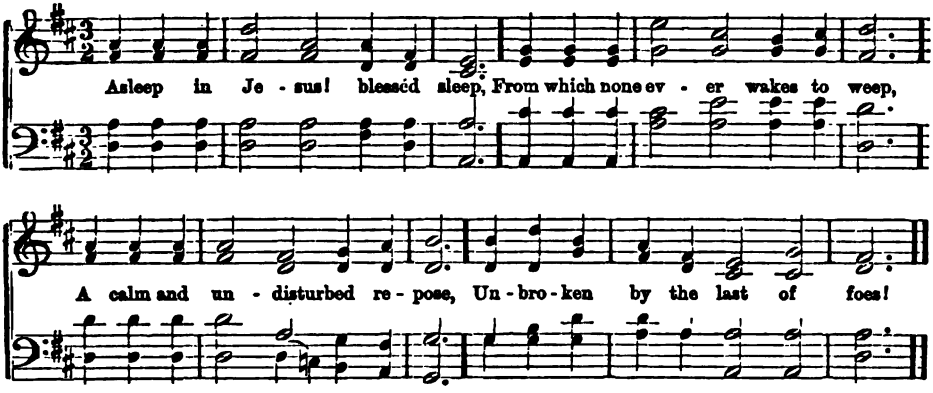
2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

REST. L. M. *William B. Bradbury, 1844.*



1362. *Asleep in Jesus.*

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
With holy confidence to sing—
That death hath lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay, 1832.

1363. *"Not lost, but gone before."*

1 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
Oh! why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant, may we soar,
Embracing, in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.

4 To Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus! convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

Anon., 1858.

1364. *Mourning with Submission.*

1 The God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,—
When tender friends and kindred die.

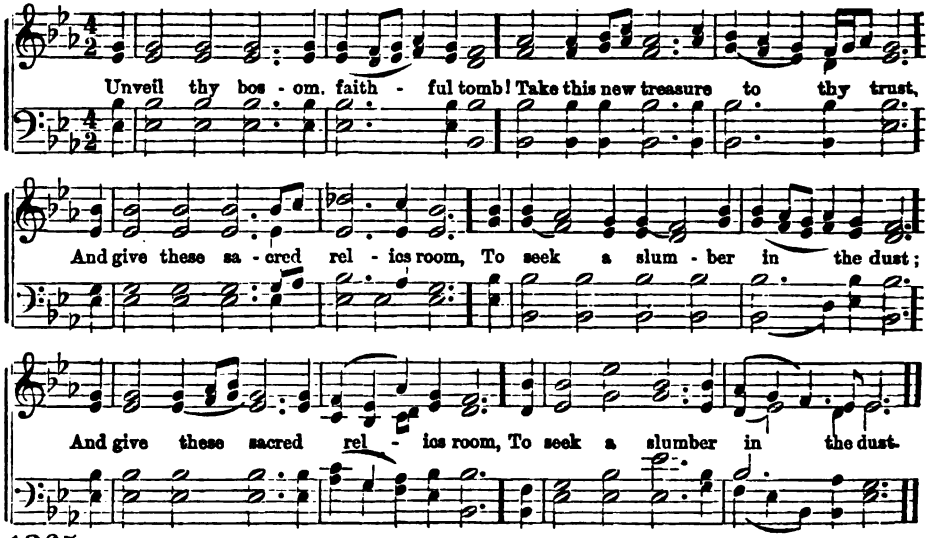
2 Yet not one anxious, murm'ring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty, ever-living Friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Our Father God! to thee we look,
Our Rock, our Portion and our Friend;
And on thy covenant love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

Elizabeth Scott, 1806.

SAUL. L. M. 4 or 6 LINES. From *George Frederick Händel*, 1740.



1365. *The Burial of a Believer.*

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; — no mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleeper here,
And angels watch his soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; — God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed!
Rest here, fair saint! till, from his throne,
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust a glorious form, —
He must ascend to meet the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1734.

1366. *Death of an Infant.*

1 So fades the lovely, blooming flower, —
Frail smiling solace of an hour!
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace! be ever nigh,
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Thy powerful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns thy kind control;
While we peruse the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.

4 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

Anne Steele, 1760, *a.*

1367. *The Vanity of earthly Bliss.*

1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties,
That bind us to a world like this!

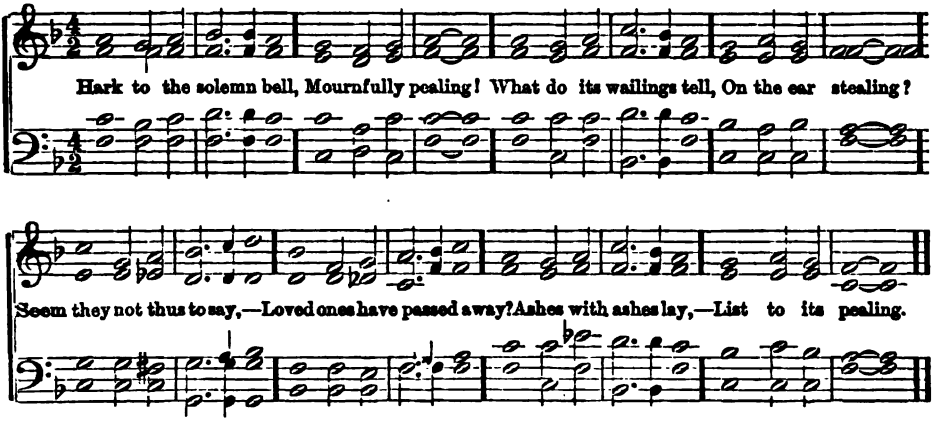
2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true, —
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land, whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we 're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

Anon., 1829.

DANA. 6s & 5s, or 6s & 4s. S. P. W—, 1872.



1368. *The Funeral Bell.*

1 HARK to the solemn bell,
Mournfully pealing!
What do its wailings tell,
On the ear stealing?
Seem they not thus to say,—
Loved ones have passed away?
Ashes with ashes lay;—
List to its pealing.

2 Earth is all vanity,
False as 't is fleeting;
Grief is in all its joy,
Smiles with tears meeting;
Youth's brightest hopes decay,
Pass like morn's gems away,
Too fair on earth to stay,
Where all is fleeting.

3 When, in their lonely bed,
Loved ones are lying;
When joyful wings are spread,
To heavén flying;
Would we, to sin and pain,
Call back their souls again,
Weave round their hearts the chain
Severed in dying?

4 No, dearest Jesus! no;
To thee, their Saviour,
Let their free spirits go,
Ransomed for ever:
Heirs of unending joy,
Theirs is the victory;
Thine let the glory be,
Now and for ever.

Mrs. Jane L. Gray, 1843, a.

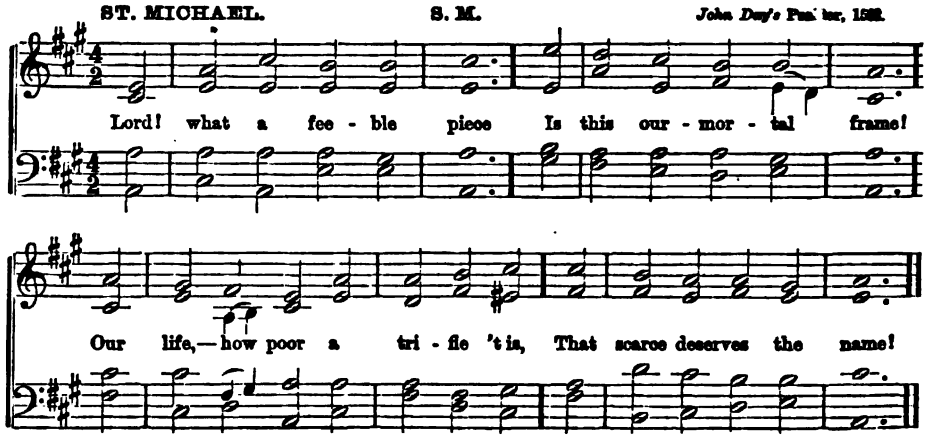
1369. *Life, a Pilgrimage.*

1 I 'M but a stranger here,—
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,—
Heaven is my home:
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me, on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,—
Heaven is my home.

2 What, though the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpassed;
I shall reach home at last,—
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,—
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified;—
Heaven is my home:
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
And there I, too, shall rest;—
Heaven is my home!

Thomas Rawson Taylor, 1834.



1370. Psalm 90.

1 Lord! what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life,—how poor a trifle 't is,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas! the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And, every month, and every day,
'T is mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We 'll keep their end in sight,
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They 'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1371. *The Fathers gone.*

1 How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!—
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers,—where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor gone!

3 God of our fathers! hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

1372. *The Uncertainty of Life.*

1 To-morrow, Lord! is thine,—
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

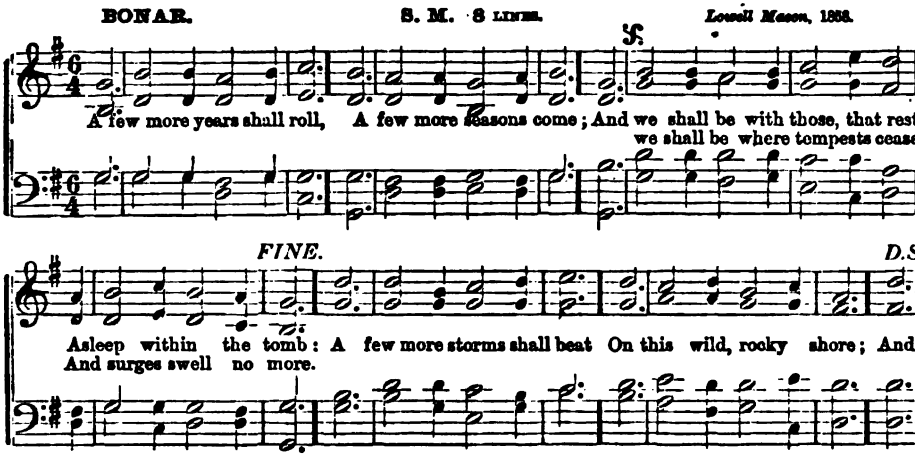
2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh! make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since, on this wingéd hour,
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;—
Oh! be it still pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die,
In sudden, endless night.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.



1373. *The Pilgrim's Song.*

1 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those, that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath-day:

5 'T is but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.

6 Then, O my Lord! prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh! wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Horatius Bonar, 1856.

1374. *Dying, not Death.*

1 It is not death to die,—
To leave this weary road,
And, midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

George W. Bethune, 1847.

1375. *At Home in Heaven.*

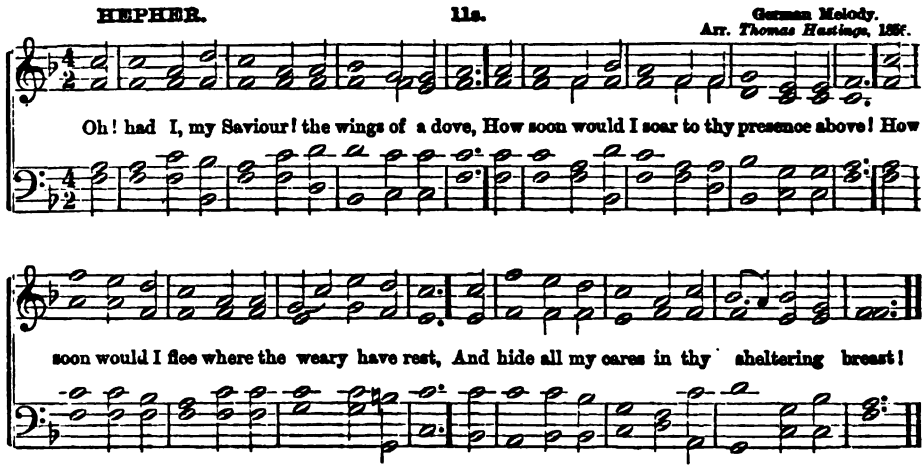
1 "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'T is immortality.

2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father! if 't is thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Ev'n here to me fulfill.

4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death, I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

James Montgomery, 1835.



1376. Psalm 55.

1 Oh! had I, my Saviour! the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to thy presence above!
How soon would I flee where the weary have rest,
And hide all my cares in thy sheltering breast!

2 I flutter, I struggle, and long to be free,
I feel me a captive while banished from thee;
A pilgrim and stranger, the desert I roam,
And look on to heaven, and fain would be home.

3 Ah! there the wild tempest for ever shall cease,
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace;
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.

4 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine;
Rise, bright Sun of glory! no more to decline;
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers;
Oh! what will it be, when the fullness appears?

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

1377. *Longing for the Rest above.*

1 I 'm weary of straying; Oh! fain would I rest
In the far distant land of the pure and blest,
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations for ever have fled.

2 I 'm weary of hoping; where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew;
I long for that land, whose blest promise I long for that land, whose blest promise alone
Is changeless, and sure, as eternity's throne.

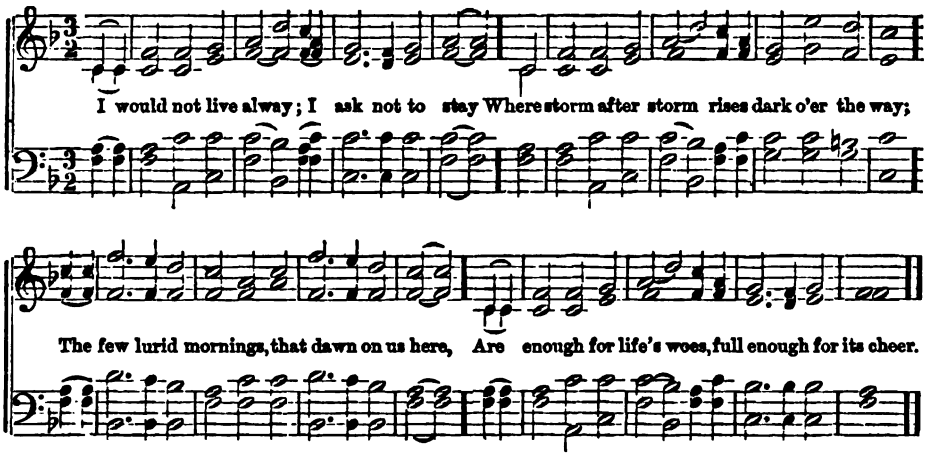
3 I 'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth;
O'er pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

4 I 'm weary of loving what passes away;
The sweetest, the dearest, alas! may not stay;
I long for that land, where these partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

5 I 'm weary, my Saviour! of grieving thy love!
Oh! when shall I rest in thy presence above?
I 'm weary; but, Oh! let me never repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine.

Mrs. —— York, 1827.

FREDERICK. 11s. *George Kingsley, 1838.*



1378. *"I would not live alway."*

1 I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings, that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heavén, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

William A. Muhlenberg, 1823.

1379. *Gone to the Grave.*

1 THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

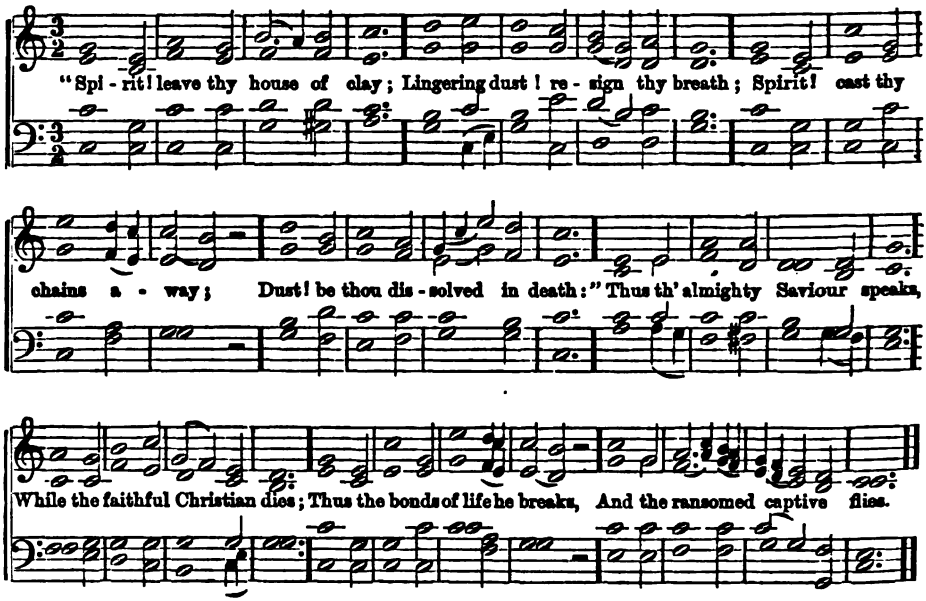
2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side:
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
But the mild rays of paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

Reginald Heber, 1812.

GRISWOLD. 7s. 8 LINES. *Thomas Hastings. 1871.*



1380. *The departing Spirit.*

1 "SPIRIT! leave thy house of clay;
Lingering dust! resign thy breath;
Spirit! cast thy chains away;
Dust! be thou dissolved in death:"
Thus th' almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

2 "Prisoner! long detained below,
Prisoner! now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe;
Welcome to a land of rest:"
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave! the guardian of our dust,
Grave! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise:
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls, —
"Soul! rebuild thy house of clay, —
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day."

James Montgomery, 1813.

1381. *The dying Christian to his Soul.*

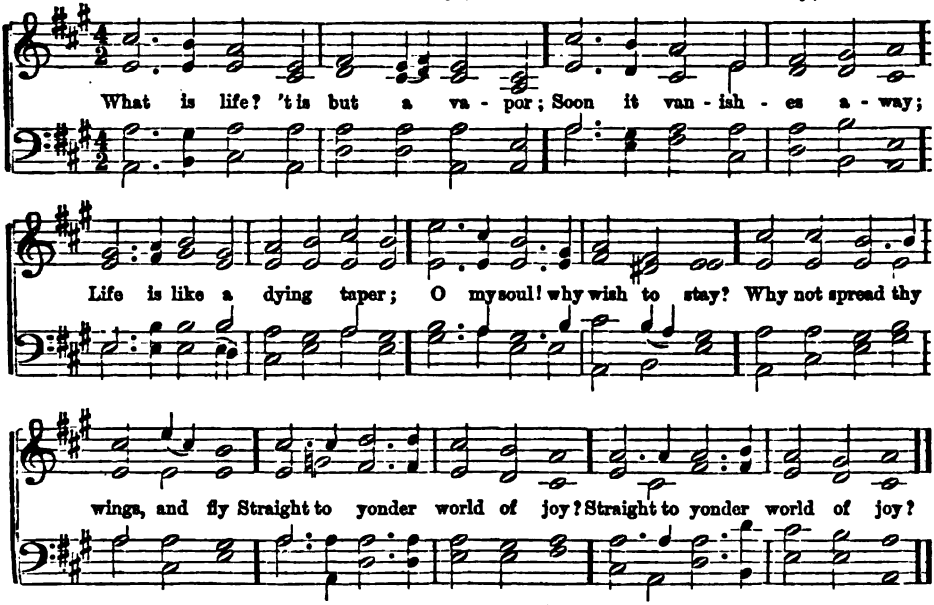
1 DEATHLESS spirit! now arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies, —
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought!
Go, to shine before the throne;
Deck his mediatorial crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

2 Lo! he beckons from on high;
Fearless to his presence fly;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God;
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow, bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Burst thy shackles; drop thy clay;
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love:
Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on him, —
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

LIFE. 8s & 7s. 6 LINES. *Thomas Hastings, 1831.*



1382.

Life a Vapor.

1 WHAT is life? 't is but a vapor;
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is like a dying taper;
O my soul! why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory — how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns — the King of saints: —
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love; [ing,
Through the heavens his praises sound-
Filling all the courts above:
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go, and share his people's glory,
Midst the ransomed crowd appear; —
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear:
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

1383.

Parting Words.

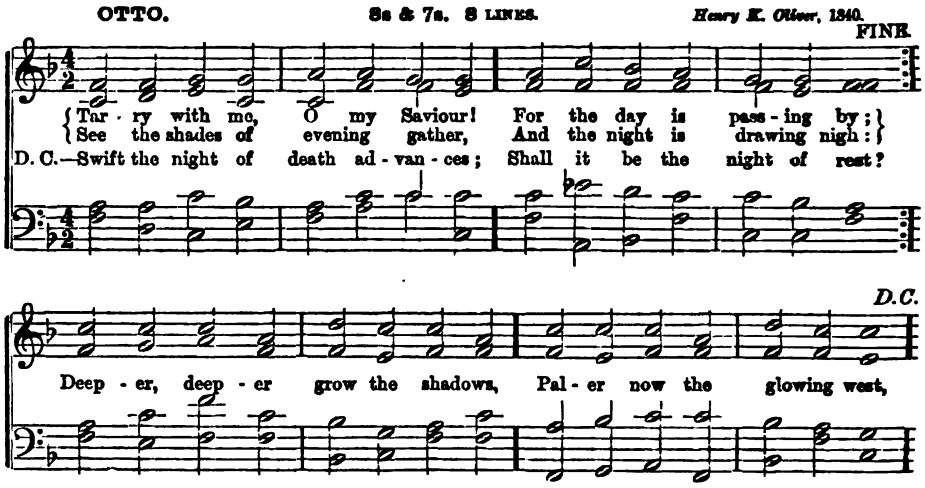
1 LET me go; the day is breaking,
Dear companions! let me go;
We have spent a night of waking,
In the wilderness below;
Upward now I bend my way,
Part we here at break of day.

2 Let me go; I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
Angels wait my soul to carry,
Where my risen Lord appears;
Friends and kindred! weep not so,
If you love me, let me go.

3 'T is not darkness gathering round me,
Which withdraws me from your sight;
Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
But, translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen you hear me sing.

4 Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky;
Am I dead? — nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die:
Would you solve the mystery?
Come up hither, — come and see!

James Montgomery, 1837.



1384.

The final Struggle.

1 TARRY with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh:
Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

2 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak thou, Lord! in words of cheer;
Let me hear thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord! I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.
Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me;—
Morning of eternal rest!

Mrs. Caroline [Sprague] Smith, 1856.

1385.

The departing Saint.

1 HAPPY soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest:
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

1386.

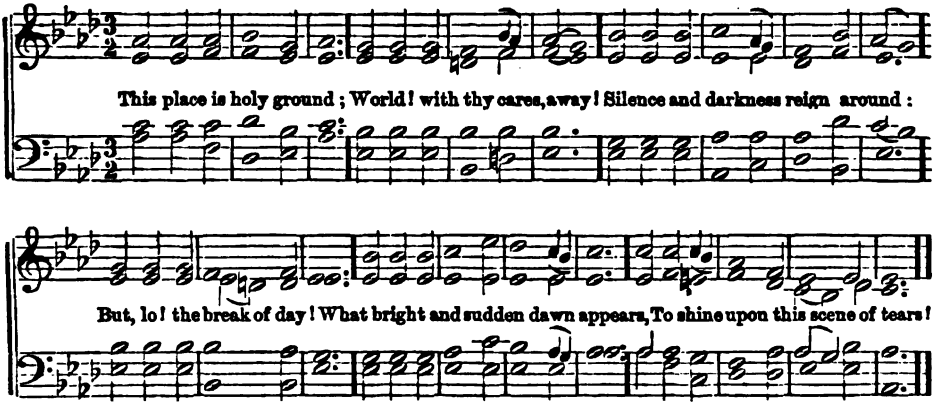
The happy Dead.

1 THINK, O ye, who fondly languish
O'er the grave of those you love!
While your bosoms throb with anguish,
They are warbling hymns above:
While your silent steps are straying
Lonely thro' night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing,
Round the happy Christian's head.

2 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die:
Cease, then, mourner! cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

William B. Collyer, 1812.

LAMENT. (REQUIEM.) S. L. M. *Thomas Hastings, 1844.*



1387. *The Death-Bed of the Righteous.*

1 This place is holy ground;
World! with thy cares, away!
Silence and darkness reign around;
But, lo! the break of day!
What bright and sudden dawn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears!

2 'T is not the morning light,
That wakes the lark to sing;
'T is not a meteor of the night,
Nor touch of angel's wing.
It is an uncreated beam,
Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

3 Behold the bed of death,—
This pale and lovely clay!
Heard ye the sobs of parting breath?
Marked ye the eyes' last ray?—
No!—life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

4 Could tears revive the dead,
Rivers should swell our eyes;
Could sighs recall the spirit fled,
We would not quench our sighs,
Till love relumed this altered mien,
And all th' embodied soul were seen.

5 Bury the dead,—and weep,
In stillness, o'er the loss;
Bury the dead,—in Christ they sleep,
Who bore on earth his cross,
And, from the grave, their dust shall rise,
In his own image, to the skies.

James Montgomery, 1816.

1388. *Separation and Re-union.*

1 Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

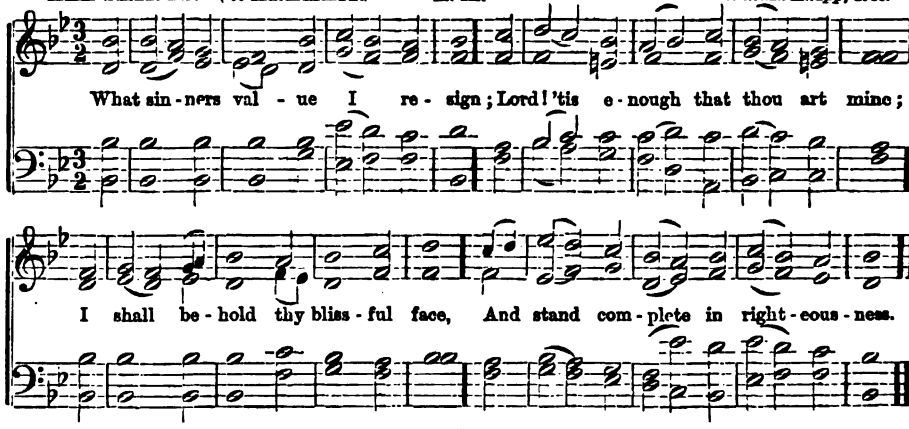
2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

James Montgomery, 1833.

ALL SAINTS. (WAREHAM.) L. M. *William Knapp, 1760.*



1389. Psalm 17.

1 What sinners value I resign;
Lord! 't is enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life 's a dream — an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 Oh! glorious hour! — Oh! blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:
Then burst the chains, with sweet sur-
And in my Saviour's image rise. [prise,

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1390. Psalm 88.

1 Shall man, O God of light and life!
For ever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 In those dark silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears!
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright eternal doors
Unfold, to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound; the dust awake,
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring; [rise,
Through heaven, with joy, their myriads
And hail their Saviour and their King.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

1391. *The Resurrection of the Just.*

1 We sing his love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all his saints, through him, might
Eternal conquests o'er the grave. [have

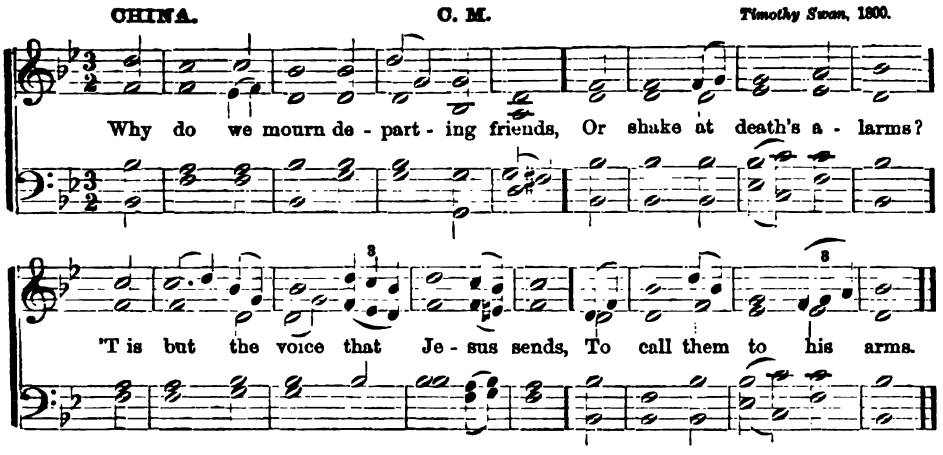
2 The saints, who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.

3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust, and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day!

4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more.

5 Hasten, dear Lord! the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display:
When all thy saints from death shall rise,
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.

Rowland Hill, 1796.



1392. *The Death of Christian Friends.*

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1393. *The Saints ascending to Heaven.*

1 As Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead,
So his disciples rise, and reign
With their triumphant Head.

2 The time draws nigh, when, from the clouds,
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

3 Then they who live shall changéd be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundations shake.

4 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly host, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

5 Together to their Father's house,
With joyful hearts, they go;
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

Michael Bruce, 1768.

1394. *The Death of a Child.*

1 LIFE is a span — a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That ev'n in blooming dies.

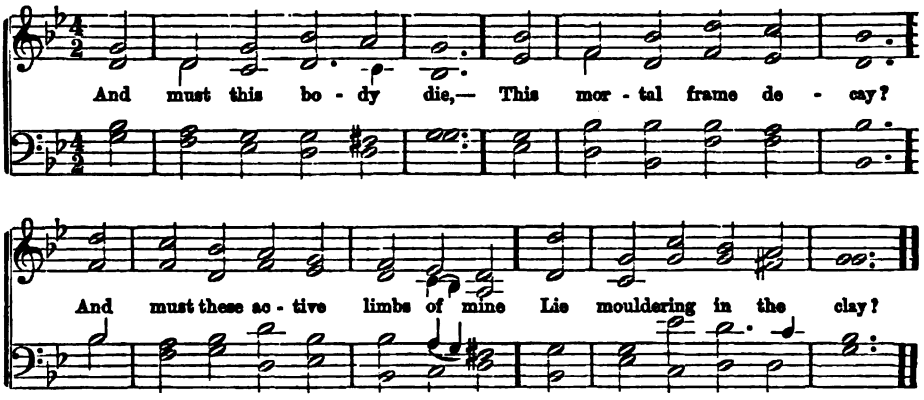
2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise, in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Then cease, fond nature! cease thy tears;
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that can not die.

Anne Steele, 1760.

ST. BRIDE. S. M. *Samuel Howard, 1768.*



1395. *Death and the Resurrection.*

1 And must this body die,—
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And, often from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,—
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5 Dear Lord! accept the praise
Of these our humble songs;
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1396. *Immortality.*

1 Oh! for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh! be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long, succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

Anon., 1831.

1397. *The last great Day.*

1 And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

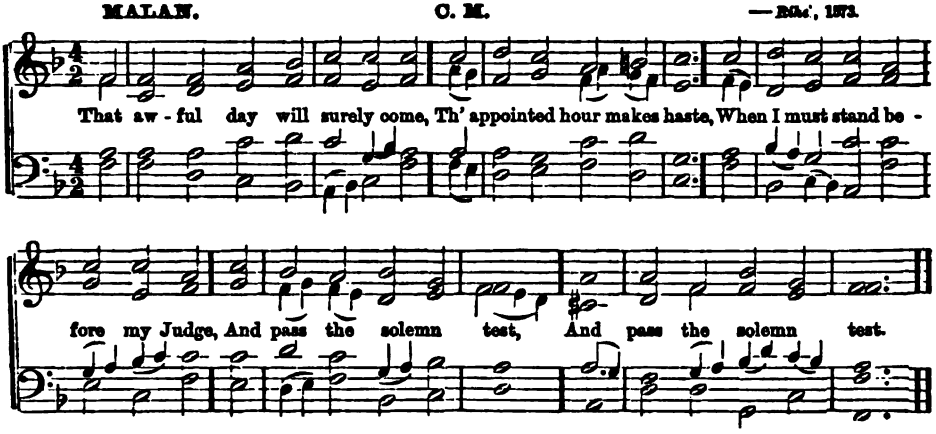
2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead, [sound
Hark!—from the gospel's cheering
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners! seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.



1398.

The awful Day.

1 That awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys!
Thou Sovereign of my heart!
How could I bear, to hear thy voice!
Pronounce the sound, — "Depart?"

3 Oh! wretched state of deep despair —
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station, where
I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus! I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1399.

Psalm 50.

1 The Lord, the Judge, before his throne,
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say, —
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

3 Throned on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know, and fear
His justice, and their doom.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1400.

The Solemn Test.

1 When, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face, —
Oh! how shall I appear?

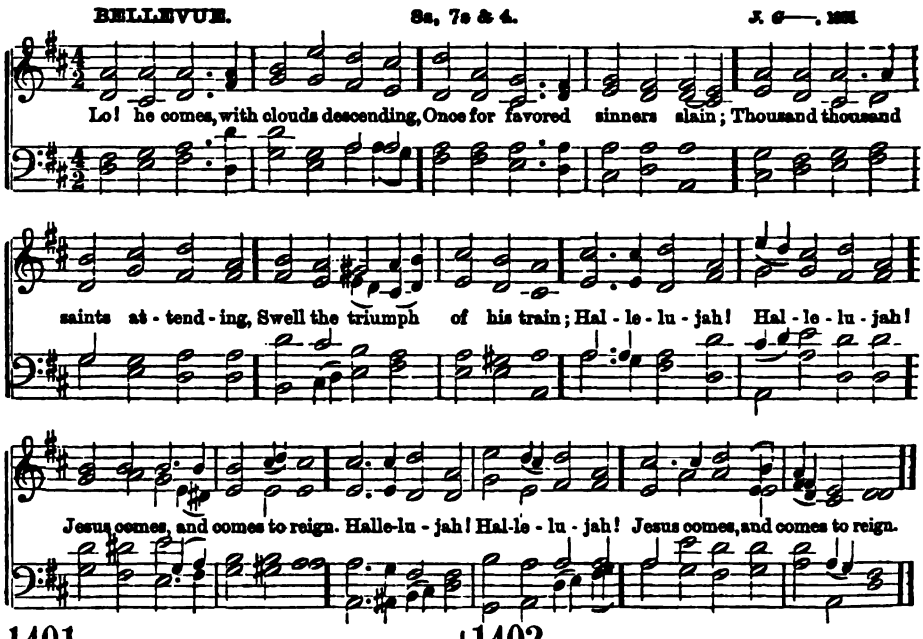
2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought; —

3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand dis-
In majesty severe, [closed
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh! how shall I appear?

4 Then, see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
My pardon speak, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my fears abate.

5 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
To make her pardon sure.

Joseph Addison, 1712, v. 4, a.



1401. *Christ coming to Judgment.*

1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught, and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:—
"Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away."

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

vs. 1, 2, *Charles Wesley*, 1758, a.
vs. 3, 4, *John Cennick*, 1752, a.

1402. Psalm 50.

1 Lo! the mighty God appearing,
From on high Jehovah speaks!
Eastern lands the summons hearing,
O'er the west his thunder breaks:
Earth beholds him:
Universal nature shakes.

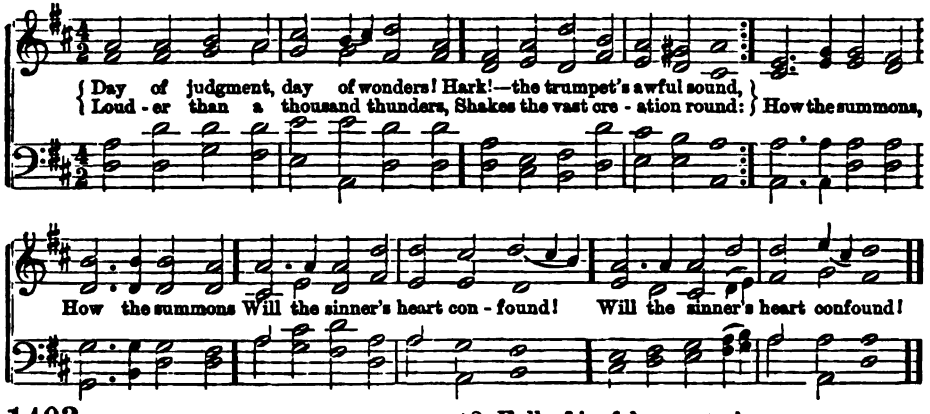
2 To the heavens his voice ascending,
To the earth beneath he cries:—
"Souls immortal now descending,
Let the sleeping dust arise!
Rise to judgment;
Let my throne adorn the skies.

3 "Gather first my saints around me,
Those who to my covenant stood;
Those who humbly sought and found me,
Through the dying Saviour's blood:
Blessed Redeemer!
Sweetest sacrifice to God!"

4 Now the heavens on high adore him,
And his righteousness declare:
Sinners perish from before him,
But his saints his mercies share:
Just his judgment!
God, himself the Judge, is there.

William Goode, 1811.

OSGOOD. 8s, 7s & 4. Arr. from *Peter Ritter*, 1798.



1403. *The Day of Judgment.*

1 Day of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark!—the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say,—"This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confesséd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blesséd!
See the kingdom I bestow!
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

John Newton, 1774.

1404. *Christ coming to Judgment.*

1 Lo! he cometh,—countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead;
Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints! behold the Judge appear!
Truth and justice go before him;
Now the royal sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine!

3 "Come, ye blesséd of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ:"
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies!

John Cennick, 1752.

1405. *The Judgment-Trumpet.*

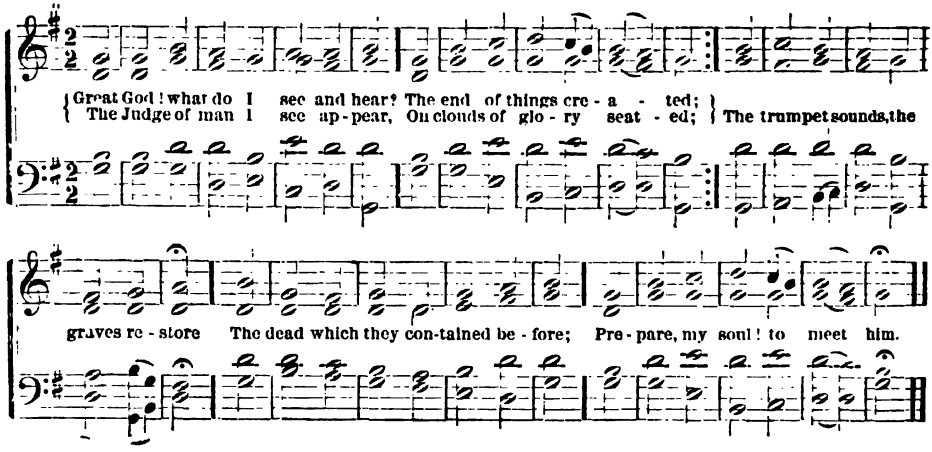
1 Hark!—the judgment-trumpet sounding
Rends the skies and shakes the poles;
Lo! the day, with wrath abounding,
Breaks upon astonished souls:
Every creature
Now the awful Judge beholds.

2 Jesus, Captain of salvation,
Leads his armies down the skies,
Every kindred, tribe and nation,
From the sleep of death, arise:
Heaven's loud summons
Fills the world with dread surprise.

3 Zion's King, his throne ascending,
Calls his saints before his face;
Crowns, with glory never-ending,
All the children of his grace:
Heaven shall echo;—
Songs of triumph fill the place.

Nathan S. S. Beman, 1832.

MONMOUTH. (JUDGMENT.) 8s & 7s. PECULIAR. *Joseph Klug's "Gesangbuch," 1535.*



1406.

The Day of Judgment.

1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created;
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated;
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul! to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne;
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created;
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated;
Beneath his cross I view the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

From the German.
William B. Collyer, 1812, a.

1407.

Christ coming to Judgment.

1 THE trumpet sounds!—the day has come!
In glory Christ revealing;
To men the day of final doom—
Their state for ever sealing:
He comes!—the Son of man is here,
Borne on a cloud, see him appear
Arrayed in robes of judgment!

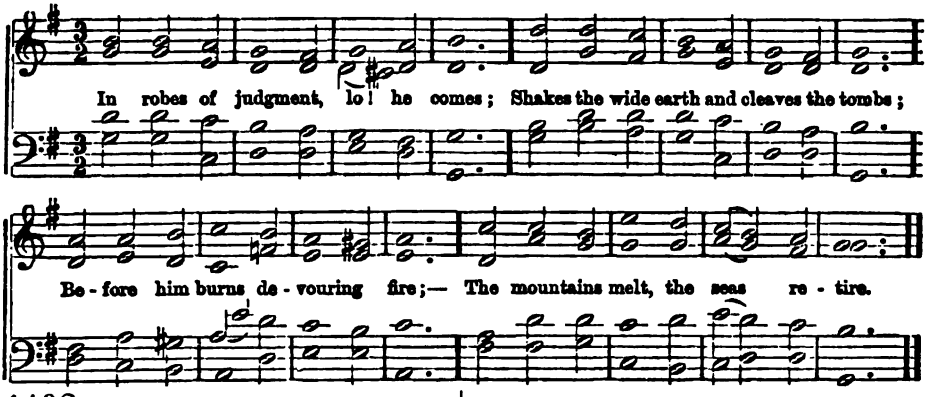
2 He speaks!—the listening skies are still;
All eyes on Jesus centre,
While awe and dread the bosom fill:—
"Come ye your kingdom enter!"—
He says to those who mercy sought:
And then,—to all who prized it not,—
"Depart from me, ye curséd!"

3 The blissful saints ascend on high,
Clothed with the light of heaven;
Their Saviour leads them thro' the sky;—
What burst of joy is given!
For now they see, with raptured eyes,
That faith and love receive the prize,
Through grace rich, free, abounding.

4 And see!—they take the mansions bright,
Where God prepared their dwelling;
Like angels now;—and, to their sight,
Their joys are onward swelling;
They knew in part,—now, all is clear;
Nor doubt, nor sorrow enters here,
To break their bliss unceasing.

Ger., Bartholomew Ringwaldt, 1588.
Tr., Henry Mills, 1845.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M. *Ignace Pleyel, 1757–1831.*



1408. Psalm 97.

1 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes;
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire;—
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

2 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints! on high,
And sing, for your redemption 's nigh.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1409. *Christ's coming to Judgment.*

1 The Lord will come — the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixéd seat forsake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come,—but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,—
A silent lamb to slaughter led,—
The bruised, the suffering and the dead.

3 The Lord will come, — a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,—
Appointed Judge of humankind.

4 Can this be he, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,—
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God! is this the Crucified?

5 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain,
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy,—"The Lord is come!"

Reginald Heber, 1811.

1410. *The Day of Wrath.*

1 That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shriveling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Lat., *Thomas of Celano, 1230.*
Tr., *Walter Scott, 1805.*

1411. *The last great Day.*

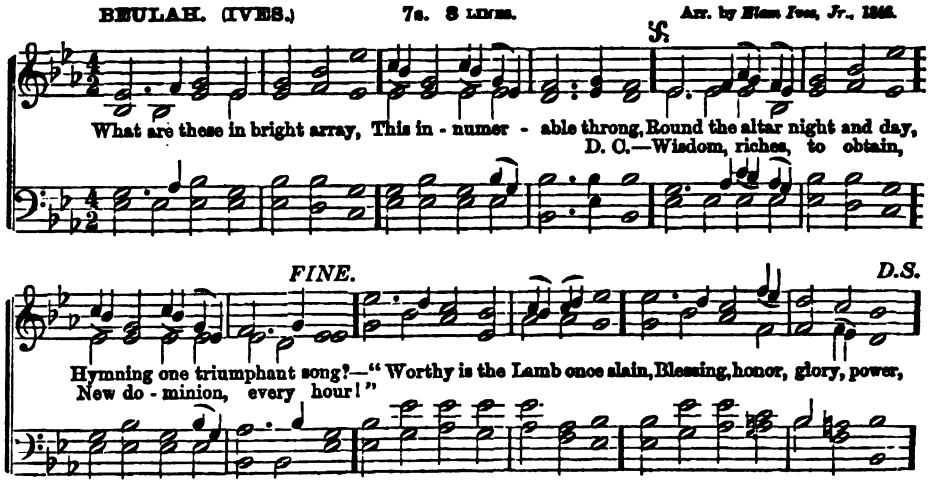
1 That fearful day, that day of dread,
When thou shalt judge the quick and dead;
O God! I shudder to foresee
The awful things which then shall be!

2 When thou shalt come, thine angels round,
With legions, and with trumpet sound;
O Saviour! grant me, in the air,
With all thy saints, to meet thee there!

3 Weep, O my soul! ere that great day,
When God shall shine in plain array;
Oh! weep thy sin, that thou may'st be
In that severest judgment free!

4 O Christ! forgive, remit, protect,
And set thy servant with the elect;
That I may hear the voice, that calls
The righteous to thy heavenly halls!

Lat., *Theodore, ctr. 820.*
Tr., *John M. Neale, 1862.*



1412. *The Redeemed in Heaven.*

1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion, every hour!"

2 These through fiery trials trod,—
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquérors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispel all fear,
And, for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away the tear.

James Montgomery, 1825.

1413. *The Saints in Glory.*

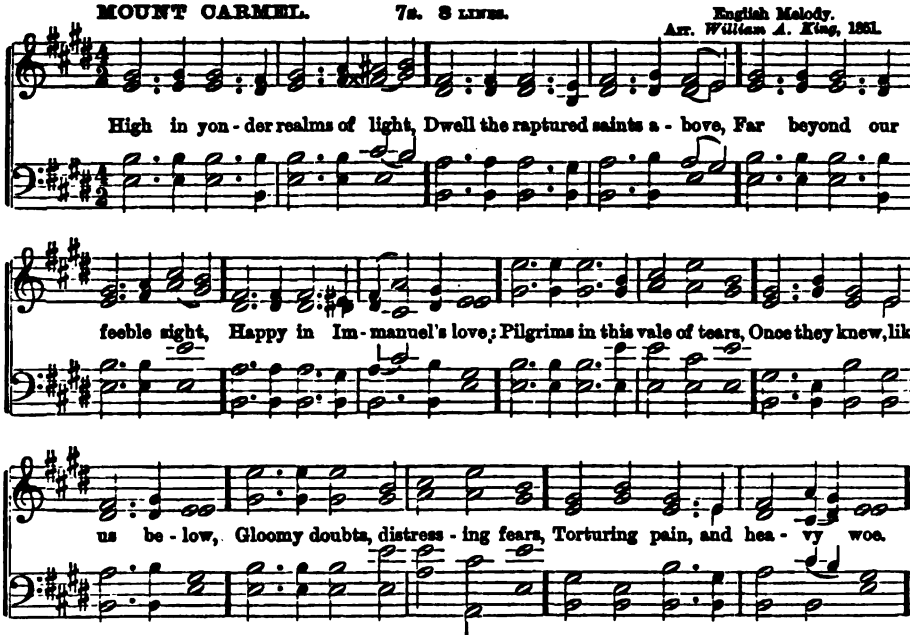
1 WHAT are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause:
Followers of their Lord and God.

2 Out of great distress they came;
Washed their robes, by faith, below
In the blood of Christ, the Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquérors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings passed,
Hunger now and thirst no more:
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed;
With the tree of life sustain;
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove;
Wipe the tears from every face;
Fill up every soul with love.

Charles Wesley, 1746.



1414. *The Songs and Bliss of Heaven.*

1 High in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

2 Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love:
Happy spirits! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose,
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows:
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

Thomas Raffles, 1812, v. 1, a.

1415. *The Victory of the Saints.*

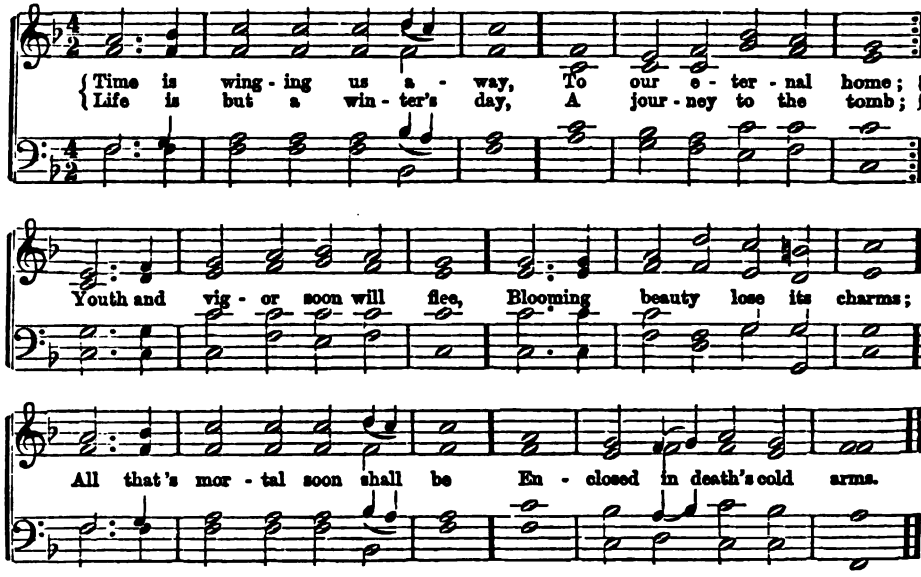
1 Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns, that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,—
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they:
Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

2 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,—
"Take the kingdom — it is thine,—
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"
Round the altar, priests confess,—
If their robes are white as snow,
'T was the Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood, that made them so.

3 Who were these?—On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace:
They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah! when we like them must die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

James Montgomery, 1836.

GENEVA, NEW. 7s & 6s. P. *Lowell Mason, 1831.*



1416. *The eternal Home.*

1 Time is winging us away,
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb,
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's annoy—
Secure in Jesus' love.

John Burton, 1815.

1417. *The Dead in Christ.*

1 Blessèd are the dead, who die
In Christ, their glorious Lord,
They ascend beyond the sky,
And gain their great reward;
Conquerors in the final hour,
Death their latest foe o'ercome,
Safe beyond the tempter's power,
In heaven, their happy home.

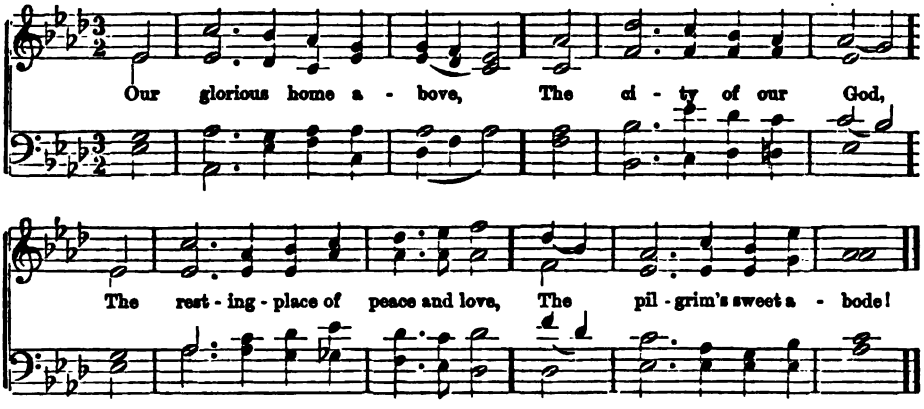
2 They shall never hunger more,
Nor ever thirst again;
All their sufferings now are o'er,
And all their grief and pain;
Now before the throne they stand,
Clothed in robes of purest white,
Palms of victory in their hand,
With all the saints in light.

3 Where the living waters flow,
The Lamb shall gently lead;
They shall higher raptures know,
On heavenly manna feed:
God shall wipe away their tears,
Filled with bliss, their bliss prolong;
Each a crown of victory wears,
And sings the victor's song.

4 Blessèd are the dead, who die
In Christ, their glorious Lord;
To the land of rest they fly,
Their paradise restored:
Soon the judgment trump shall sound,
Soul and body join again,
Radiant and immortal, crowned,
With Christ to live and reign.

Benjamin Gough, 1805, a.

HAYDN. S. M. From *Francis Joseph Haydn*, 1800.



1418.

The Home above.

1 Our glorious home above,
The city of our God,
The resting-place of peace and love,
The pilgrim's sweet abode!

2 Oh! for an angel's wing,
To soar above the skies,
And join th' angelic choir, who sing
Their hallowed symphonies!

3 Pure mansions of the blest,
Prepared by Jesus' hand,
That all his own may sweetly rest
Safe in Immanuel's land.

4 May each we love be there,
From death and darkness free;
Our joy unspeakable to share
Throughout eternity.

D. T. K. Drummond, 1850.

1419.

The Bliss of Heaven.

1 There is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above,
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessèd throng!
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

4 There is no death in heaven;
But, when the Christian dies,
The angels wait his parting soul,
And waft it to the skies!

Anon., 1800.

1420.

Rest in Heaven.

1 And is there, Lord! a rest,
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

3 Are there bright, happy fields,
Where naught that blooms shall die;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
And healthful breezes sigh?

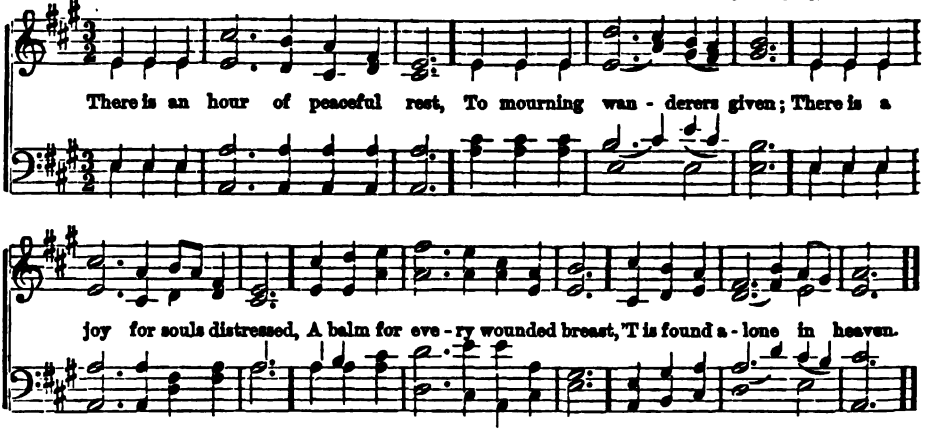
4 Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

5 For ever blessèd they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

6 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God! ascend
To sweet repose in heaven.

Ray Palmer, 1843.

TAPPAN. C. M. *George Kingsley, 1838.*



1421. *Heaven anticipated.*

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'T is found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom;—
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

William B. Tappan, 1829.

1422. *The Peace and Repose of Heaven.*

1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares distressed,
When sighs and sorr'wing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'T is then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts, which here annoy;
And they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore.

4 There smiling peace with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There, they, who once have sown in tears,
Now reap eternal joy.

William B. Tappan, 1829.

1423. *The earthly and the heavenly House.*

1 THERE is a house, not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit, waiting, stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul! with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

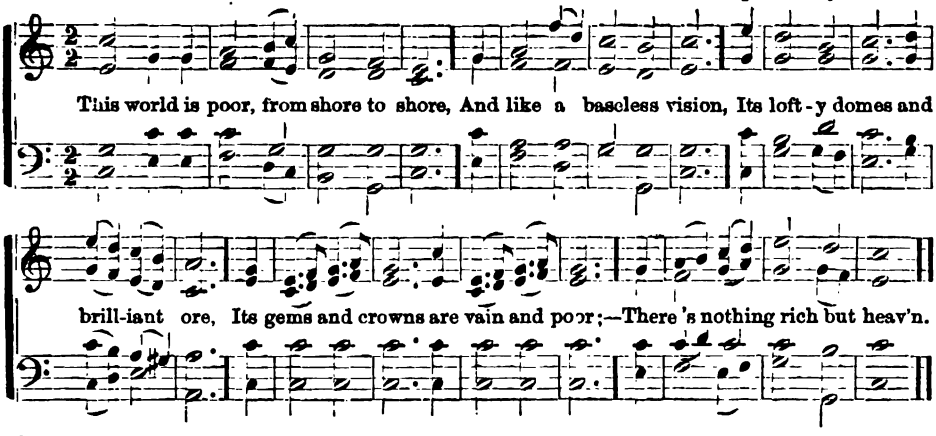
3 'T is he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But, while the body is our home,
We 're absent from the Lord.

5 'T is pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord! with thee.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

LANESBORO'. C. M. English Melody.



1424. *Nothing like Heaven.*

1 THIS world is poor, from shore to shore,
And, like a baseless vision,
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns are vain and poor;—
There 's nothing rich but heaven.

2 Empires decay and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are given;
The vernal blooms in ruin lie,
Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky;—
There 's nothing sure but heaven.

3 Creation's mighty fabric all
Shall be to atoms riven,—
The skies consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball;—
There 's nothing firm but heaven.

4 A stranger, lonely here I roam,
From place to place am driven;
My friends are gone, and I 'm in gloom,
This earth is all a dismal tomb;—
I have no home but heaven.

5 The clouds disperse, the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven,
Triumphant grace hath quelled my fears;—
Roll on, thou sun! fly swift, my years!
I 'm on my way to heaven.

David Nelson, 1832.

1425. *The unseen and blessed World.*

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know,—
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 Oh! may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord! by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

Anne Steele, 1760.

1426. *The pious Dead.*

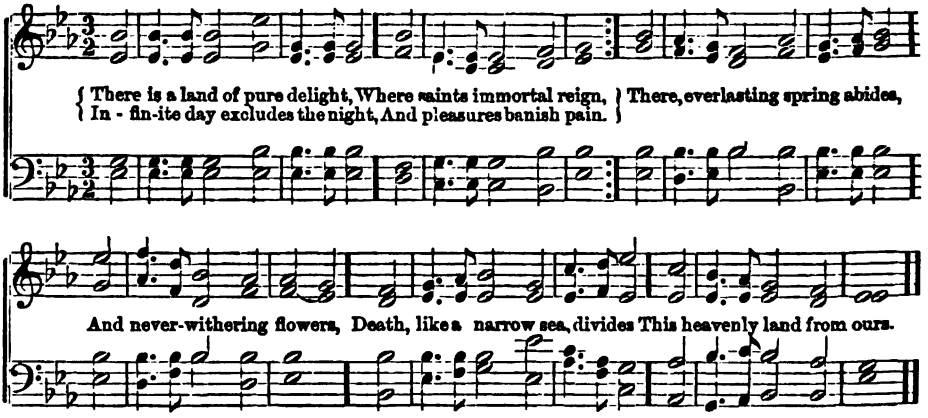
1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;—
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They 're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

VARINA. C. M. 8 LINES. From *Christian Heinrich Rink*, 1770-1846.



1427. *The Land of endless Bliss.*

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,—
These gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1428. *The peaceful Fold.*

1 THERE is a fold, whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3 Soon at his feet my soul will lie
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

4 Far from this guilty world to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with thee,—
My Saviour! this is life.

John East, 1836.

1429. *The Joys unseen.*

1 NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared,
For those that love the Son.

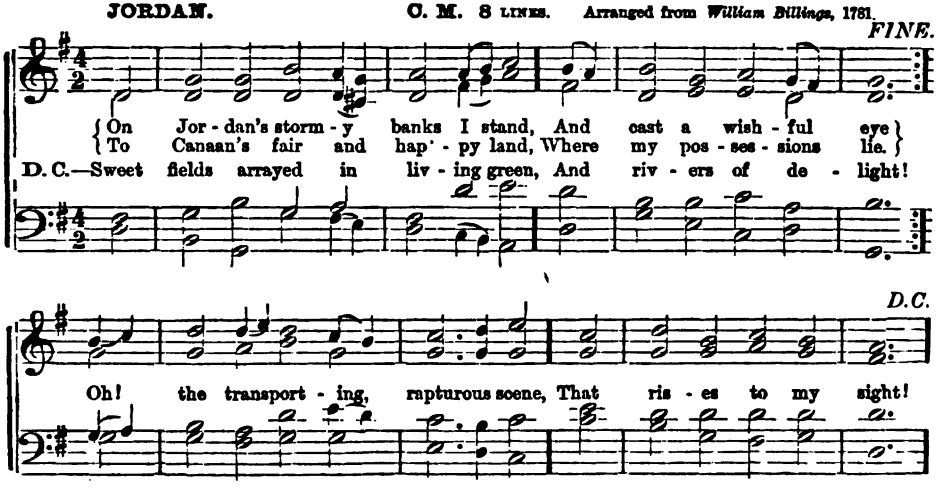
2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come:
The beams of glory, in his word,
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

JORDAN. C. M. 8 LINES. Arranged from *William Billings*, 1781.



1430.

The promised Land.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh! the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blessed?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul,
Can here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

1431.

The everlasting Song.

1 Earth has engrossed my love too long;
'T is time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father! to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits;
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move, and charm the starry plains,
With an immortal sound.

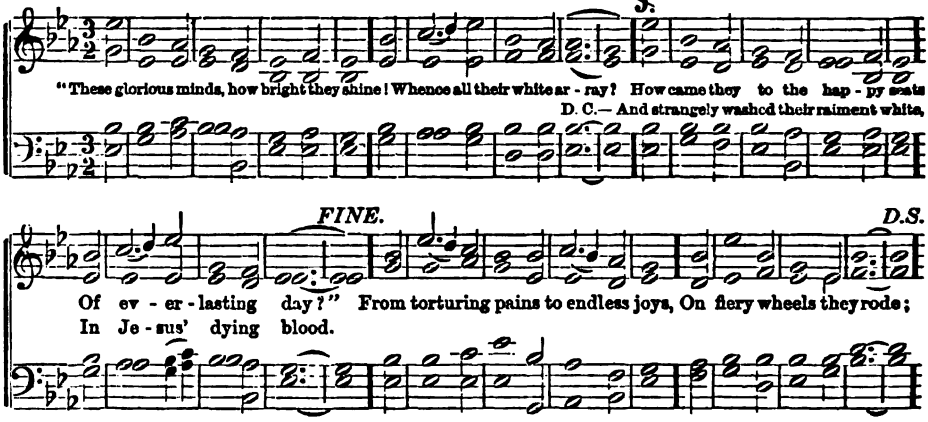
4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing;
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me mount, and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart! my hand! my ear! my tongue!
Here 's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here.
And so my soul should rise;—
Oh! for some heavenly notes to bear
My spirit to the skies.

Isaac Watts, 1705. a.

ATHENS. C. M. 8 LINES. From *Felice Giardini*, ob. 1760.



1432. *The Martyrs glorified.*

1 "THESE glorious minds, how bright they
Whence all their white array? [shine!
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

2 From torturing pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode; [white,
And strangely washed their raiment
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps, and sacred songs,
Adore the Holy One.

4 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1433. *Heaven unseen and immortal.*

1 How far beyond our mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells!
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.

2 Oh! could my longing spirit rise
On strong, immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King!—

3 There, myriads worship at thy feet,
And there — divine employ —
The triumphs of thy love repeat
In songs of endless joy.

4 Thy presence beams eternal day,
O'er all the blissful place:
Who would not drop this load of clay
And die to see thy face?

Anne Steele, 1760.

1434. *The Happiness of departed Saints.*

1 How happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free!
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see.

2 "Worthy the Lamb," aloud they cry,
"That brought us here to God:"
In ceaseless hymns of praise, they shout
The merit of his blood.

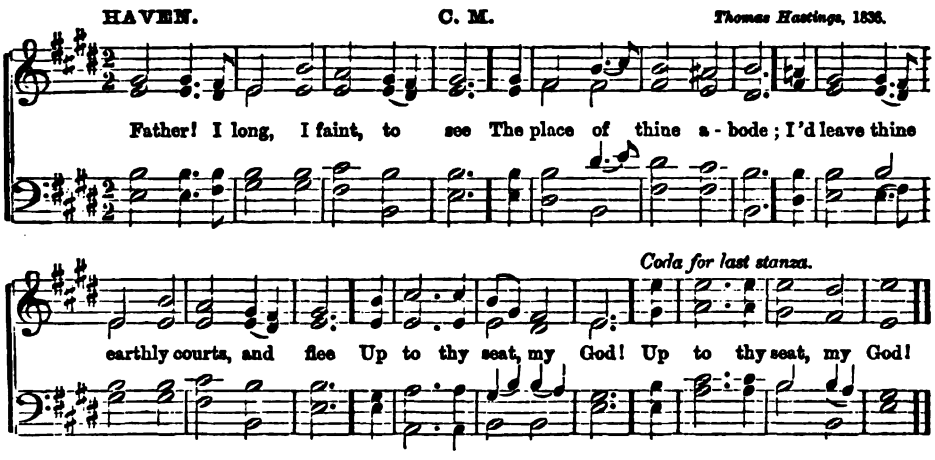
3 Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the Father's awful throne,
The honors of the Lamb.

4 With wondering joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past,
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.

5 They follow the exalted Lamb,
Where'er they see him go,
And, at the footstool of his grace,
Their blood-bought crowns they throw.

6 Lord! let the merit of thy death
To me be likewise given;
And I, with them, will shout thy praise
Through all the streets of heaven.

Augustus M. Toplady, (?) 1776.



1435. *The Worship of Earth and Heaven.*

1 FATHER! I long, I faint, to see
The place of thine abode;
I 'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 't is a pleasing sight;
But, to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 I 'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

5 Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' eternal All.

6 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1436. *A blissful Death.*

1 LORD! 't is an infinite delight,
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

2 Thy love, — a sea without a shore, —
Spreads life and joy abroad;
Oh! 't is a heaven worth dying for,
To see a smiling God!

3 Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wondrous prophet tried; [die;"
"Come up the mount," says God, "and
The prophet went—and died.

4 Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kissed his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

Isaac Watts, 1705. a.

1437. *The Moment after Death.*

1 IN vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death, —
The glories that surround the saints,
When yielding up their breath.

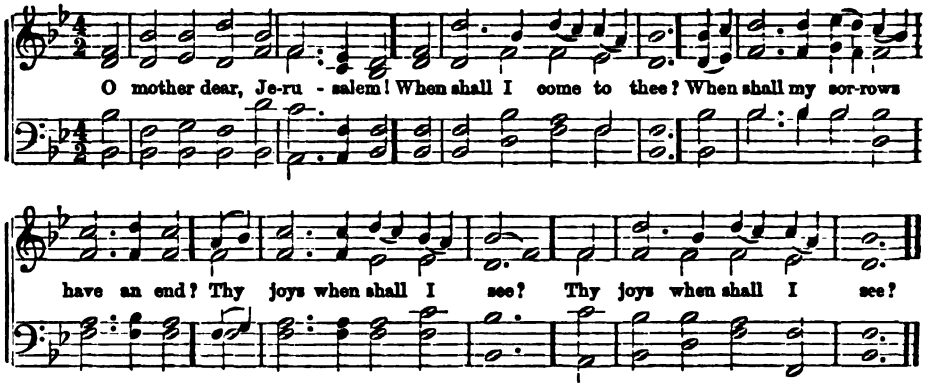
2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks;
We scarce can say, — "They 're
Before the willing spirit takes [gone!"
Her mansion near the throne.

3 Thus much — and this is all — we know;
Saints are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

4 On harps of gold, they praise his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

John Newton, 1779.

RHINE, NEW. C. M. German Melody.



1438. *The new Jerusalem.*

1 O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

3 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square;
Thy gates are all of orient pearl;—
O God! if I were there!

4 Oh! passing happy were my state,
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and King
His praises there to sound.

F[rancis] B[aker], 1616.
Altered by *David Dickson*, 1649.

1439. *The blessed Society in Heaven.*

1 RAISE thee, my soul! fly up, and run
Through every heavenly street;
And say,—there's nought below the sun,
That's worthy of thy feet.

2 There, on a high majestic throne,
Th' almighty Father reigns;
And sheds his glorious goodness down,
On all the blissful plains.

3 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon:
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

4 Amidst those ever-shining skies,
Behold the sacred Dove!
While, banished sin, with sorrow, flies
From all the realms of love.

5 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-One.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1440. *The Things hoped for.*

1 THESE are the crowns, that we shall wear,
When all thy saints are crowned;
These are the palms, that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.

2 These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which we shall then put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.

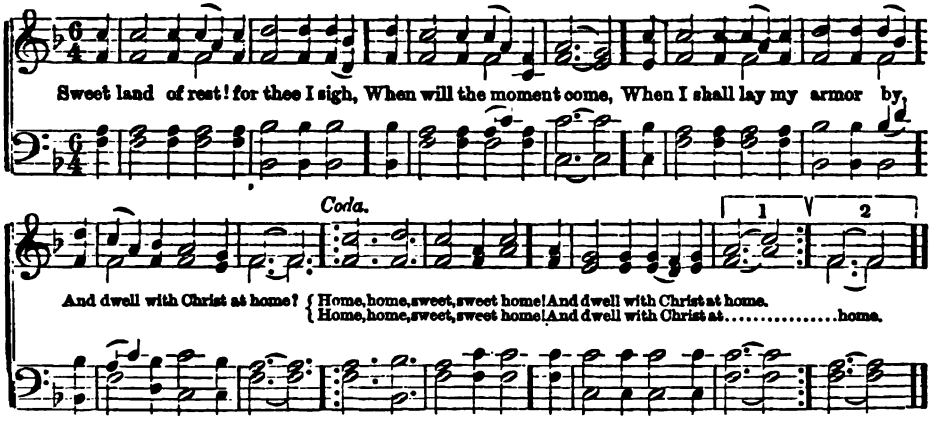
3 That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert sand.

4 Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!
And welcome sorrow, too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

5 Come, crown and throne; come, robe and palm;
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of righteousness!

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

LAND OF REST. C. M. *William B. Bradbury, 1853.*



1441. *The heavenly Home.*

1 SWEET land of rest! for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home?
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
And dwell with Christ at home.

2 On earth no tranquil joys I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world 's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he 'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

5 How long, dear Lord! wilt thou delay,
When will thy chariot come,
And fetch my waiting soul away
To heaven, my destined home?

G. M———, 1839.

1442. *The Heavenly Jerusalem.*

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home,—
Name ever dear to me,—
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Oh! when, thou city of my God!
Shall I thy courts ascend,—
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 Why should I shrink at pain or woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I 've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ, below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem!—my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

From F[rancis] B[aker], 1616. Anon., 1801.

1443. *Paradise.*

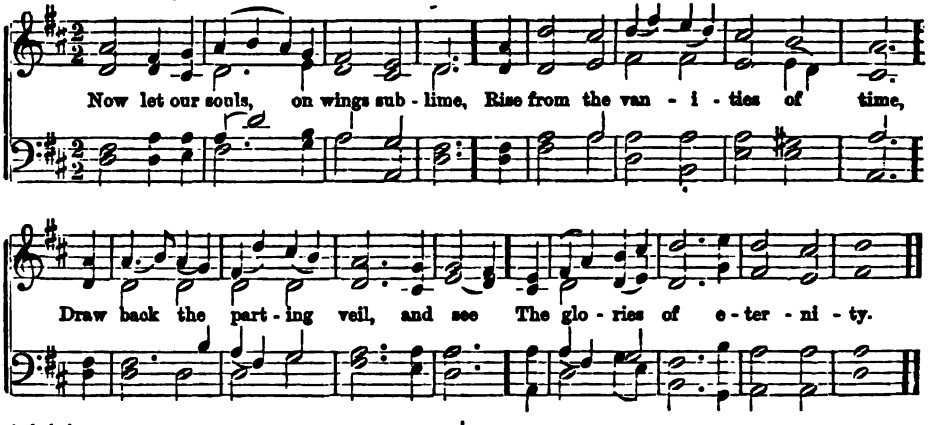
1 O PARADISE! O paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest?

2 O paradise! O paradise!
'T is weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near.

3 O paradise! O paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.

Frederick W. Faber, 1849.

TRANQUILLITY. L. M. English Melody.—*Marsan.*



1444. *The Dawn of Heaven.*

1 Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
While we are traveling back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge!
That sets my longing soul at large,
Unbinds my chains, breaks up my cell,
And gives me with my God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

Thomas Gibbons, 1762.

1445. *"Better to depart."*

1 While on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be;
It faints my much-loved Lord to see;
Earth! twine no more about my heart,
For 't is far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic envoys! come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home:
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,—
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4 That blesséd interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Raised in his arms, to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace!

5 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I 'll wait thy signal for my flight;
For, while thy service I pursue,
I find my heaven begun below.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

1446. *Home in View.*

1 As, when the weary traveler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still:

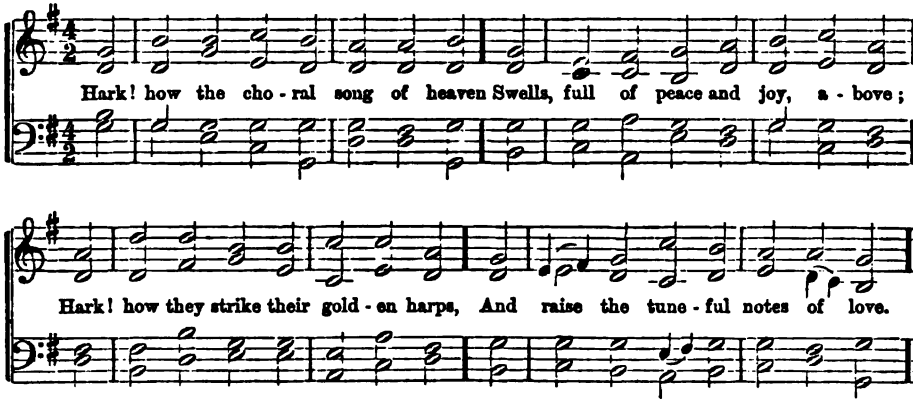
2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize

3 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 'T is there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.

John Newton, 1779.

MORNING. L. M. *William Boyce, obit. 1779.*



1447. *The Song of Heaven.*

1 HARK! how the choral song of heaven
Swells, full of peace and joy, above;
Hark! how they strike their golden harps,
And raise the tuneful notes of love.

2 No anxious care, nor thrilling grief,
No deep despair, nor gloomy woe
They feel, while high their lofty strains
In noblest, sweetest concord flow.

3 When shall we join the heavenly host,
Who sing Immanuel's praise on high,
And leave behind our fears and doubts,
To swell the chorus of the sky?

4 Oh! come, thou rapture-bringing morn!
And usher in this joyful day;
We long to see thy rising sun
Drive all these clouds of grief away.

R. S. M——, 1812.

1448. *The Saints' Rest.*

1 LORD! thou wilt bring the joyful day;
Beyond earth's weariness and pains,
Thou hast a mansion far away,
Where, for thine own, a rest remains.

2 No sun there climbs the morning sky,
There never falls the shade of night,
God and the Lamb, for ever nigh,
O'er all shed everlasting light.

3 The bow of mercy spans the throne,—
Emblem of love and goodness there;
While notes, to mortals all unknown,
Float on the calm celestial air.

4 Around the throne bright legions stand,
Redeemed by blood from sin and hell;
And shining forms, an angel band,
The mighty chorus join to swell.

5 There, Lord! thy way-worn saints shall find
The bliss for which they longed before;
And holiest sympathies shall bind
Thine own to thee for evermore.

6 O Jesus! bring us to that rest,
Where all the ransomed shall be found,
In thine eternal fullness blest,
While ages roll their cycles round.

Ray Palmer, 1865.

1449. *Absent from the Body.*

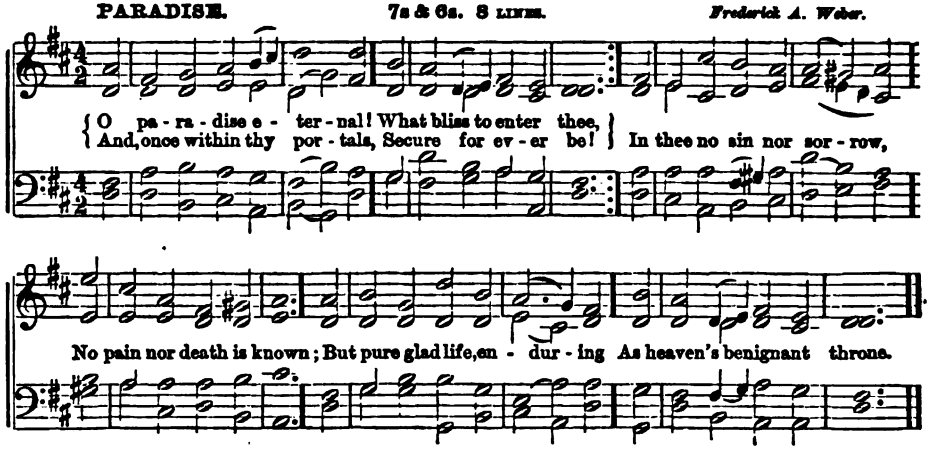
1 ABSENT from flesh! O blissful thought!
What unknown joys this moment brings! [brought,
Freed from the mischiefs sin hath
From pains, and tears, and all their springs.

2 Absent from flesh! illustrious day!
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke!
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.

3 Absent from flesh! then rise, my soul!
Where feet or wings could never climb
Beyond the heavens where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

4 I go where God and glory shine;
His presence makes eternal day;
My all that's mortal I resign,
For angels wait and point my way.

Isaac Watts, 1736.



1450. *The Paradise eternal.*

1 O PARADISE eternal!
What bliss to enter thee,
And, once within thy portals,
Secure for ever be!
In thee no sin nor sorrow,
No pain nor death, is known;
But pure glad life, enduring
As heaven's benignant throne.

2 There all around shall love us,
And we return their love;
One band of happy spirits,
One family above:
There God shall be our portion,
And we his jewels be;
And, gracing his bright mansions,
His smile reflect and see.

3 So songs shall rise for ever,
While all creation fair,
Still more and more revealéd,
Shall wake fresh praises there:
O Paradise eternal!
What joys in thee are known!
O God of mercy! guide us,
Till all be felt our own.

Thomas Davis, 1864.

1451. *"Hic breve vivitur."*

1 BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life, that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there:
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals, and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest!

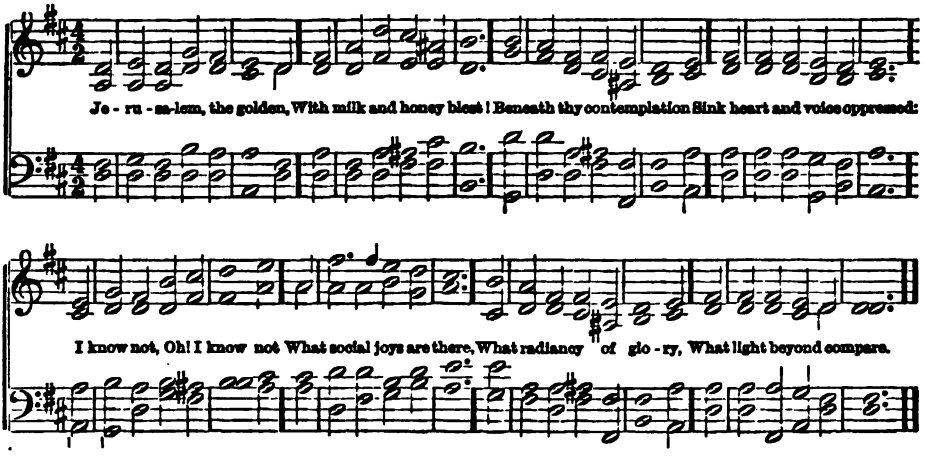
2 There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know:
And, after fleshly scandal,
And, after this world's night,
And, after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.

3 And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow;
The light, that hath no evening,
The health, that hath no sore,
The life, that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

4 There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced, —
That spirit's food and sunshine,
Whence earthly love is chased:
Yes! God, my King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

Lat., *Bernard de Morlaix*, ab. 1138.
Tr., *John Mason Neale*, 1851.

EWING. 7s & 6s. 8 lines. *Alexander Ewing, 1830.*



1452.

"Urbs Syon aurea."

1 Jerusalem, the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, Oh! I know not
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

Lat., *Bernard de Morlaix*, ab. 1150.
Tr., *John Mason Neale*, 1851.

1453.

"O bona Patria."

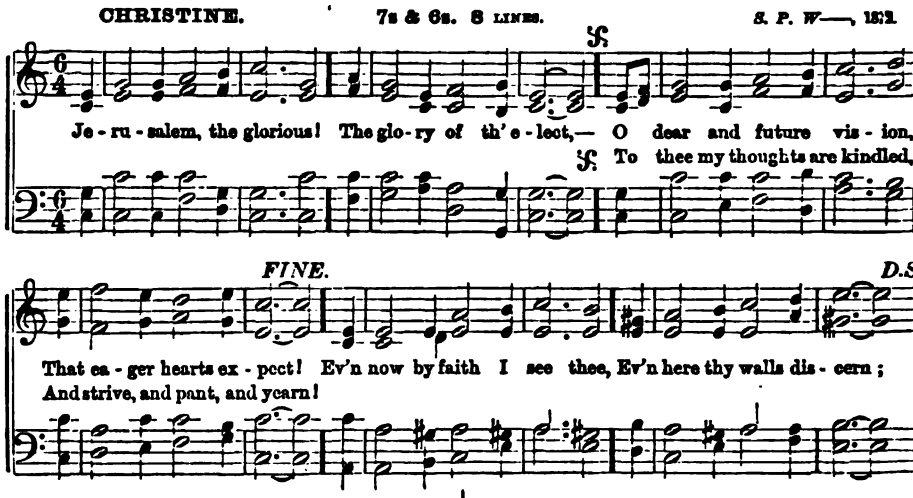
1 For thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O onely mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 Jesus, the Gem of beauty,
True God and Man, they sing; —
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring;
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of his court;
The Day-star of salvation,
The Porter and the Port.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of ages,
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

Lat., *Bernard de Morlaix*, ab. 1150.
Tr., *John Mason Neale*, 1851.



1454.

"*Urbs Syon inclyta, Gloria.*"

1 JERUSALEM, the glorious!
The glory of th' elect,—
O dear and future vision,
That eager hearts expect!
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

2 Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory,
In me is all my woe:
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!

3 O sweet and blessèd country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?—
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

Lat., *Bernard de Morlaix*, ab. 1150.
Tr., *John Mason Neale*, 1851.

1455.

"*Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen.*"

1 REJOICE, all ye believers!
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he draweth nigh;
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle;
At midnight comes the cry.

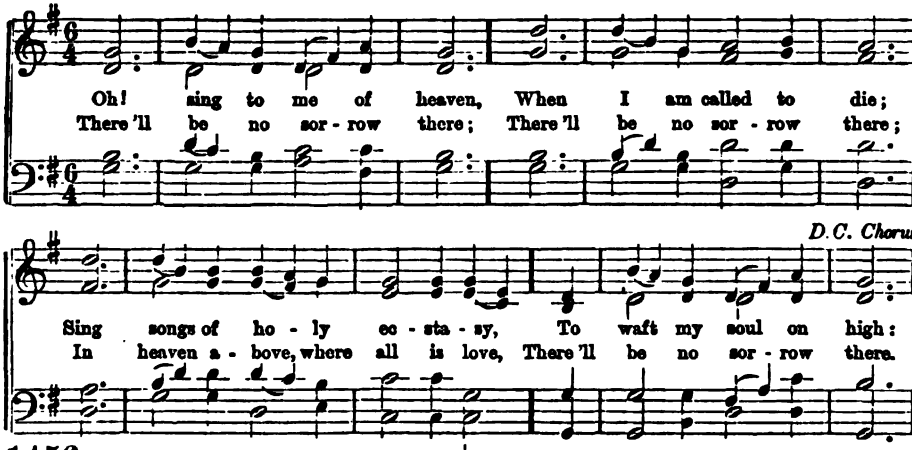
2 The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet him as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear:
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up! up! ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

3 Ye saints! who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever,
When sorrow is no more;
Around the throne of glory,
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before him
Your diadems of gold!

4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere:
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord! to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto thee!

Ger., *Laurentius Laurenti*, 1700.
Tr., *Jane Borthwick*, 1852.

DUNBAR. S. M. *E. W. Dunbar, 1854.*



1456. *"No Sorrow there."*

1 Oh! sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high:
There 'll be no sorrow there;
There 'll be no sorrow there;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There 'll be no sorrow there.

2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.

3 When the last moments come,
Oh! watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic gleam,
Which on each feature plays.

4 Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven!

Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana, 1850.

1457. *A Home above.*

1 I have a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion, which eternal Love
Designed and formed for me.

2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was planned,—
My dwelling-place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure;
He passed thro' death's dark raging flood,
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter has come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home,
Reserved for me in heaven.

Henry Bennett, 1851.

1458. *Harping with their Harps.*

1 Hark! hark the voice of praise
Around Jehovah's throne!
Songs of celestial joy they raise,
To mortal lips unknown.

2 In shining robes they stand
Upon the crystal sea;
The harps of God are in their hand,
And all is ecstasy.

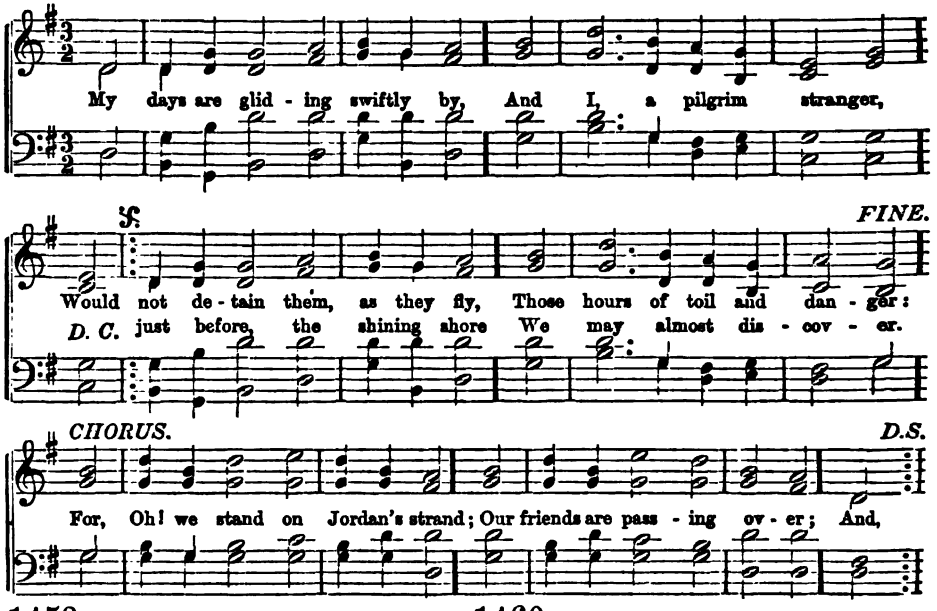
3 Oh! for an angel's love,
A seraph's soaring wing,
To sing, with thousand saints above,
The triumphs of our King!

4 With pure and sinless heart,
His mercies to adore!
My God! to know thee as thou art,
Nor grieve thy Spirit more!

5 Blest hope!—a little while,
And we, amidst that throng
Shall live in our Redeemer's smile,
And swell the angels' song.

Anon., 1853, a.

SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. TROCHAIC. 8 LINES. *George F. Root, 1860.*



1459. *Jordan's Strand.*

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them, as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger:

CHORUS.

For, Oh! we stand on Jordan's strand;
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear!
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word, —
"Let every lamp be burning:"
CHORUS. — For, Oh! we stand, etc.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing:
CHORUS. — For, Oh! we stand, etc.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, — "Come!" — and there's
For ever, Oh! for ever! [our home,
CHORUS. — For, Oh! we stand, etc.

David Nelson, 1835.

1460. *Wayfarers.*

1 WAYFARERS in the wilderness,
By morn, and noon, and even,
Day after day, we journey on,
With weary feet towards heaven:

CHORUS.

O land above! O land of love!
The glory shineth o'er thee;
O Christ, our King! in mercy bring
Us thither, we implore thee!

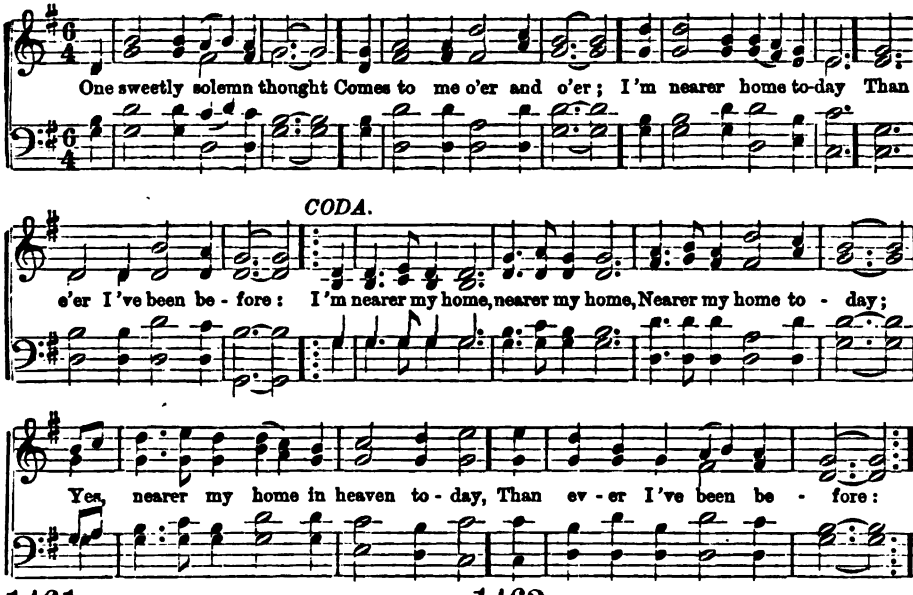
2 By day the cloud before us goes,
By night the cloud of fire,
To guide us o'er the trackless waste,
To Canaan ever nigher:
CHORUS. — O land above! etc.

3 Each morning find we, as he said,
The dew of daily manna;
And ever, when a foe appears,
Confronts him Christ, our Banner:
CHORUS. — O land above! etc.

4 The sea was riven for our feet,
And so shall be the river; [home,
And, by the King's highway brought
We'll praise his name for ever:
CHORUS. — O land above! etc.

Alexander R. Thompson, 1860.

NEARER HOME. 6s. John M. Evans, 1860.



1461. *Nearer Home.*

1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home to-day
Than e'er I've been before:

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the blest mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer the bound where we
Must lay our burdens down;
Nearer to leave the cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 The waves of that deep sea
Roll dark before my sight,
But break, the other side,
Upon a shore of light.

5 Oh! if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If I am nearer home
To-day than e'en I think:

6 Father! perfect my trust,
That I may rest, in death,
On Christ, my Lord, alone,
And thus resign my breath.

Phœbe Cary, 1852, a.

1462. *The heavenly Home.*

1 There is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow:

2 Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

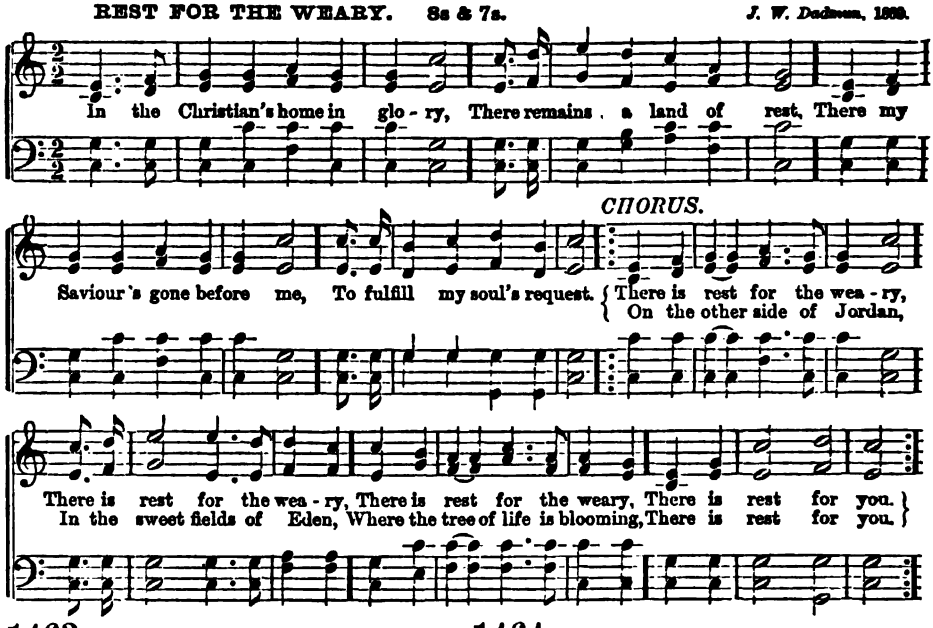
3 Oh! joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side!

4 To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing, through endless days,
The great things he hath done!

5 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path, your Saviour trod,
Of daily toil and woe.

6 Wait but a little while,
In uncomplaining love;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Henry W. Baker, 1868.



1463. *Rest for the Weary.*

1 In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour 's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But, in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn:
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

5 Sing, Oh! sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

William Hunter. 1857.

1464. *The Saints in Glory.*

1 Hark! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea, —
Allelulia! allelulia!
Allelulia! Lord! to thee.

2 Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

3 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood.

4 Gladly, Lord! with thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord! with thee they died,
And, by death, to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite.

6 Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1835.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1697.

2. L. M.

To God, the Father, — God, the Son, —
And God, the Spirit, — Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

3. L. M. 6 lines.

To God, — the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, — Three in One,
All honor, glory, praise be given,
By every tongue on earth, in heaven:
As 't was, is now, and still shall be
In every age, eternally.

E. F. H., 1872.

4. L. M. 8 lines.

Eternal Father! throned above,
Thou Fountain of redeeming love!
Eternal Word! who left thy throne
For man's rebellion to atone;
Eternal Spirit! who dost give
That grace whereby our spirits live;
Thou God of our salvation! be
Eternal praises paid to thee!

Anon., 1836.

5. L. P. M.

Now to the great and sacred Three, —
The Father, Son, and Spirit, — be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

6. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

7. C. M.

Let God, — the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, — be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

8. C. M. 5 lines.

The Lord, our God, we magnify, —
Jehovah, Three in One!
Let all the earth, let all the sky,
Let all creation glorify,
The Father, Spirit, Son.

E. F. H., 1872.

9. C. M. 8 lines.

The God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming Word
And new-creating Breath;
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine, —
The One in Three, and Three in One, —
Let saints and angels join.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

10. C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
Is now, and shall for ever last,
When time shall be no more.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

11. C. L. M.

To thee, O God! our songs we raise,
To thee be glory given;
Let all creation join to praise
The God of earth and heaven, —
God ever blessed, — the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, — Three in One.

E. F. H., 1872.

12. S. M.

To God, — the Father, Son,
And Spirit, — One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

John Wesley, 1739.

13. S. M.

Ye angels round the throne!
And saints that dwell below!
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

14. S. M. 8 LINES.

Thee, — Father, Spirit, Son! —
We joyfully adore:
We bless th' eternal Three in One,
Who reigns for evermore:
Thou glorious Trinity,
By earth and heaven adored!
We glorify, we worship thee,
The universal Lord.

E. F. H., 1872.

15. S. P. M.

To Father, Spirit, Son,
Jehovah, Three in One,
Be endless praise and glory given:
Thy name, almighty King!
Let all creation sing,
With all their powers, on earth, in [heaven.

E. F. H., 1872.

16. H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God, the Son;
To God, the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

Isaac Watts, 1709, a.

17. 6s. 8 LINES.

To Father and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost! to thee,
Eternal Three in One!
Eternal glory be;
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before thy throne we bow,
And thee, our God, adore.

Anon., 1871.

18. 6s & 4s.

To God, — the Father, Son,
And Spirit, — Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong —
On earth, in heaven.

E. F. H., 1863.

19. 6s & 4s. P.

Thy name, O God! we bless;
The Father, Son,
And Spirit, we confess, —
Great Three in One!
Let men and angels raise
To thee their loftiest praise;
And, through eternal days,
Thy will be done!

E. F. H., 1872.

20. 7s.

Holy Father! Holy Son!
Holy Spirit! Three in One!
Praise and glory be to thee,
Now, and through eternity.

Anon., 1869.

21. 7s.

Sing we, to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, — all ye heavenly host! —
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

22. 7s. 6 LINES.

Praise the name of God most high,
Praise him, — all below the sky!
Praise him, — all ye heavenly host!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

Anon., 1857.

23. 7s. 8 LINES.

Now, with angels round the throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the church for ever one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn, —
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word;
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

24. 7s & 6s.

GREAT God of earth and heaven!
To thee our songs we raise;
To thee be glory given
And everlasting praise:
We joyfully confess thee,
Eternal Triune God!
We magnify, we bless thee,
And spread thy praise abroad.

E. F. H., 1872.

25. 7s & 6s. P.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost!
One God whom we adore,
Join we, with the heavenly host,
To praise thee evermore:
Live, by earth and heaven adored,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
All glory be to thee.

Charles Wesley, 1760, a.

26. 8s. 8 LINES.

JEHOVAH! we magnify thee,
With angels thy praises we sing;
All honor and majesty be
Ascribed to our glorious King, —
Our Maker, Redeemer, and God, —
The Father, the Spirit, the Son!
We'll publish thy praises abroad,
Thou great and adorable One!

E. F. H., 1872.

27. 8s & 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth, and heaven!
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory, through eternal days.

Anon., 1837.

28. 8s & 7s. 6 LINES.

PRAISE and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might, and one in glory,
While eternal ages run.

John Mason Neale, 1862, a.

29. 8s & 7s. 8 LINES.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation;
Priest and King enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him, by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

30. 8s, 7s & 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God, the Father, God, the Son,
God, the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

William Goode, 1811, a.

31. 10s & 11s.

THY glory, O Lord! we joyfully sing;
Thy name be adored, thou merciful King!
We bless thee, Jehovah! the great One in Three,
Who wast, and who art, and who ever shalt be.

E. F. H., 1872.

32. 11s.

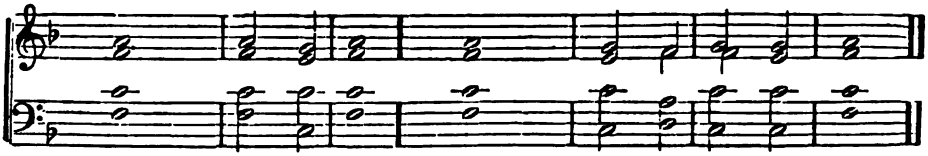
JEHOVAH! we bless thee, we glorify thee,
Thou Fount of all being, the great One in Three,
The Father, the Son, and the Spirit, — One God!
Oh! spread ye his praises, all creatures! abroad.

E. F. H., 1872.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

SINGLE.

Gregorian.
Adapted by *Thomas Tallis*, 1565.



1. Psalm 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel | of the · un- | godly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the | seat — | of the | scornful.

2 But his delight is in the | law · of the | Lord;
And in his law doth he | medi-tate | day and | night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the | rivers · of | water,
That bringeth forth his | fruit — | in his | season;

4 His leaf also | shall not | wither; | and whatso- | ever he | doeth shall | prosper.

5 The ungodly | are not | so:
But are like the chaff which the | wind — | driveth · a- | way.

6 Therefore the ungodly shall not | stand · in the | judgment,
Nor sinners in the congre- | gation | of the | righteous.

7 For the Lord knoweth the | way · of the | righteous:
But the way of the un- | godly | shall | perish.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
World | without | end. A- | men.

2. Psalm 8.

1 O Lord, our Lord! how excellent is thy name in | all the | earth,
Who hast set thy | glory · a- | bove the | heavens!

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength be- | cause of · thine | enemies,
That thou mightest still the | ene-my | and · the a- | venger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the | work of · thy | fingers,
The moon and the stars, | which thou | hast or- | dained;

4 What is man, that thou art | mindful | of him?
And the son of man | that thou | visit-est | him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower | than the | angels,
And hast crowned | him with | glory · and | honor.

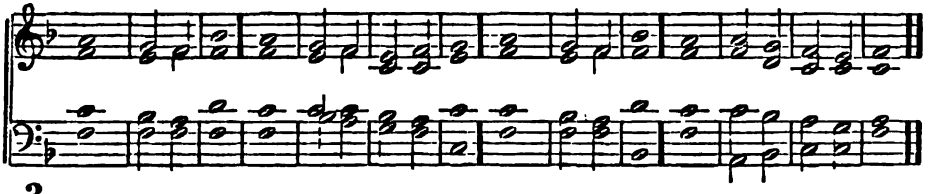
6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the | works · of thy | hands;
Thou hast put | all things | under · his | feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the | fish of the | sea,
And whatsoever passeth | through the | paths · of the | seas.

8 O | Lord, our | Lord!
How excellent is thy | name in | all the | earth!

Glory be to the Father, &c.

DOUBLE. *Anon.*



3. PSALM 23.

1 THE Lord | is my | Shepherd;
I | shall — | not — | want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in | green — | pastures:
He leadeth me be- | side the | still — | waters.

3 He re- | storeth · my | soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for his | name's — | sake.

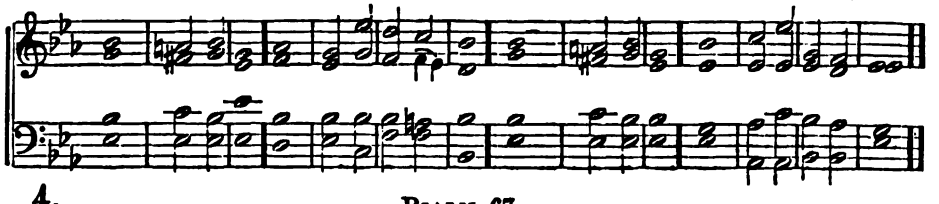
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil:
For thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort | me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup — | runneth | over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of · my | life:
And I will dwell in the | house · of the | Lord for- | ever.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

DOUBLE. *L. T. Downes, 1851.*



4. PSALM 67.

1 GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us;
And cause his | face to | shine up- | on us;

2 That thy way may be | known up.on | earth,
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people praise | thee, · O | God!
Let all the | people | praise — | thee.

4 Oh! let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy:
For thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.

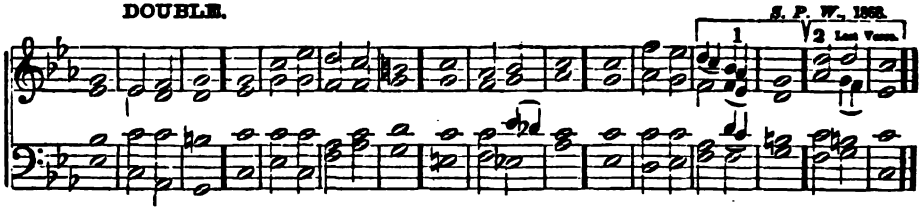
5 Let the people praise | thee, O · | God!
Let all the | people | praise — | thee.

6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase;
And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.

7 God | — shall | bless us;
And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear — | him.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

DOUBLE.



5. Psalm 90.

1 Lord! thou hast been our | dwelling- | place, ‖ in | all— | gen-er- | ations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the | earth and the | world,
Even from everlasting to ever- | lasting, | thou art | God.

3 Thou turnest man | to de-|struction;‖and sayest, Re- | turn, ye | children · of | men!

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday, | when · it is | past,
And as a | watch— | in the | night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are | as a | sleep:
In the morning they are like | grass which | groweth | up.

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and | groweth | up;
In the evening it is cut | down, and | wither- | eth.

7 For we are consumed | by thine | anger, ‖ and by thy | wrath—|are we | troubled.

8 Thou hast set our iniquities be- | fore— | thee,
Our secret sins in the | light— | of thy | countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away | in thy | wrath:
We spend our years as a | tale— | that is | told.

10 The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be | four-score | years,
Yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, | and we | fly a- | way.

11 Who knoweth the power | of thine | anger?
Even according to thy fear, | so— | is thy | wrath.

12 So teach us to | number · our | days,
That we may apply our | hearts— | unto | wisdom.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

6. Psalm 121.

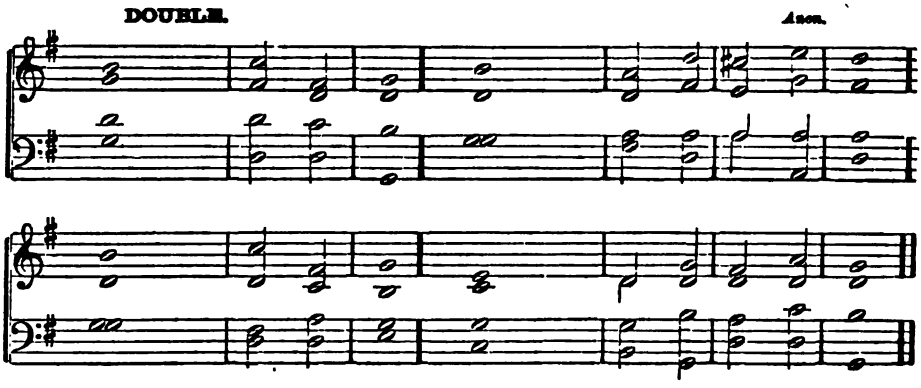
1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh · my | help.
My help cometh from the Lord, | which made | heaven · and | earth.

2 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither | slumber | nor— | sleep.

3 The Lord is thy Keeper: the Lord is thy Shade upon | thy right | hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, | nor the | moon by | night.

4 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and | even · for | ever- | more.

Glory be to the Father, &c.



7. Psalm 92.

1 It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to the | Lord;
And to sing praises unto thy | name, | O Most | High!
2 To shew forth thy loving-kindness | in the | morning;
And thy | faithful.ness | every | night.
3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | psaltery;
Upon the harp, | with a | solemn | sound.
4 For thou, Lord! hast made me glad | through thy | work;
I will triumph in the | works | of thy | hands.

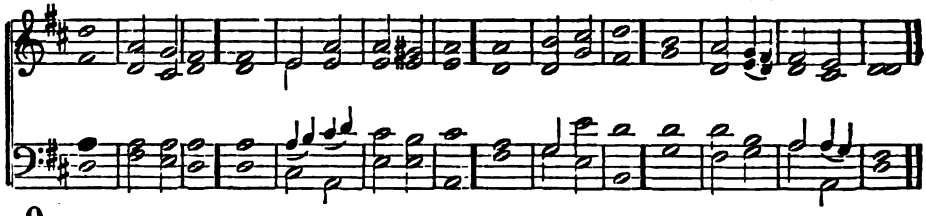
Glory be to the Father, &c.

8. Psalm 98.

1 Oh! sing unto the | Lord a.new | song; | for he hath | done — | marvel-ous | things:
2 His right hand, and his | holy | arm, | hath | gotten | him the | victory.
3 The Lord hath made known | his sal- | vation:
His righteousness hath he openly shewed | in the | sight . of the | heathen.
4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel:
All the ends of the earth have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.
5 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all the | earth!
Make a loud noise, and re- | joice, and | sing— | praise.
6 Sing unto the Lord | with the | harp;
With the harp, and the | voice — | of a | psalm.
7 With trumpets and | sound of | cornet
Make a joyful noise be- | fore the | Lord, the | King.
8 Let the sea roar, and the | fullness · there- | of;
The world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
9 Let the floods | clap their | hands,
Let the hills be joyful to- | gether . be- | fore the | Lord;
10 For he cometh to | judge the | earth;
With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the | people | with — | equity.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

DOUBLE. William Boyce, 1710–1779.



9.

Psalm 95.

1 Oh! come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord;
Let us make a joyful noise to the | Rock of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving,
And make a joyful noise | unto | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great— | God,‖and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places | of the | earth;
The strength of the | hills is | his— | also.

5 The sea is his, | and he | made it: ‖ and his hands | formed . the | dry | land.

6 Oh! come, let us worship | and bow | down:
Let us kneel be- | fore the | Lord, our | Maker.

7 For he | is our | God;
And we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his— | hand.

8 To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden | not your | heart,
As in the provocation, and as in the day of temp- | tation | in the | wilderness:

9 When your fathers | tempted | me,‖proved | me, and | saw my | work.

10 Forty years long was I grieved with | this · gener- | ation,
And said, It is a people that do err in their heart, and they | have not | known my | ways:

*11 Unto whom I sware | in my | wrath‖that they should not | enter | into · my | rest.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

10.

Psalm 84.

1 How amiable are thy | tab- er- | nacles, ‖ O | Lord— | of— | hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the | courts · of the | Lord:
My heart and my flesh crieth out | for the | living | God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may | lay her | young,‖
Even thine altars; O Lord of hosts, my | King,— | and my | God!

4 Blesséd are they that dwell | in thy | house: ‖ they will be | still— | praising | thee.

5 Behold, O | God, our | Shield! ‖ and look upon the | face of | thine A- | nointed.

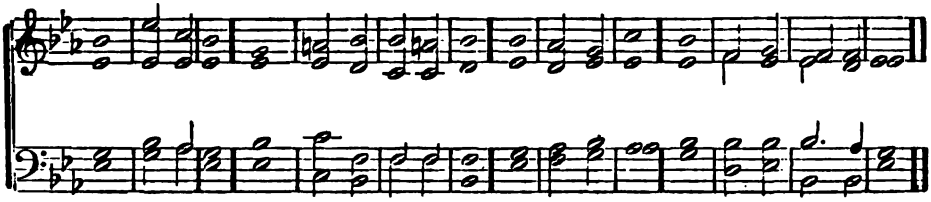
6 For a day in thy courts is better | than a | thousand.
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the | tents of | wicked- | ness.

7 For the Lord God is a | Sun and | Shield:
The Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from | them that | walk up- | rightly.

8 O | Lord of | hosts! ‖ blessed is the | man that | trusteth · in | thee.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

DOUBLE. John Robinson, obit. 1764.



11. Psalm 100.

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord,| all ye | lands!
Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his | presence | with— | singing.

2 Know ye that the Lord | he is | God:
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, | and the | sheep · of his | pasture.

3 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise:
Be thankful unto him, and | bless— | his— | name.

4 For the Lord is good; his mercy is | ever- | lasting;
And his truth endureth to | all— | gener- | ations.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

12. Psalm 103: 1—8, 19—22.

1 Bless the Lord, | O my | soul!
And,all that is within me! | bless his | holy | name.

2 Bless the Lord, | O my | soul!
And for- | get not | all his | benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all | thine in- | iquities;
Who | healeth · all | thy dis- | eases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life | from de | struction;
Who crowneth thee with loving | kindness · and | tender | mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with | good— | things;
So that thy youth is re- | new - ed | like the | eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteous— | ness and | judgment
For | all that | are op- | pressed;

7 He made known his ways | unto | Moses,
His acts unto the | children · of | Isra- | el.

8 The Lord is merci— | ful and | gracious,
Slow to anger, and | plenteous | in— | mercy.

9 The Lord hath prepared his | throne · in the | heavens;
And his kingdom | ruleth | over | all.

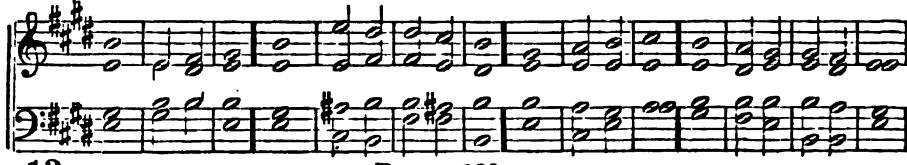
10 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that ex- | cel in | strength,
That do his commandments, hearkening unto the | voice of | his— | word!

11 Bless ye the Lord, all | ye his | hosts!
Ye ministers of | his, that | do his | pleasure!

12 Bless the Lord, all his works! in all places of | his do- | minion:
Bless the | Lord, | O—my | soul!

Glory be to the Father, &c.

DOUBLE. John Randall, obit. 1799.



13. Psalm 122.

1 I was glad when they said | unto | me,
Let us go into the | house — | of the | Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand with- | in thy | gates,
O — | — Je- | rusa- | lem!

3 Jerusalem is builded | as a | city
That | is com- | pact to- | gether:

4 Whither the tribes go up, the | tribes . of the | Lord,
Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the | name — | of the | Lord.

5 For there are set | thrones of | judgment,
The thrones of the | house of | Da- | vid.

6 Pray for the peace of Je- | rusa- | lem:
They shall | prosper . that | love — | thee.

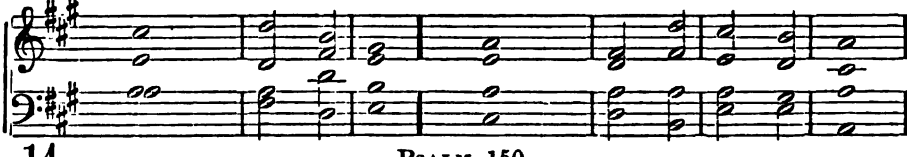
7 Peace be with- | in thy | walls,
And prosperity with- | in thy | pala- | ces.

8 For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes,
I will now say, | Peace — | be with- | in thee.

*9 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God
I will | seek — | thy — | good.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

SINGLE. James Nares, 1715-1783.



14. Psalm 150.

1 Praise | ye the | Lord.
Praise God in his sanctuary; praise him in the | firma-ment | of his | power.

2 Praise him for his | mighty | acts;
Praise him according | to his | excel-lent | greatness.

3 Praise him with the | sound · of the | trumpet:
Praise him | with the | psaltery · and | harp.

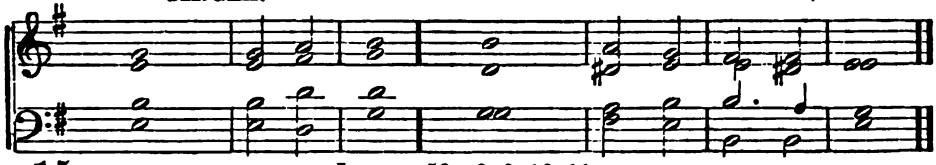
4 Praise him with the | timbrel · and | dance:
Praise him with stringed | instru- | ments and | organs.

5 Praise him upon the | loud | cymbals:
Praise him upon the | high- — | sounding | cymbals.

6 Let every thing that hath breath | praise the | Lord:
Praise | ye — | the — | Lord.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

SINGLE. *John Blow, 1649-1708.*

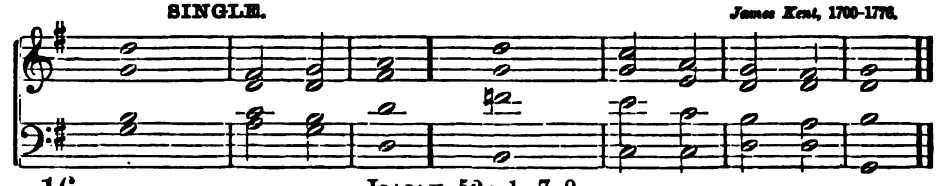


15. ISAIAH 53: 3–6, 10–11.

1 He is despised and re- | jected of | men;
A man of sorrows, | and ac- | quainted · with | grief:
2 And we hid as it were our | faces | from him;
He was despised, and | we es- | teemed · him | not.
3 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and | carried · our | sorrows:
Yet we did esteem him stricken, | smitten · of | God, · and af- | flicted.
4 But he was wounded for | our trans- | gressions,
He was | bruised · for | our in- | iquities;
5 The chastisement of our peace | was up- | on him;
And with | his stripes | we are | healed.
6 All we like sheep have | gone a- | stray;
We have turned every | one to | his own | way;
7 And the Lord hath | laid on | him
The in- | iqui - ty | of us | all.
8 When thou shalt make his soul an | offering · for | sin,
He shall see his seed, he | shall pro- | long his | days,
9 And the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper | in his | hand.
He shall see of the travail of his soul, and | shall be | satis- | fied.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

SINGLE. *James Kent, 1700-1776.*

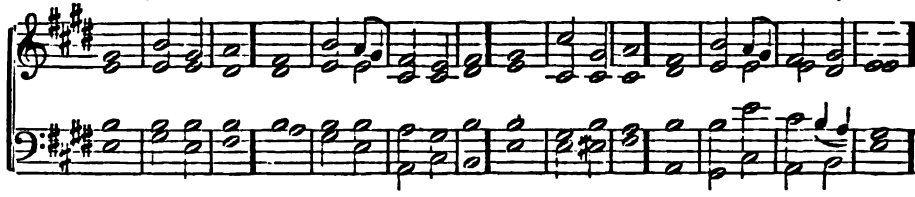


16. ISAIAH 52: 1, 7–9.

1 AWAKE! awake! put on thy | strength, O | Zion!
Put on thy beautiful | garments, | O Je- | rusalem!
2 How beautiful up- | on the | mountains
Are the feet of him that bringeth good | tidings, . that | publish - eth | peace;
3 That bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth | sal- — | vation;
That saith unto Zion, | Thy | God — | reigneth!
4 Thy watchmen shall lift | up the | voice;
With the voice to- | gether | shall they | sing:
5 For they shall see | eye to | eye,
When the Lord shall | bring a- | gain — | Zion.
6 Break forth | into | joy,
Sing together, ye waste places | of Je- | rusa- | lem!
7 For the Lord hath comforted | his | people,
He hath re- | deem - ed . Je- | rusa- | lem.
8 The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of | all the | nations;
And all the ends of the earth shall see the sal- | vation | of our | God.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

DOUBLE. S. P. W., 1872.



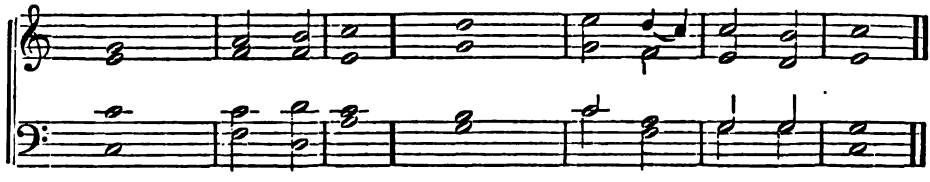
17.

THE BEATITUDES — MATTHEW 5: 3–12.

1 BLESSED are the | poor in | spirit: ‖ for | theirs · is the | kingdom · of | heaven.
2 Blessed are | they that | mourn: ‖ for | they | shall be | comforted.
3 Blessed | are the | meek: ‖ for | they · shall in- | herit . the | earth.
4 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after | righteous- | ness: ‖ for | they— | shall be | filled.
5 Blessed are the | merci- | ful: ‖ for | they · shall ob- | tain — | mercy.
6 Blessed are the | pure in | heart: ‖ for | they shall | see — | God.
7 Blessed are the | peace | makers: ‖ for they shall be called the | children | of | God.
8 Blessed are they which are persecuted for | righteous · ness' | sake: ‖ for | theirs · is the | kingdom of | heaven.
9 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and | perse · cute | you, ‖ and shall say all manner of evil against you | falsely, | for my | sake.
10 Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your re- | ward in | heaven: ‖ for so persecuted they the | prophets · which | were be- | fore you.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

SINGLE. R. Woodward, obit. 1778.



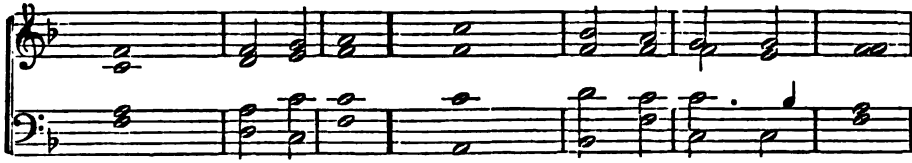
18.

PSALM 19: 7–11.

1 THE law of the Lord is perfect, con- | verting · the | soul:
The testimony of the Lord is sure, | making | wise the | simple.
2 The statutes of the Lord are right, re- | joicing · the | heart:
The commandment of the Lord is pure, en- | light- | ening · the | eyes.
3 The fear of the Lord is clean, en- | during · for- | ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true and | righteous | alto- | gether.
4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than | much fine | gold:
Sweeter also than honey | and the | honey- | comb.
5 Moreover by them is thy | servant | warned:
And in keeping of them | there is | great re- | ward.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

SINGLE. *Richard Farrant, 1570.*



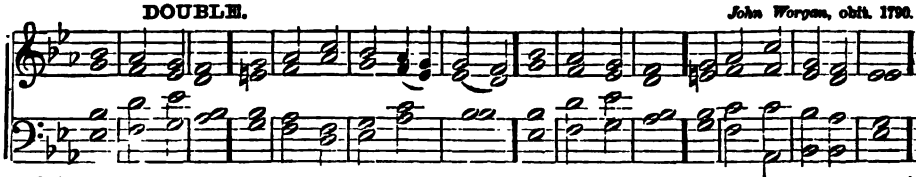
19. LUKE 1: 68–71.

1 BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel;
For he hath visited | and re- | deemed · his | people;
2 And hath raised up a horn of sal- | vation | for us
In the house | of his | servant | David;
3 As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | prophets,
Which have been | since the | world be- | gan:
4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies,
And from the | hand of | all that | hate us.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

20. LUKE 2: 29–32.

1 LORD! now lettest thou thy servant de- | part in | peace,
Ac- | cording | to thy | word.
2 For mine eyes have seen | thy sal- | vation,
Which thou hast prepared before the | face | of all | people;
3 A light to | lighten · the | Gentiles,
And the glory of thy | people | Isra- | el.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

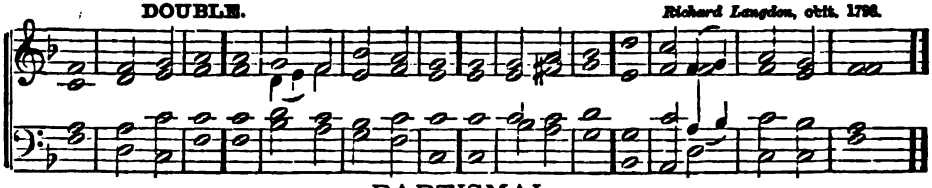
DOUBLE. *John Worgan, obit. 1790.*



21. 1 COR. 5: 7, 8; ROM. 6: 9–11; 1 COR. 15: 20–22.

1 CHRIST, our Passover, is sacri- | ficed · for | us.
Therefore | let us | keep the | feast,
2 Not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of | malice · and | wickedness;
But with the unleavened bread of sin- | ceri- | ty and | truth.
3 Christ, being raised from the dead, | dieth · no | more;
Death hath no more do- | minion | o-ver | him.
4 For in that he died, he died unto | sin — | once:
But in that he liveth, he | liveth | unto | God.
5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed | unto | sin,
But alive unto God through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.
6 Now is Christ risen | from the | dead,
And become the first- | fruits of | them that | slept.
7 For since by | man came | death,
By man came also the resur- | rection | of the | dead.
8 For as in Adam | all — | die,
Even so in Christ shall | all be | made a- | live.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

DOUBLE. *Richard Langdon, oct. 1798.*



BAPTISMAL.

22.

Before the Administration.

PSALM 103: 17, 18.

1 THE mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that | fear him:
And his righteousness | un - to | children's | children.
2 To such as | keep his | covenant;
And to those that remember his com- | mand · ments to | do — | them.

MARK 10: 13, 14.

3 AND they brought young children to him, that | he should | touch them;
And his disciples re- | bu-ked | those that | brought them.
4 But when Jesus saw it, he was | much dis- | pleased;
And said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,
for of | such · is the | kingdom · of | God.

After the Administration.

EZEKIEL 36: 25, 26.

1 THEN will I sprinkle clean | water . up- | on you, ‖ and | ye shall | be— | clean:
2 A new heart also | will I | give you,
And a new spirit | will I | put with- | in you:
3 And I will take away the stony heart | out of . your | flesh,
And I will | give . you a | heart of | flesh.

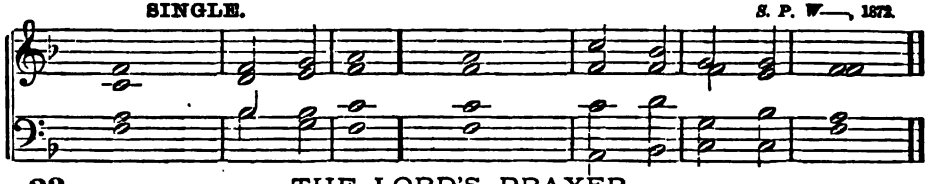
ISAIAH 44: 3. 4.

4 I will pour my Spirit up- | on thy | seed,
And my | blessing . up- | on thine | offspring:
5 And they shall spring up as a- | mong the | grass,
As willows | by the | water- | courses.

ACTS 2: 39.

6 For the promise is unto you, and | to your | children;
And to all that are afar off, even as many as the | Lord our | God shall | call.

SINGLE. *S. P. W—, 1872.*



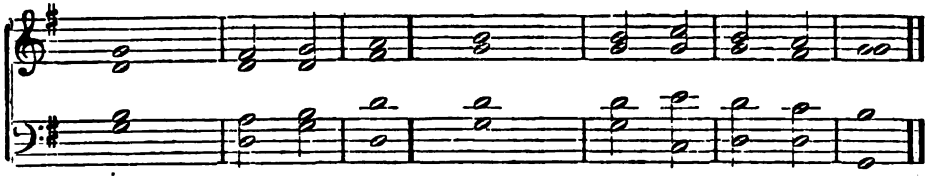
23. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

MATTHEW 6: 9–13.

1 OUR Father which | art in | heaven! ‖ Hallowed | be — | thy — | name.
2 Thy | kingdom | come. ‖ Thy will be done in earth | as it | is in | heaven.
3 Give us this day our | daily | bread.
And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.
4 And lead us not | into . temp- | tation, ‖ but de- | liv - er | us from | evil:
5 For thine is the kingdom, and the | power, and the | glory, ‖ for | ever. | A- — | men.

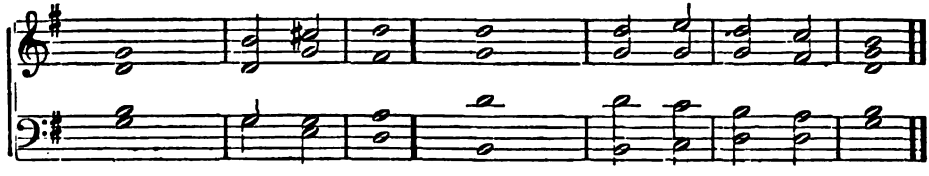
24. GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Anon.



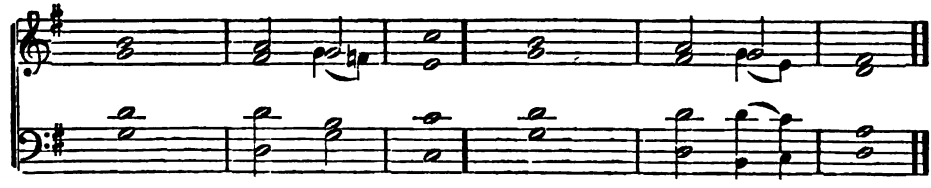
1 GLORY be to | God on | high, ‖ and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.

2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, ‖ we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee, for | thy great | glory.



3 O Lord God, | heaven - ly | King, ‖ God the | Father | Al- | mighty!

4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ! ‖ O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father!

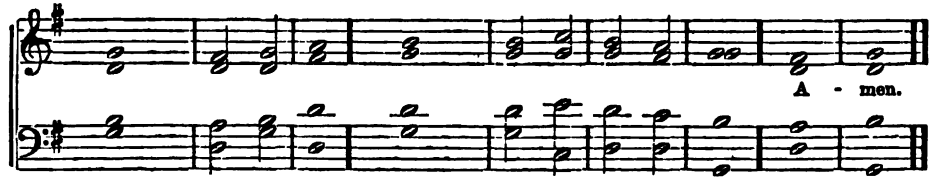


5 That takest away the | sins · of the | world, ‖ have mercy | upon | us.

6 Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world! ‖ have mercy | upon | us.

7 Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world! ‖ re- | ceive our | prayer.

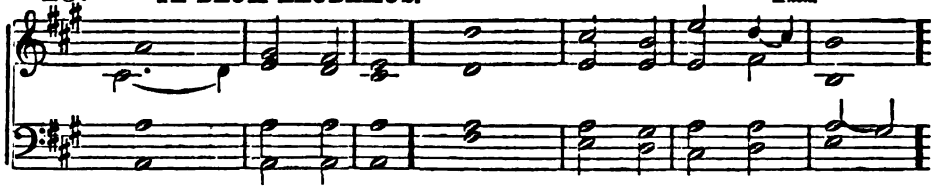
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father! ‖ have mercy | upon | us.



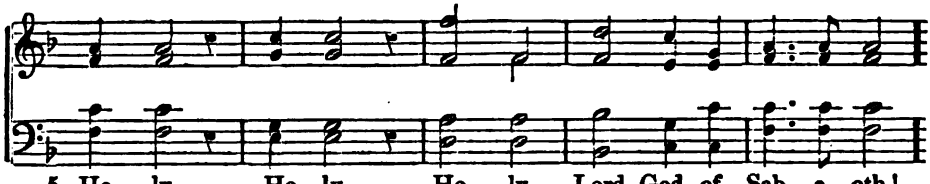
9 For thou | only · art | holy; ‖ thou | only | art the | Lord;

10 Thou only, O Christ! with the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ art most high in the | glory · of | God the | Father. ‖ A- | men.

25. TE DEUM LAUDAMUS. Amen.

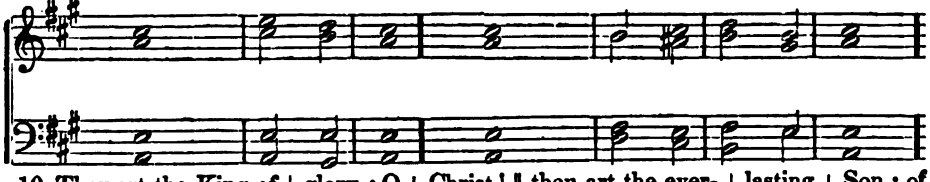


1 We praise | thee, O | God! ‖ we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
3 To thee all angels | cry a- | loud; ‖ the heavens, and | all the | powers · there | in.
6 The glorious company of the apostles | praise — | thee; ‖ the goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise — | thee;
8 The Father of an | infi-nite | majesty; ‖ thine adorable, | true, and | only | Son;



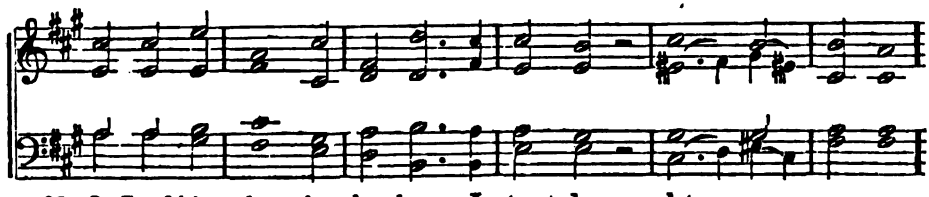
5. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sab - a - oth!

MALE VOICES. (Duett or Quartette).



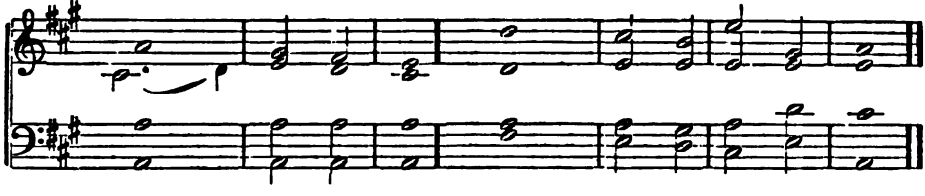
10 Thou art the King of | glory, · O | Christ! ‖ thou art the ever- | lasting | Son · of the | Father.
12 When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness · of | death, ‖ thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven · to | all be- | lievers.
14 We believe that | thou shalt | come, ‖ to | be | our | Judge.

16 Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints, ‖ in | glory | ever- | lasting.
18 Day by day we | magni-fy | thee; ‖ and we worship thy name ever, | world without — | end.
20 O Lord! have | mercy · up- | on us, ‖ have | mercy | upon | us.

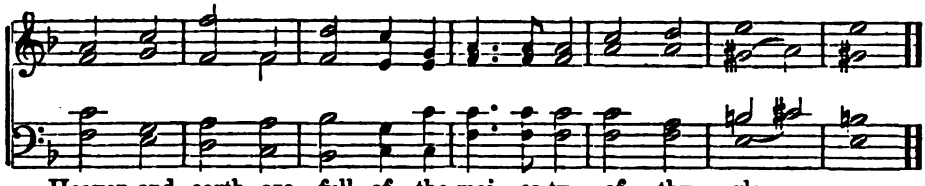


22. O Lord! in thee, in thee have I trusted; let me never

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS. Continued.

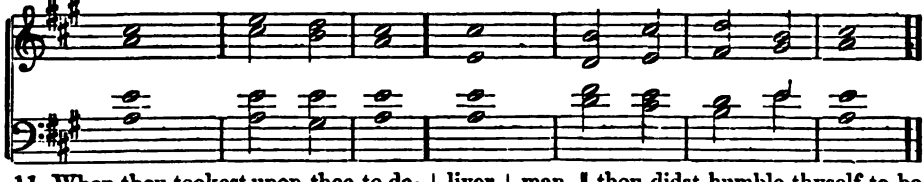


2 All the earth doth | worship | thee, ‖ the | Father | ever- | lasting.
4 To thee, cherubim and | sera- | phim ‖ con- | tinual- | ly do | cry, —
7 The noble army of martyrs | praise — | thee; ‖ the holy church throughout all the world | doth ac- | knowledge | thee,
9 Also the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ the | Com- — | fort- | er.



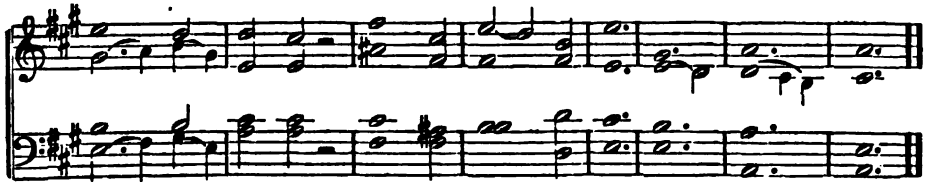
Heaven and earth are full of the maj - es-ty of thy glo - ry.

FEMALE VOICES. (Duett or Quartette.)



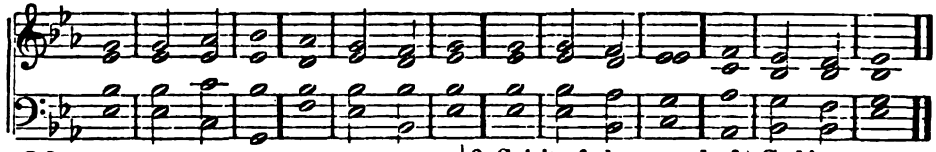
11 When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man, ‖ thou didst humble thyself to be | born — | of a | virgin.
13 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God, ‖ in the | glory | of the | Father.

15 We therefore pray thee, | help thy | servants, ‖ whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | precious | blood.
17 O Lord! save thy people, and | bless thy | heritage; ‖ govern them, and | lift them | up for | ever.
19 Vouch- | safe, O | Lord! ‖ to keep us, | this day | without | sin.
21 O Lord! let thy mercy | be up- | on us, ‖ as our | trust — | is in | thee.



be con-found-ed, let me nev - er be con - found - ed.

HYMN. *Arthur H. D. Troyte.*



26.

"I come to thee."

1 God of my life! thy | boundless | grace;
Chose, pardoned, and a- | dopted | me;
My Rest, my Home, my | Dwelling | place,
Father! I | come to | thee.

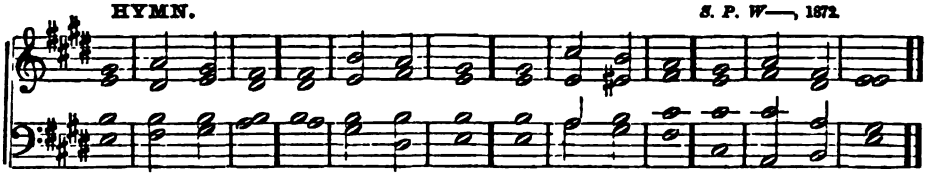
2 Jesus, my Hope, my | Rock, my | Shield!
Whose precious blood was | shed for | me,
Into thy hands my | soul I | yield; |
Saviour! I | come to | thee.

3 Spirit of glory | and of | God!
Long hast thou deigned my | guide to | be;
Now, be thy comfort | sweet be- | stowed!
My God! I | come to | thee.

4 I come to join that | countless | host,
Who praise thy name un- | ceasing- | ly;
Blest Father, Son, and | Holy | Ghost!
My God! I | come to | thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

HYMN. *S. P. W.*—, 1872.



27.

A lowly Spirit.

1 From the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble | prayer a- | scends; ‖ O | Father! | hear it; ‖
Upsoaring on the wings of | fear and | meekness, ‖
For- | give its | weakness.

2 I know, I feel, how mean, and | how un- | worthy ‖
The trembling sacrifice I | pour be- | fore thee; — ‖
What can I offer in thy | presence | holy! — ‖
But | sin and | folly?

3 For in thy sight, who every | bosom | viewest, ‖
Cold are our warmest vows, and | vain our | truest; ‖
Thoughts of a hurrying hour — our | lips re- | peat them — ‖
Our | hearts for- | get them.

4 We see thy hand — it leads us, | it sup- | ports us: — ‖
We hear thy voice — it counsels | and it | courts us; — ‖
And then we turn away! — and | still thy | kindness ‖
Par - dons | our— | blindness.

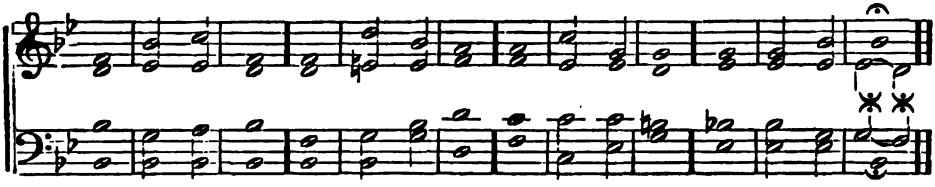
5 Who can resist thy gentle | call, — ap- | pealing ‖
To every generous thought and | grateful | feeling? — ‖
That voice paternal—whispering, | watching ever? |
My | bosom? | Never!

6 Father and Saviour! plant within that bosom
These | seeds of | holiness, — ‖ and bid them | blossom
In | fragrance, ‖ and in beauty | bright and | vernal, — ‖
And | spring e- | ternal.

7 Then place them in those everlasting gardens
Where | angels | walk ‖ and seraphs | are the | wardens; — ‖
Where every flower, that creeps through | death's dark | portal, ‖
Be- | comes im- | mortal.

John Bowring, 1825.

HYMN. S. P. W—, 1872.



28.

The guiding Hand.

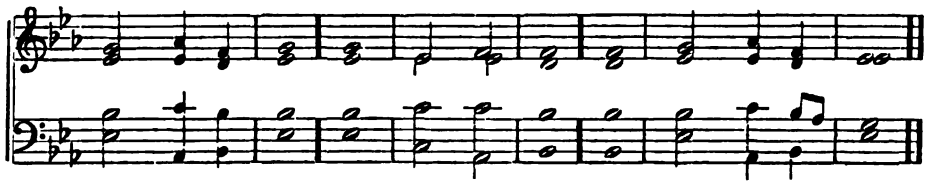
1 LEAD, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead | thou me | on; ‖
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead | thou me | on; ‖
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The | distant | scene; ‖ one step e- | nough for | me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst | lead me | on; ‖
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead | thou me | on: ‖
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride | ruled my | will. ‖ Remember | not past | years.

3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will | lead me | on ‖
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The | night is | gone; ‖
And with the morn those angel | faces | smile ‖
Which I have loved long since, and | lost a- | while!

John Henry Newman, 1833.

HYMN. *Isaac B. Woodbury, 1860.*



29.

"Thy will be done."

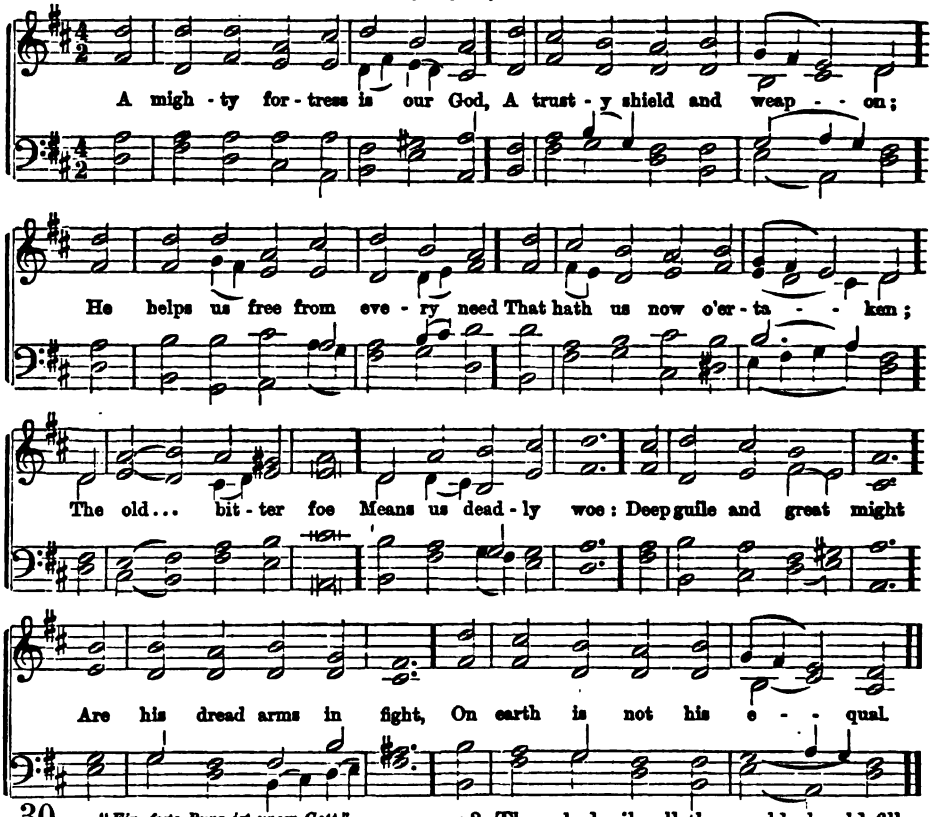
1 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ‖
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done!"

2 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | pros - · perous | sun, ‖
This prayer will make it more divine: |
"Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, ‖ one comfort — one
Is ours: to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done!"

John Bowring, 1828.

"A MIGHTY FORTRESS." 87, 87, 55, 567. *Martin Luther*, 1529.



30. *"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."*

1 A MIGHTY Fortress is our God,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He helps us free from every need
That hath us now o'ertaken:
The old bitter foe
Means us deadly woe:
Deep guile and great might
Are his dread arms in fight,
On earth is not his equal.

2 With might of ours can naught be done,
Soon were our loss effected;
But for us fights the valiant One
Whom God himself elected:
Ask ye, Who is this?
Jesus Christ it is,
Of Sabaoth Lord,
And there's none other God,
He holds the field for ever.

3 Though devils all the world should fill,
All watching to devour us,
We tremble not, we fear no ill,
They cannot overpower us:
This world's prince may still
Scowl fierce as he will,
He can harm us none,
He's judged, the deed is done,
One little word o'erthrows him.

4 The Word they still shall let remain,
And not a thank have for it,
He's by our side upon the plain,
With his good gifts and Spirit;
Take they then our life,
Goods, fame, child and wife;
When their worst is done,
They yet have nothing won,
The kingdom ours remaineth.

Ger., *Martin Luther*, Nov. 1, 1527.
Tr., *Thomas Carlyle*, 1831;
Altered by *Wm. M. Reynolds*, &c., 1863, 1868.

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Dresden	L. M., 6 or 8 lines	German. *Aaron Williams's* Coll., 1760	9, 351
Duke Street	L. M.	*J. Hatton* or *William Reeve*, cir. 1790.	8, 294
Dulcimer	11s & 8s.	* "Missouri Harmony," 1827.	359
Dumferline	C. M.	Psalm lxvi. "Discipline of Church of Scotland," 1567.	409
Dunbar	S. M.	*E—— W. Dunbar*, 1854. ("Sacred Melodies.").	523
Dundee (French)	C. M.	Scotch Psalter (*Andro Hart.* Edinburgh, Printer), 1615.	77, 266
(Dundee) Windsor,	C. M.	See Windsor,	227, 478
Eaton	L. M., 6 lines	*Zerubbabel Wyvill*, 1762–1837 *	297
Edmeston	C. M.	*Isaac B. Woodbury*, 1848	340
Edinburgh	C. M.	*Edward J. Hopkins*, 1868. ("Temple Choral Service Book"), London.	143
Effingham	L. M.	English melody *	278
Eisenach	L. M.	"Mach's mit mir." *Johann Hermann Schein*, 1628. Har. slightly altered from *Johann S. Bach*	222
Elberfeld	L. M., 6 lines	"Allein Gott in der Höh." *Valentin Schumannsches* Gesangbuch, 1539. Har. *Ludwig Erk*, 1863.	279
(Elim) Geer	C. M.	(See Geer.)	271
Elizabethtown	C. M.	*George Kingsley*, 1838	454
Ellenthorpe	L. M.	*Francis Linley*, cir. 1790 *	136
Eltham	7s, 8 lines	*Lowell Mason*, 1840	404
Erfurt	L. M.	"Vom Himmel hoch." *Joseph Klug's* Gesangbuch, 1535 *	135
Ernan	L. M.	*Lowell Mason*, 1850.	243
Erskine	L. M., 8 lines	"Durch Adam's Fall." *Klug's* Gesangbuch, 1535 *.	167
Erwan	C. M.	*Rufus Jones*, 1871 *.	375
Evan	C. M.	Celtic melody. Arr., *William Henry Havergal*, 1849, 141,	379
Evarts	7s & 6s, 8 lines	*Lowell Mason*, ("Carmina Sacra," 1841.)	471
Evening Hymn	L. M.	*Thomas Tallis*, Parker's Psalter, 1567. Abridged and altered.	10, 320
Even me	8, 7; 8, 7; 6, 7; or 8s & 7s, 8 lines	*William B. Bradbury*, 1862. ("Golden Shower.").	230
Eventide	16s.	*William Henry Monk* ("Hymns Ancient and Modern"), 1861.	329
Ewing	7s & 6s, 8 lines	*Alexander Ewing*, 1860.	326, 521
Expostulation	11s.	*Josiah Hopkins*, 1830 *	218
Faith	C. M.	*S. Parkman Tuckerman*, 1845.	343

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Farrant	C. M.	*Richard Farrant*, 1530–1581. (From an Anthem.) Ad., *Edward Hodges*; Har., *William Henry Havergal*	226
Federal Street	L. M.	*Henry K. Oliver*, 1832	117, 406
Ferguson	S. M.	*George Kingsley*, 1843. ("Harp of David.")	415
(Florence) Valentia	C. M.	(See Valentia.)	248
(Forest) Rockbridge	L. M.	(See Rockbridge.)	138
(Fountain) Cowper	C. M.	(See Cowper.)	164
Frankfort	8, 7; 8, 7; 7, 7; or 8s & 7s, 6 lines	"Komm, O komm, du Geist." *Johann Christoph Bach*, 1680. Har., *Ludwig Erk*, 1863	186
Frederick	11s, or 12s & 11s	*George Kingsley*, 1838. ("Sacred Choir.")	422
Freilinghuysen	L. M.	"Macht hoch die Thür." *Freylinghausen's* Gesangbuch, 1704. Abridged. Har., *Ludwig Erk*, 1863	242
(French) Dundee	C. M.	(See Dundee.)	77, 266
GANGES	C. P. M.	Old melody	27
Geer (Elim)	C. M.	*Henry W. Greatorex* (Root and Sweetser's Coll.), 1849	271
Geneva	C. M.	*John Cole*, 1805	84
Geneva, New	7, 6; 7, 6; 7, 7, 7, 6,	*Lowell Mason* ("Spiritual Songs"), 1831	506
Germany	L. M.	From *Ludwig van Beethoven*, 1770–1827 *	349
Gethsemane	7s, 6 lines	*Richard Redhead*, 1853	161
Glasgow	C. M.	*George F. Root* (Root and Sweetser's Coll.), 1849	203
Golden Hill	S. M.	*Aaron Chapin*, cir. 1823	199
‖Goode	6s & 4s	*S. P. W*——, 1871	96
(Goodwin) Webb	7s & 6s, 8 lines	(See Webb.)	226, 400
Gopsal	H. M.	*George Frederick Händel*, 1685–1759. Har., "Anglican Hymn-Book," London, 1868	175
Gotha	8, 7; 8, 7; 7, 7; or 6s & 7s	Prince *Albert* of England, 1819–1861	223
‖Gould	11s & 10s	*S. P. W*——, 1871	150
Grace Church	L. M.	From *Ignaos Pleyel*, 1757–1831	505
Grant	L. M., 6 lines	*Thomas Hastings*, 1847. ("When gathering clouds.") *	396
Gratitude	L. M.	*Ami Bost* (of Switzerland). Ad. by *Thomas Hastings*, 1837	153
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Greenville	8s, 7s, & 4	*Jean Jacques Rousseau*, 1712–1778	36, 430
Greenwood	S. M.	*Joseph E. Sweetser* (Root and Sweetser's Coll.), 1849	233
‖Griswold	7s, 8 lines	*Thomas Hastings*, 1871	494
HADDAM	H. M.	English melody. ARR., *Lowell Mason*, 1822	58, 437
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‖Hallelujah	7, 6; 7, 6; 7, 7, 7, 7.	*S. P. W*——, 1871	100
Hamburg	L. M	First Gregorian Tone. Ad. by *Lowell Mason*, 1825	169, 388
Hanover	10s & 11s	*William Croft*, 1699. Har., in part, from "Hymns Ancient and Modern," 1861	197
Harmony	8s & 7s, 8 lines	From *George Frederick Händel*, 1721 *	354
Harwell	8, 7; 8, 7; 7, 7; or 8s & 7s, 6 or 8 lines	*Lowell Mason*, 1840	113
Harwich	H. M.	"Nun danket alle Gott." *Johann Crüger*, 1649. Ad. by *Lowell Mason*, 1822	91
Hassler	7s & 6s, 8 lines	"Herzlich thut mich verlangen." *Hans Leo Hassler*, 1601. Har., "Chorale Book for England," 1865	159
Hastings	C. L. M.	*Thomas Hastings*, 1832	170
Haven	C. M.	*Thomas Hastings*, 1836	515
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Henley	11s & 10s Dactylic	*Lowell Mason*, 1854	360
Henry	C. M.	*Sylvanus B. Pond*, 1835	75
Hepher	11s	German melody. Adapted by *Thomas Hastings*, 1856 *	492
Hodges	7s & 6s, 8 lines	*John S. B. Hodges*, 1869	361
Hodnet	7s & 6s	From *Sigismund Thalberg*, 1812–1871. Adapted, 1850	101
Holley	7s	*George Hews* ("Handel and Haydn Coll."), 1835	15, 422
Hollingside	7s, 8 lines	*John B. Dykes* ("Hymns Ancient and Modern"), 1861	228
Holmes	7s, 4 or 6 lines	*W—— H. Holmes* ("Anglican Hymn-Book"), 1868	324
Hope	6s & 4s, P	*Theodore E. Perkins*, 1858	240
Horsley	C. M.	*William Horsley*, cir. 1815	420
Horton	7s	From *Xavier Schnyder von Wartensee*, 1786 *	287, 362
Hotham	7s, 8 lines	*Martin Madan*, 1776 *	239
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Hudson	S. M.	*Ralph Harrison*, 1786	171
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Innocents	7s	Anon. Har., *William Henry Monk*, 1861	95
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Italy (Italian Hymn)	6s & 4s	*Felice Giardini*, 1760 *	60, 465
(Ives) Beulah	7s, 8 lines	(See Beulah.)	506
JORDAN	C. M., 8 lines	*William Billings*, 1781. Arr., *S. P. W.* *	513
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KANE	S. M., 8 lines	*Lowell Mason*, 1858. Har., *H. E. Dibdin*, 1868	110
‖Kent	S. M.	*J. G——*, 1859	262
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Lenox	H. M.	*J. Edson*, 1782	213
Leoni	6, 6, 8, 4; 6, 6, 8, 4	Hebrew melody. Adapted by *Leoni*, 1770 *	97
‖Letitia	C. M.	*S. P. W——*, 1872	373
Life	8s & 7s, 6 lines	*Thomas Hastings*, 1831. ("Spiritual Songs.")	495
Lisbon	S. M.	*Daniel Read*, 1785	19
Lischer	H. M.	German Volkslied. Arr., *Lowell Mason*, 1841	29
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Lubeck	7s	"Geistreiches Gesangbuch," Halle, 1704. Har., "Hymns Ancient and Modern," 1861	21
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Mendebras	7s & 6s, 8 lines	German Volkslied. Ad. by *Lowell Mason* ("Modern Psalmist"), 1839	28
Mendon	L. M.	German. Arr. by *Lowell Mason* ("Sacred Harmony"), 1832	50, 438
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Meroe	L. M.	*William B. Bradbury*, 1849	306
Messiah	7s, 8 lines	From *Louis J. F. Herold*, 1791-1833. *George Kingsley*, 1838 Ad.	173
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Monkland	7s.	*John B. Wilkes.* Arr., 1861. ("Hymns Ancient and Modern.")	39
Monmouth (Judgment)	8s & 7s, P.	"Esist gewisslich." *Joseph Klug's* Gesangbuch, 1535 *	504
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‖Montreal	L. M.	*James Pearce*, 1864	307
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Morning Star	7s, 8 lines	*Lowell Mason*, 1830	435
Mornington	S. M.	*Earl of Mornington*, 1760. Ad., *Lowell Mason*, 1822	89
Moscow (Bretby)	L. M.	*Alexis Lwoff*, 1830 *	69
Mount Auburn	C. M.	*George Kingsley*, 1838	482
Mount Calvary	7s, 6 lines	*Johann Rosenmüller*, 1655. Adapted	216
Mount Carmel	7s, 8 lines	English melody. Adapted by *William A. King*, 1851	507
Mozart	7s.	*J. C. Wolfgang A. Mozart*, 1756–91. Adapted	146
Murray	H. M.	*Lowell Mason*, 1832	174
NAOMI	C. M.	*Lowell Mason*, 1836	225, 372
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Nassau	7s & 6s, Tro.; or 7s, 6 or 8 lines	"Straf mich nicht." *Johann Rosenmüller*, 1655 *	55, 217
(Nayland) Stephens	C. M.	(See Stephens.)	76, 301
(Nazareth) Melcombe	L. M.	(See Melcombe.)	49
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Nettleton	8s & 7s, 6 or 8 lines	*Asahel Nettleton*, 1825	268
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New Haven	6s & 4s	*Thomas Hastings*, 1833	99, 450
‖Newton	8s, 8 lines	*S. P. W——*, 1871	281
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Normanton (Phuvah)	C. M.	"Christus der ist mein Leben." *Melchoir Vulpius*, 1609. Har., *Ludwig Erk*, 1863	165
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Nuremberg	7s, 6 lines	"Liebster Jesu wir sind hier." *Johann Rudolf Ahle*, 1664. Altered *	111, 393
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(Old 113th) Calvin	L. P. M.	(See Calvin.)	72
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Olives' Brow	L. M.	*William B. Bradbury*, 1853	166
Olivet	6s & 4s	*Lowell Mason*, 1831	126, 364
Olmuts	S. M.	Eighth Gregorian Tone. Ad., *Lowell Mason*, 1832	122, 311
Olney	S. M.	*Lowell Mason*, 1830	18
Omido	7s, 8 lines	From *Ignace Pleyel*, 1757–1831. Ad., *Lowell Mason*, 1840, *	433
Orland	L. M.	*William Arnold*, 1768–1832 *	195
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Osgood	8s, 7s, & 4	Arr. from *Peter Ritter*, 1790 *	503
Ottiwell	C. M.	"Old 132d" abridged. *John Day's* Psalter, 1562. Har., "Hymns A and M." 1861	299
Otto	8s & 7s, 8 lines	*Henry K. Oliver*, 1840 *	496
Paradise	7s & 6s, 8 lines	*Frederick A. Weber* *	520
‖Parker	7s, 4 or 6, lines	*S. P. W——*, 1872	434
Park Street	L. M.	*Frederick M. A. Venua*, cir. 1810	176, 440
Patmos	C. M.	Gregorian. Adapted by *Lowell Mason*, 1835 *	339
Payson (Oak)	6s & 4s, P.	*Lowell Mason*, 1854	285
Pelton	S. M.	*John M. Pelton*, 1862 *	346
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Pleyel	7s	*Ignace Pleyel*, 1757–1831. Adapted	124, 325
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Portuguese Hymn	11s	*John Reading*, 1760	241, 358
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‖Prayer	L. M.	*S. P. W——*, 1871	319
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Rathbun	8s & 7s	*John Conkey*, 1851	112, 260
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Rest for the weary	8s & 7s, with chorus	*J. W. Dadmun.* "Revival Melodies," 1860	526
Retreat	L. M.	*Thomas Hastings*, 1822	382
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Rochester	C. M.	*Aaron Williams's* Coll., cir. 1760 *	317
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(Rockingham) Doncaster.	L. M.	From *C. P. Emanuel Bach*, 1714–1788. "Psalms of David," *Edward Miller*, 1790	168
Rock of Ages (Toplady)	7s, 6 lines	*Thomas Hastings*, 1830	254
Rolland	L. M.	*William B. Bradbury*, 1844	261
Rosefield	7s, 4 or 6 lines	*Cæsar Malan*, 1830	194
Roswell (Bayley)	8s & 7s, 6 or 8 lines	*Thomas Haynes Bayley*, cir. 1830. Adapted from a secular melody *	259
Rothwell	L. M.	*William Tansur*, cir. 1748	102
Russia (Vesper Hymn)	8s & 7s, 8 lines	*Dimitri S. Bortnansky*, 1751–1825. Ad. by *Lowell Mason*,	16
SABBATH	7s, 6 or 8 lines	*Lowell Mason*, 1834	20
St. Agnes	C. M.	*John B. Dykes*, 1868	413
St. Ann's	C. M.	*William Croft*, 1712	26, 378
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St. John's	C. M.	English melody. *Aaron Williams's* Coll., cir. 1760 *	86
(St. Magnus) Nottingham	C. M.	(See Nottingham.)	315
St. Martin's	C. M.	*William Tansur*, 1735 *	178, 476
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St. Michael	S. M.	*John Day's* Psalter, 1562. Har., "Chorale Book for England," 1862	490
St. Paul's	L. M.	*Maurice Greene*, 1696–1755 *	473
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Salzburg	7s, 6 or 8 lines	"Alle Menschen müssen sterben." *Johann Rosenmüller*, 1652. Har. altered from *J. S. Bach*	255
Sanctus Spiritus	7s, 6 lines	*Samuel Webbe*, cir. 1800. Har., *William H. Monk*, 1861	125
Saul	L. M, 4 or 6 lines	*George Frederick Händel*, 1740. Ad. from "Saul."	486
Scotland	12s	*John Clarke* (*Whitfield*), cir. 1800	219
Seasons	L. M.	*Ignace Pleyel*, 1757–1831 *	336
Seymour	7s	From *Carl Maria von Weber*, 1825 *	332
Shepherd	8s, 7s, & 4	*William B. Bradbury*, 1856	470
Shining Shore	8s & 7s, Tro., 8 lines	*George F. Root*, 1859	524
Shirland	S. M.	*Samuel Stanley*, 1800 *	256, 395
Shoel	L. M.	*Thomas Shoel*, 1810 *	348
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Snowdon	8s & 7s, 8 lines	*Isaac Willis* ("Hymnal Companion," 1871) *	431
Solitude	7s	*L. T. Downes* (Greatorex Coll., 1851)	362
Southport	C. M.	*George Kingsley* ("Templi Carmina"), 1853	455
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Steibelt	S. M.	*Daniel Steibelt*, 1764–1823. Adapted	371
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Stirling	L. M.	*Ralph Harrison*, 1786	104

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Stow	H. M.	English melody. Ad., *Lowell Mason*, 1832	466
‖Sunderland	C. M.	*E. M. Whitaker*, 1872 *	342
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TALLIS (Ordinal)	C. M.	*Thomas Tallis*, "Veni Creator" (*Parker's* Psalter), 1567. Har., "Anglican Hymn-Book," 1868	155
Tamworth	8s, 7s, & 4	Scotch melody. Ad. by *Charles Lockhart*, 1790	448
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Come, let us lift our joyful eyes . . . *I. Watts.*	525
Come, let us lift our voices high . . . *I. Watts.*	740
Come, let us sing of Jesus . . *G. W. Bethune.*	1316
Come, let us sing the song of . *J. Montgomery.*	540
Come, Lord! and tarry not . . . . *H. Bonar.*	1259
Come, Lord! and warm each . . *Miss A. Steele.*	104
Come, my fond fluttering heart . *Miss J. Taylor.*	691
Come, my soul! thy suit prepare . . *J. Newton.*	916
Come, O Creator Spirit, blest . *Tr., E. Caswall.*	315
Come, O my soul! in sacred lays . *T. Blacklock.*	175
Come, sacred Spirit! from above . *P. Doddridge.*	318
Come, Saviour, Jesus! from above, *Tr., J. Wesley.*	668
Come, says Jesus' sacred . *Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.*	597
Come, see the place where Jesus lay . *T. Kelly.*	495
Come, shout aloud the Father's, *O. Heginbotham.*	235
Come, sinner! to the gospel feast . *The Psalmist.*	500
Come, sound his praise abroad . . . *I. Watts.*	74

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Come, thou almighty King! . . . *C. Wesley.*	158
Come, thou Desire of all thy saints, *Miss A. Steele.*	103
Come, thou Fount of every . . . *R. Robinson.*	710
Come, thou Holy Spirit! come . *Tr., E. Caswall.*	343
Come, thou long-expected Jesus! . . *C. Wesley.*	411
Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit! . *J. Evans.*	86
Come to Calvary's holy mountain, *J. Montgomery.*	554
Come unto me when shadows . *The Hallelujah.*	994
Come, we that love the Lord! . . . . *I. Watts.*	73
Come, weary souls, with sin . . *Miss A. Steele.*	577
Come, ye disconsolate! where'er ye . *T. Moore.*	986
Come, ye lofty! come, ye lowly! . *A. T. Gurney.*	412
Come, ye saints! and raise an anthem, *J. Hupton.*	310
Come, ye saints! look here and wonder, *T. Kelly.*	498
Come, ye sinners! poor and wretched . *J. Hart.*	552
Come, ye souls! by sin afflicted . . *J. Swain.*	555
Come, ye that know and fear the . *G. Burder.*	236
Come, ye that love the Saviour's . *Miss A. Steele.*	200
Come, ye weary, heavy-laden . . . . *J. Hart.*	553
Come, ye weary sinners! come . . *C. Wesley.*	595
Commit thou all thy griefs . . . *Tr., J. Wesley.*	1021
Compared with Christ, in all . *A. M. Toplady.*	760
Creator Spirit! by whose aid . *Tr., J. Dryden.*	313
Crown him with many crowns . . *M. Bridges.*	513
Crown his head with endless blessing, *W. Goode.*	306
Crowns of glory, ever bright . . . . *T. Kelly.*	505
Daughter of Zion! awake from, *Fitzgerald's Coll.*	1113
Daughter of Zion! from the . *J. Montgomery.*	1233
Day of judgment, day of wonders! . *J. Newton.*	1403
Dear is the spot where Christians, *Sab. Hy. Book.*	1363
Dear Refuge of my weary soul! . *Miss A. Steele.*	1035
Dear Saviour! when my thoughts, *Miss A. Steele.*	626
Dearest of all the names above . . . *I. Watts.*	520
Death cannot make our souls afraid . *I. Watts.*	1348
Death! 't is a melancholy day . . . *I. Watts.*	1346
Deathless spirit! now arise . . *A. M. Toplady.*	1381
Deep are the wounds which sin, *Miss A. Steele.*	465
Deep in our hearts let us record . . *I. Watts.*	458
Deep in the dust before thy throne . *I. Watts.*	380
Delay not, delay not, O sinner! draw, *T. Hastings.*	605
Depth of mercy!—can there be. . . . *C. Wesley.*	633
Descend from heaven, immortal Dove! *I. Watts.*	536
Did Christ o'er sinners weep . . . *B. Beddome.*	706
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord! . *J. Hart.*	132
Do not I love thee, O my Lord? *P. Doddridge.*	762
Drooping souls, no longer mourn, *T. Hastings.*	602
Dying souls, fast bound in sin . . *T. Hastings.*	603
Early, my God! without delay . . . *I. Watts.*	105
Earth has engrossed my love too long, *I. Watts.*	1431
Earth has nothing sweet . *Tr., Miss F. E. Cox.*	795
Enthroned is Jesus now . . . . *T. J. Judkin.*	515
Enthroned on high, almighty Lord! . *T. Hawels.*	109
Ere the blue heavens were stretched. *I. Watts.*	276
Eternal God, almighty Cause! . . . *S. Browne.*	172
Eternal Source of every good! . . *B. Beddome.*	1288
Eternal Source of every joy! . . *P. Doddridge.*	1320
Eternal Spirit! by whose power. *W. H. Bathurst.*	325
Eternal Spirit, God of truth! . . *T. Cotterill.*	323
Eternal Spirit, Source of light . . . *S. Davies.*	312
Eternal Spirit! we confess . . . . *I. Watts.*	317
Eternal Sun of righteousness! . . . *C. Wesley.*	952
Eternal Wisdom! thee we praise . . *I. Watts.*	200
Ever would I fain be . *Tr., Miss C. Winkworth.*	431
Faint not, Christian, though the, *Wigram's Coll.*	1003
Faith adds new charms to earthly . *D. Turner.*	827
Faith is the brightest evidence . . . *I. Watts.*	825
Far as thy name is known . . . . . *I. Watts.*	1093
Far from mortal cares retreating . . *J. Taylor.*	79
Far from my heavenly home . . . *H. F. Lyte.*	867
Far from my thoughts, vain world! . *I. Watts.*	125
Far from the world, O Lord! I flee . *W. Cowper.*	871
Far from these narrow scenes of, *Miss A. Steele.*	1425
Far from thy fold, O God! my . *Miss E. Tatlock.*	672
Father! how wide thy glory shines . . *I. Watts.*	231
Father! I long, I faint, to see . . . . *I. Watts.*	1435
Father! in thy mysterious presence . *S. Johnson.*	995
Father! in whom we live . . . . . *C. Wesley.*	151
Father of eternal grace! . . . *J. Montgomery.*	918
Father of glory! to thy name . . . . *I. Watts.*	147
Father of heaven above! . . *E. H. Bickersteth.*	159
Father of heaven! whose love . . *J. Cooper* (?).	137
Father of mercies! bow thine ear . *B. Beddome.*	1122
Father of mercies! condescend . . . *T. Morell.*	1132
Father of mercies, God of love! *O. Heginbotham.*	973
Father of mercies, God of love! Whose, *S. Medley.*	1321
Father of mercies! in thy house, *P. Doddridge.*	1121
Father of mercies! in thy word . *Miss A. Steele.*	858
Father of mercies! send thy . . *P. Doddridge.*	1266
Father! our hearts we lift. . . . . *C. Wesley.*	408
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! . . . *C. Wesley.*	920
Father! whate'er of earthly bliss, *Miss A. Steele.*	1026
Firm and unmoved are they . . . . *I. Watts.*	1019
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands . *I. Watts.*	840
Flow fast, my tears! the cause is . *W. Shirley.*	459
For a season called to part . . . . *J. Newton.*	93
For ever here my rest shall be . . . *C. Wesley.*	745
For ever with the Lord! . . . *J. Montgomery.*	1375
For the mercies of the day . . *J. Montgomery.*	94
For thee, O dear, dear country . *Tr., J. M. Neale.*	1453
Forth from the dark and stormy sky . *R. Heber.*	1009
Fount of everlasting love . . . . *R. Palmer.*	1206
Fountain of mercy, God of. *Mrs. A. Flowerdew.*	1327
Frequent the day of God returns . . *S. Browne.*	55
Friend after friend departs . . *J. Montgomery.*	1388
From all that dwell below the skies . *I. Watts.*	124
From Calvary a cry was . . *J. W. Cunningham.*	460
From deep distress and troubled . . *I. Watts.*	383
From Egypt lately come. . . . . *T. Kelly.*	659
From every earthly pleasure . . . . *E. Davis.*	906
From every stormy wind that blows, *H. Stowell.*	1055
From Greenland's icy mountains . . *R. Heber.*	1242
From the cross uplifted high . . . *T. Hawels.*	600
From the table now retiring . . . *Exeter Coll.*	718
From thee, my God! my joys shall rise, *I. Watts.*	875
Full of trembling expectation . . . *C. Wesley.*	979
Gently, Lord! oh! gently lead us . *T. Hastings.*	983
Gently, gently lay thy rod . . . . . *H. F. Lyte.*	976

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Gently, my Saviour! let me down . . . *R. Hill.*	1357
Gird on thy conquering sword . *P. Doddridge.*	1216
Give me the wings of faith to rise . . *I. Watts.*	844
Give thanks to God most high . . . *I. Watts.*	245
Give to our God immortal praise . . *I. Watts.*	164
Glorious things of thee are spoken . *J. Newton.*	1116
Glory be to God on high . . . . . *C. Wesley.*	143
Glory be to God, the Father . . . . *H. Bonar.*	311
Glory, glory to our King . . . . . *T. Kelly.*	504
Glory to God on high, Let . . . . . *J. Allen.*	267
Glory to God on high, Our. . . . . *J. Hart.*	704
Glory to th' almighty Father . *W. H. Bathurst.*	156
Glory to thee, my God! this night. . . *T. Ken.*	8
Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim, *T. Morell.*	1237
Go, labor on, spend and be spent . . *H. Bonar.*	1274
"Go, preach my gospel," saith the . *I. Watts.*	1124
Go to dark Gethsemane . . . *J. Montgomery.*	442
Go, worship at Immanuel's feet. . . *I. Watts.*	279
God bless our native land . . . *J. S. Dwight.*	1297
God calling yet? shall . *Tr., Miss J. Borthwick.*	665
God eternal, Lord of all! . *Tr., J. E. Millard.*	250
God in his earthly temple lays . . . *I. Watts.*	1099
God, in the gospel of his Son . . . *B. Beddome.*	374
God is a Spirit, just and wise . . . . *I. Watts.*	1081
God is gone up on high . . . . . *C. Wesley.*	482
God is in his holy temple . . *J. Montgomery.*	83
God is love, his mercy brightens . *J. Bowring.*	254
God is my strong salvation . *J. Montgomery.*	906
God is the Refuge of his saints . . . *I. Watts.*	1061
God, most mighty, sovereign . . *H. Harbaugh.*	1307
God moves in a mysterious way . . *W. Cowper.*	1043
God, my Supporter and my Hope . . *I. Watts.*	879
God of almighty power . *Sabbath Hymn Book.*	241
God of mercy, God of grace! . . . *H. F. Lyte.*	1207
God of mercy, God of love! . . . *J. Taylor.*	1308
God of my life! look gently down . . *I. Watts.*	1028
God of my life! through all my . *P. Doddridge.*	182
God of my life! to thee I call . . . *W. Cowper.*	1060
God of my mercy and my praise . . . *I. Watts.*	426
God of my salvation! hear . . . . *C. Wesley.*	639
God of our life! thy various . *O. Heginbotham.*	1325
God of our salvation! hear us . . . *T. Kelly.*	87
God of the morning! at whose voice . *I. Watts.*	6
God of the nations! bow thine ear, *T. Hastings.*	1213
God of the passing year! to thee . *A. Woodhull.*	1295
God of the sunlight hours! how. *Leifchild's Coll.*	113
God of the universe! to thee, *Miss Mary O——.*	1290
God with us! oh! glorious . . *Miss S. S——n.*	302
Grace, like an uncorrupted seed . . . *I. Watts.*	1086
Grace! 't is a charming sound . *P. Doddridge.*	702
Gracious Spirit, Dove divine! . . . *J. Stocker.*	342
Great Creator! who this day . *Mrs. I. A. Elliott.*	38
Great Father of each perfect . *P. Doddridge.*	107
Great Father of mankind! . . . *P. Doddridge.*	1283
Great Former of this various! . *P. Doddridge.*	170
Great God! attend while Zion sings . *I. Watts.*	120
Great God! how infinite art thou . . *I. Watts.*	204
Great God! indulge my humble claim, *I. Watts.*	123
Great God! let all my tuneful . *O. Heginbotham.*	1318
Great God! now condescend . . . *J. Fellows.*	1152
Great God! the nations of the earth, *T. Gibbons.*	1273
Great God! to thee my evening . *Miss A. Steele.*	9
Great God! to what a glorious height . *I. Watts.*	542
Great God! we sing thy mighty . *P. Doddridge.*	1322
Great God! what do I see and . . *W. B. Collyer.*	1406
Great God! whose universal sway . . *I. Watts.*	1100
Great High Priest! we view thee . . *J. Hart.*	435
Great is the Lord, his works of might . *I. Watts.*	223
Great is the Lord, our God . . . . . *I. Watts.*	1092
Great King of glory! come . . . *B. Francis.*	1284
Great Lord of all thy churches . *W. Kingsbury.*	1192
Great One in Three! great . *Sab. Hymn Book.*	136
Great Prophet of our God! . . . . *I. Watts.*	502
Great Ruler of all nature's . . . *P. Doddridge.*	209
Great Shepherd of thine Israel . . . *I. Watts.*	1187
Great Spirit! by whose mighty . . . *T. Hawels.*	328
Great Sun of righteousness! arise . *I. Watts.*	366
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah! . *W. Williams.*	913
Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews, *I. Watts.*	1071
Hail! great Creator, wise and, *Gent.'s Magazine.*	226
Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord! Let . *E. Perronet.*	295
Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord! Whom . *C. Wesley.*	146
Hail! mighty Jesus! how divine . . *B. Wallin.*	526
Hail! morning, known among the, *R. Wardlaw.*	45
Hail! my ever blessèd Jesus! . . *J. Wingrove.*	649
Hail! sacred truth! whose . . . . *J. Buttress.*	366
Hail the day that sees him rise! . . *C. Wesley.*	477
Hail! thou God of grace and . . *T. W. Aveling.*	1200
Hail! thou once despisèd Jesus! . . *J. Bakewell.*	434
Hail to the brightness of Zion's . . *T. Hastings.*	414
Hail to the Lord's Anointed! . *J. Montgomery.*	1109
Hail to the Prince of life and . . *P. Doddridge.*	278
Hail! tranquil hour of closing day! . *L. Bacon.*	19
Hallelujah! joyful raise . . . . . *N. Hall.*	142
Hallelujah! praise the Lord! . . *E. F. Hatfield.*	271
Hallelujah! raise, Oh! raise . . . . *J. Conder.*	261
Happy is he that fears the Lord . . . *I. Watts.*	1270
Happy soul! thy days are ended . . . *C. Wesley.*	1385
Happy the church, thou sacred place . *I. Watts.*	1096
Happy the heart where graces reign . *I. Watts.*	1098
Happy the man whose cautious feet . *I. Watts.*	1076
Happy the souls to Jesus joined . . . *C. Wesley.*	1176
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound, *I. Watts.*	1341
Hark, hark! the notes of joy . . . . *A. Reed.*	400
Hark, hark! the voice of praise . *Lyra Cœlestis.*	1458
Hark! how the choral song of . . *R. S. M——.*	1447
Hark! my soul! it is the Lord . . *W. Cowper.*	790
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices . *T. Kelly.*	307
Hark the glad sound! the . . . *P. Doddridge.*	392
Hark! the herald angels sing . . . *C. Wesley.*	403
Hark! the judgment trumpet . *N. S. S. Beman.*	1405
Hark the loud triumphant strains . . *T. Kelly.*	303
Hark the notes of angels singing . . *T. Kelly.*	306
Hark! the song of jubilee . . . *J. Montgomery.*	1120
Hark the sound of holy voices, *C. Wordsworth.*	1464
Hark! the voice of love and Mercy . *J. Evans.*	436
Hark to the solemn bell . . . *Mrs. J. L. Gray.*	1366
Hark! what celestial notes . . *Salisbury Coll.*	401
Hark! what mean those holy voices . *J. Cawood.*	409
Hast thou within a care so deep, *Eyle's S. Songs.*	1082

	HYMN.
Hasten, Lord! the glorious time, *Miss H. Auber.*	1118
Hasten, sinner! to be wise . . . . *T. Scott.*	598
He dies — the Friend of sinners dies . *I. Watts.*	487
He knelt — the Saviour . . *Mrs. F. D. Hemans.*	468
He lives — the everlasting God . . . *I. Watts.*	818
He lives — the great Redeemer . *Miss A. Steele.*	541
He that goeth forth with weeping . *T. Hastings.*	1281
He that hath made his refuge. God . *I. Watts.*	1065
He who on earth as man was known, *J. Newton.*	523
Hear my prayer, O heavenly . . *Miss H. Parr.*	27
Hear what God, the Lord, hath . . *W. Cowper.*	1199
Hear what the voice from heaven . . *I. Watts.*	1426
Hearken, Lord! to my . . . *J. Montgomery.*	977
Hearts of stone! relent, relent . . *C. Wesley.*	599
Heralds of creation! cry . . . *J. Montgomery.*	260
Here at thy table, Lord! we meet . *S. Stennett.*	737
Here in thy name, eternal God! *J. Montgomery.*	1285
Here, Lord! by faith, I see thee, . . *H. Bonar.*	910
High in the heavens, eternal God! . . *I. Watts.*	1066
High in yonder realms of light . . . *T. Raffles.*	1414
High let us swell our tuneful . . *P. Doddridge.*	393
Ho! every one that thirsts! draw . *C. Wesley.*	586
Holy and reverend is the name . . *J. Needham.*	196
Holy, delightful day! . . . . . *T. H. Gill.*	36
Holy Father! hear my cry . . . . . *H. Bonar.*	144
Holy Ghost! dispel our . . *Tr., A. M. Toplady.*	80
Holy Ghost! my soul inspire . . . . *R. Mant.*	340
Holy Ghost! with light divine . . . *A. Reed.*	341
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty! *R. Heber.*	1
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God of . *C. Wordsworth.*	140
Holy, holy, holy Lord! Self-existent, *J. Ryland.*	145
Holy Lamb! who thee receive . *Tr., J. Wesley.*	921
Holy Spirit! once. . *Tr., Miss C. Winkworth.*	344
Hope of our hearts! O Lord! . . . *E. Denny.*	881
Hosanna! raise the pealing . *W. H. Havergal.*	294
Hosanna to the living Lord!. . . . *R. Heber.*	130
Hosanna to the Prince of grace . . *I. Watts.*	530
Hosanna to the Prince of light. . . *I. Watts.*	493
How are thy servants blessed, . . *J. Addison.*	222
How beauteous are their feet . . . *I. Watts.*	1139
How beauteous on the mountains . . *B. Gough.*	1246
How beauteous were the marks . *A. C. Coxe.*	423
How blest the righteous . *Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.*	1359
How blest the sacred tie. *Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.*	1184
How calm and beautiful the morn, *T. Hastings.*	469
How can I sink with such a prop . . *I. Watts.*	828
How can we adore, or worthily . *W. Hammond.*	544
How charming is the place . . . . *S. Stennett.*	70
How condescending and how kind . . *I. Watts.*	738
How did my heart rejoice to hear . . *I. Watts.*	97
How far beyond our mortal sight, *Miss A. Steele.*	1433
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the . *K——.*	990
How full of anguish is the thought . . *I. Watts.*	891
How gentle God's commands . . *P. Doddridge.*	1020
How happy are the souls above, *A. M. Toplady.*	1434
How heavy is the night . . . . . *I. Watts.*	511
How helpless guilty nature lies, *Miss A. Steele.*	389
How honorable is the place. . . . . *I. Watts.*	1104
How honored, how dear, that sacred, *J. Conder.*	69
How large the promise, how divine! . *I. Watts.*	1144
How lovely are thy dwellings fair . *J. Milton.*	106
How oft, alas! this wretched . . *Miss A. Steele.*	620
How oft have sin and Satan strove . . *I. Watts.*	851
How perfect is thy law . . . . . *E. F. Hatfield.*	346
How pleasant, how divinely fair . . . *I. Watts.*	119
How pleased and blessed was I . . . . *I. Watts.*	117
How precious is the book divine . . *J. Fawcett.*	355
How rich are thy provisions, Lord! . *I. Watts.*	720
How rich thy bounty, King of . *P. Doddridge.*	1133
How rich thy gifts, almighty King! . *A. Kippis.*	1296
How sad our state by nature is! . . . *I. Watts.*	385
How shall the sons of men appear . *S. Stennett.*	394
How shall the young secure their . . *I. Watts.*	365
How short and hasty is our life . . . *I. Watts.*	1340
How should the sons of Adam's race . *I. Watts.*	202
How sweet and awful is the place . . *I. Watts.*	734
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, *J. Swain.*	1171
How sweet the hour of closing, *W. H. Bathurst.*	1360
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, *J. Newton.*	746
How sweet to bless the Lord . . *Urwick's Coll.*	77
How sweet to leave the world awhile . *T. Kelly.*	121
How sweetly breaks the Sabbath, *E. F. Hatfield.*	51
How sweetly flowed the gospel's . *J. Bowring.*	420
How swift the torrent rolls . . *P. Doddridge.*	1371
How tedious and tasteless the hours . *J. Newton.*	779
How vain are all things here below . *I. Watts.*	956
How vain is all beneath the skies . *Pratt's Coll.*	1367
How wondrous great, how glorious . *I. Watts.*	199
I asked the Lord that I might grow . *J. Newton.*	968
I have a home above . . . . . *H. Bennett.*	1457
I hear a voice that comes from far . . *T. Kelly.*	674
I heard the voice of Jesus say . . . *H. Bonar.*	679
I know no life divided . . . *Tr., R. Massie.*	787
I lay my sins on Jesus . . . . . *H. Bonar.*	801
I lift my soul to God . . . . . *I. Watts.*	958
I 'll praise my Maker with my breath, *I. Watts.*	191
I 'll speak the honors of my King . . *I. Watts.*	297
I love the Lord, whose gracious ear, *T. Hastings.*	1012
I love the sacred book of God . . . *T. Kelly.*	372
I love the volumes of thy word . . . *I. Watts.*	352
I love thy kingdom, Lord! . . . . *T. Dwight.*	1094
I love to steal awhile away. *Mrs. P. H. Brown.*	17
I 'm but a stranger here . . . . *T. R. Taylor.*	1369
I 'm not ashamed to own my Lord . *I. Watts.*	682
I 'm weary of straying; Oh! fain . *Mrs. York.*	1377
I need thee, precious Jesus! . . . *F. Whitfield.*	695
I once was a stranger to grace, *R. M. McCheyne.*	663
I send the joys of earth away . . . . *I. Watts.*	667
I sing th' almighty power of God . . *I. Watts.*	228
I 've found a joy in sorrow . *Mrs. J. Crewdson.*	651
I 've found the Pearl of greatest price, *J. Mason.*	756
I waited patient for the Lord . . . . *I. Watts.*	1039
I want a heart to pray . . . . . *C. Wesley.*	926
I was a wandering sheep . . . . *H. Bonar.*	659
I would love thee, God and . . . *Mme. Guyon.*	781
I would not live alway; I ask, *W. A. Muhlenberg.*	1378
If Christ is mine, then all is mine . *B. Beddome.*	1041
If human kindness meets return. . *G. T. Noel.*	739
If Jesus be my Friend, *Tr., Miss C. Winkworth.*	807

		HYMN.
In all my Lord's appointed ways	*J. Ryland.*	1165
In all my vast concerns with thee	*I. Watts.*	1079
In evil long I took delight	*J. Newton.*	680
In heavenly love abiding	*Miss A. L. Waring.*	802
In robes of judgment, lo! he comes	*I. Watts.*	1408
In the Christian's home in glory	*W. Hunter.*	1463
In the cross of Christ I glory	*J. Bowring.*	716
In the morning hear my voice	*J. Montgomery.*	24
In the name of God, the Father	*J. W. Hewett.*	711
In this calm, impressive hour	*T. Hastings.*	20
In this world of sin and sorrow,	*Mrs. J. Madan.*	984
In thy great name, O Lord! we come,	*J. Hoskins.*	101
In thy name, O Lord! assembling	*T. Kelly.*	82
In vain my fancy strives to paint	*J. Newton.*	1437
In vain the world's alluring smile,	*Miss A. Steele.*	849
Indulgent Sovereign of the skies!	*P. Doddridge.*	1223
Infinite excellence is thine	*J. Fawcett.*	288
Inquire, ye pilgrims! for the	*P. Doddridge.*	563
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer!	*A. M. Toplady.*	30
Inspirer of the ancient seers!	*C. Wesley.*	353
Is this the kind return	*I. Watts.*	378
It is not death to die	*G. W. Bethune.*	1374
It is thy hand, my God!	*J. G. Deck.*	1018
Jehovah reigns, he dwells in light	*I. Watts.*	178
Jehovah reigns, his throne is high	*I. Watts.*	179
Jerusalem, my happy	*Williams & Boden's Coll.*	1442
Jerusalem, the glorious	*Tr., J. M. Neale.*	1454
Jerusalem, the golden	*Tr., J. M. Neale.*	1452
Jesus! and shall it ever be	*J. Grigg.*	764
Jesus comes, his conflict over	*T. Kelly.*	507
Jesus demands this heart of	*Miss A. Steele.*	966
Jesus full of all compassion!	*D. Turner.*	978
Jesus! grant me this, I pray	*H. W. Baker.*	701
Jesus! hail! enthroned in glory	*J. Bakewell.*	309
Jesus! how much thy name	*Mrs. M. Peters.*	748
Jesus! how sweet thy memory,	*J. W. Alexander.*	730
Jesus! I come to thee	*N. S. S. Beman.*	656
Jesus! I live to thee	*H. Harbaugh.*	785
Jesus! I love thee evermore	*E. C. Benedict.*	768
Jesus! I love thy charming name,	*P. Doddridge.*	749
Jesus! I my cross have taken	*H. F. Lyte.*	648
Jesus, immortal King! arise,	*A. C. H. Seymour.*	533
Jesus invites his saints	*I. Watts.*	705
Jesus is God! the glorious bands,	*F. W. Faber.*	298
Jesus is gone above the skies	*I. Watts.*	724
Jesus! Jesus! come and save us	*H. Bateman.*	894
Jesus! Jesus! visit me	*Tr., R. P. Dunn.*	975
Jesus! Lamb of God! for me	*R. Palmer.*	652
Jesus! let thy pitying eye	*C. Wesley.*	638
Jesus, Lord of life and glory!	*J. J. Cummins.*	914
Jesus, Lord! we look to thee	*C. Wesley.*	1175
Jesus, Lover of my soul!	*C. Wesley.*	799
Jesus, Master of the feast!	*C. Wesley.*	694
Jesus! merciful and mild	*T. Hastings.*	902
Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone	*J. Cennick.*	673
Jesus! my heart within me burns	*R. Palmer.*	769
Jesus, my Lord! how rich thy	*P. Doddridge.*	1269
Jesus, my Lord, my chief Delight!	*B. Beddome.*	766
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All!	*H. Collins.*	284
Jesus, my Strength, my Hope!	*C. Wesley.*	925
Jesus! name of wondrous love	*W. W. How.*	794
Jesus, our best beloved	*J. Montgomery.*	1150
Jesus, our Lord! ascend thy throne	*I. Watts.*	517
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	*I. Watts.*	1101
Jesus spreads his banner o'er us	*R. Park.*	714
Jesus, Sun of	*C. K. Von Rosenroth.*	22
Jesus, the Christ of God	*H. Bonar.*	514
Jesus, the name high over all	*C. Wesley.*	518
Jesus, the name I love so well	*F. Whitfield.*	747
Jesus, the sinner's Friend! to thee	*C. Wesley.*	614
Jesus! the very thought of	*Tr., E. Caswall.*	731
Jesus! the word of mercy give	*C. Wesley.*	1131
Jesus! these eyes have never seen	*R. Palmer.*	782
Jesus! thou art the sinner's	*R. Burnham.*	623
Jesus, thou everlasting King!	*I. Watts.*	728
Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts!	*R. Palmer.*	729
Jesus! thy blessings are not few	*I. Watts.*	573
Jesus! thy blood and	*Tr., J. Wesley.*	816
Jesus! thy boundless love to me,	*Tr., J. Wesley.*	775
Jesus! thy church, with longing,	*W. H. Bathurst.*	1234
Jesus! thy love shall we forget	*W. Mitchell.*	743
Jesus! thy name I love	*Rylo's S. Songs.*	1005
Jesus! we bow before thy	*N. S. S. Beman.*	1226
Jesus! we look to thee	*C. Wesley.*	75
Jesus! we thus obey	*C. Wesley.*	707
Jesus! where'er thy people meet	*W. Cowper.*	127
Jesus! who died a world to save	*W. Hammond.*	496
Jesus! who knows full well	*J. Newton.*	1023
Jesus! with all thy saints above	*I. Watts.*	293
Join, all ye servants of the Lord!	*Miss H. Auber.*	354
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	*I. Watts.*	391
Joyful be the hours to-day	*T. Kelly.*	792
Judge me, O Lord! and prove	*I. Watts.*	1070
Just as I am, without one plea	*Miss C. Elliott.*	670
Just as thou art, without one trace	*R. S. Cook.*	584
Keep silence, all created things!	*I. Watts.*	201
Kindred in Christ! for his dear sake,	*J. Newton.*	1161
Kingdoms and thrones to God belong	*I. Watts.*	168
Laborers of Christ!	*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*	1261
Laden with guilt and full of fears	*I. Watts.*	356
Lamb of God, whose bleeding love	*C. Wesley.*	693
Lands long benighted! the	*Songs for the Sanc.*	1115
Lead us, heavenly Father! lead us,	*J. Edmeston.*	915
Let all the earth their voices raise	*I. Watts.*	192
Let all the heathen writers join	*I. Watts.*	359
Let all the people join	*Presb. Coll.*	1302
Let every creature join	*I. Watts.*	149
Let every heart exulting	*Tr., J. D. Chambers.*	280
Let every mortal ear attend	*I. Watts.*	564
Let every tongue thy goodness speak	*I. Watts.*	216
Let everlasting glories crown	*I. Watts.*	373
Let God, the Father, live	*I. Watts.*	150
Let me be with thee, where thou,	*Miss C. Elliott.*	895
Let me but hear my Saviour say	*I. Watts.*	1056
Let me go, the day is breaking.	*J. Montgomery.*	1383
Let others boast how strong they be	*I. Watts.*	1339
Let party names no more	*B. Beddome.*	1179
Let sinners take their course	*I. Watts.*	906
Let songs of praises fill the sky	*T. Cotterill.*	331

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Let them neglect thy glory, Lord! . . *I. Watts.*	148
Let us awake our joys . . . . *W. Kingsbury.*	269
Let worldly minds the world pursue, *J. Newton.*	687
Let Zion and her sons rejoice . . . . *I. Watts.*	1202
Let Zion's watchmen all awake . *P. Doddridge.*	1130
Life is a span, a fleeting hour . . *Miss A. Steele.*	1394
Life is the time to serve the Lord . . *I. Watts.*	1353
Lift up to God the voice of praise, *R. Wardlaw.*	227
Lift up your heads, ye . *Tr., Miss C. Winkworth.*	664
Light of life, seraphic Fire! . . . . *C. Wesley.*	92
Light of those whose dreary dwelling . *C. Wesley.*	1201
Like Noah's weary dove . . *W. A. Muhlenberg.*	862
Like sheep we went astray . . . . . *I. Watts.*	446
Listen, sinner! mercy hails you . . . *A. Reed.*	557
Lo! he cometh, countless . . . . *J. Cennick.*	1404
Lo! he comes, with clouds . *Cennick & Wesley.*	1401
Lo! God, our God, has come . . . *H. Bonar.*	402
Lo! on a narrow neck of land . . . *C. Wesley.*	643
Lo! the mighty God appearing . . *W. Goode.*	1402
Lo! what a glorious corner-stone . . *I. Watts.*	1097
Lo! what a glorious sight appears . . *I. Watts.*	1103
Lo! what an entertaining sight . . . *I. Watts.*	1168
Long as I live, I 'll bless thy name . . *I. Watts.*	213
Long have I sat beneath the sound . . *I. Watts.*	950
Look down, O Lord! with . . . *P. Doddridge.*	1188
Look from thy sphere of endless . *W. C. Bryant.*	1218
Look up, my soul! with cheerful . *Miss A. Steele.*	819
Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious . *T. Kelly.*	809
Lord! as to thy dear cross we . . *J. H. Gurney.*	940
Lord! dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid . *E. Smyth.*	88
Lord! dismiss us with thy blessing . *W. Shirley.*	84
Lord God, the Holy Ghost . . *J. Montgomery.*	335
Lord! how secure and blest are they . *I. Watts.*	850
Lord! how secure my conscience . . *I. Watts.*	386
Lord! I am thine, entirely thine . . *S. Davies.*	1160
Lord! I am vile, conceived in sin . . . *I. Watts.*	879
Lord! I cannot let thee go . . . . *J. Newton.*	917
Lord! I have made thy word my . . . *I. Watts.*	862
Lord! I hear of showers of . . *Miss E. Codner.*	636
Lord! in the morning thou shalt hear . *I. Watts.*	99
Lord! in this sacred hour . . . *S. G. Bulfinch.*	74
Lord! it belongs not to my care . . *R. Baxter.*	839
Lord Jesus! are we one with thee . *J. G. Deck.*	880
Lord! lead the way the Saviour . . *W. Croswell.*	1268
Lord of all being, throned afar . *O. W. Holmes.*	188
Lord of all power and might . . . *H. Stowell.*	348
Lord of glory! thou hast bought . *Mrs. Alderson.*	1279
Lord of my life, whose tender . ."Ω *Chelsea."*	1013
Lord of our hearts! beloved of thee . *E. Denny.*	889
Lord of the harvest! hear . . . . . *C. Wesley.*	1138
Lord of the Sabbath! hear our . *P. Doddridge.*	46
Lord of the worlds above! . . . . . *I. Watts.*	65
Lord! send thy word, and let it fly . *T. Gibbons.*	1286
Lord! take my heart, and let it be, *Tr., J. Wesley.*	930
Lord! teach us how to pray . . *J. Montgomery.*	934
Lord! thou hast called thy grace to . *I. Watts.*	1191
Lord! thou hast scourged our guilty . *J. Barlow.*	1312
Lord! thou hast searched and seen me . *I. Watts.*	1072
Lord! thou hast won, at length I . . *J. Newton.*	641
Lord! thou wilt bring the joyful . . *R. Palmer.*	1448

	HYMN.
Lord! thou wilt hear me when I pray . *I. Watts.*	18
Lord! thy glory fills the heaven . . *R. Mant.*	251
Lord! 't is an infinite delight . . . . *I. Watts.*	1436
Lord! 't is a pleasant thing to stand . *J. Watts.*	1185
Lord! we adore thy vast designs . . *I. Watts.*	1059
Lord! we come before thee now . *W. Hammond.*	89
Lord! we confess our numerous faults, *I. Watts.*	686
Lord! what a feeble piece . . . . . *I. Watts.*	1370
Lord! what a heaven of saving grace . *I. Watts.*	772
Lord! what a wretched land is this . . *I. Watts.*	842
Lord! what our ears have heard . *Salisbury Coll.*	1156
Lord! when I quit this earthly stage . *I. Watts.*	892
Lord! when my raptured . . . *Miss A. Steele.*	215
Lord! when thou didst ascend on high, *I. Watts.*	435
Lord! when we bend before thy . *J. D. Carlyle.*	110
Lord! where shall guilty souls retire . *I. Watts.*	1080
Lord! while for all mankind we . *J. R. Wreford.*	1304
Lord! with glowing heart I 'll praise, *S. F. Key.*	250
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord . . . . *I. Watts.*	162
Love divine, all loves excelling . . . *C. Wesley.*	898
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned . *S. Stennett.*	528
Many woes had Christ endured . . . . *J. Hart.*	441
May the grace of Christ, our Saviour, *J. Newton.*	81
Meet and right it is to sing . . . . . *C. Wesley.*	161
Mercy, O thou Son of David! . . . *J. Newton.*	645
Mighty God! while angels bless . *R. Robinson.*	804
Mistaken souls! that dream of heaven, *I. Watts.*	1087
Mine eyes and my desire . . . . . *I. Watts.*	961
More love to thee, O . . . *Mrs. E. P. Prentiss.*	788
Morning breaks upon the tomb . *W. B. Collyer.*	475
Mortals, awake! with angels join . . *S. Medley.*	394
Much in sorrow, oft in woe . . . . *H. K. White.*	1001
Music! bring thy sweetest treasures, *J. Edmeston.*	157
Must Jesus bear the cross alone . . *G. N. Allen.*	838
My country! 't is of thee . . . . *S. F. Smith.*	1297
My days are gliding swiftly by . . *D. Nelson.*	1459
My dear Redeemer and my Lord! . . *I. Watts.*	422
My drowsy powers! why sleep ye so . *I. Watts.*	958
My faith looks up to thee . . . . *R. Palmer.*	1004
My God! accept my early vows . . . *I. Watts.*	7
My God! accept my heart this day . *M. Brydges.*	686
My God and Father! while I . *Miss C. Elliott.*	1058
My God! and is thy table spread . *P. Doddridge.*	721
My God! how endless is thy love . . . *I. Watts.*	4
My God! how wonderful thou art, *F. W. Faber.*	195
My God! is any hour so sweet . *Miss C. Elliott.*	884
My God, my Father! blissful . *Miss A. Steele.*	1049
My God, my King! thy various praise . *I. Watts.*	177
My God, my Life, my Love! . . . . . *I. Watts.*	783
My God, my Portion, and my Love! . . *I. Watts.*	755
My God! Oh! could I make the, *Miss A. Steele.*	629
My God! permit me not to be . . . . *I. Watts.*	887
My God! permit my tongue . . . . . *I. Watts.*	864
My God! the covenant of thy love, *P. Doddridge.*	1038
My God! the Spring of all my joys . . *I. Watts.*	758
My God! thy boundless love I praise . *H. More.*	190
My God! 't is to thy mercy-seat . *Miss A. Steele.*	1034
My gracious Lord! I own thy . . *P. Doddridge.*	725
My gracious Redeemer I love . . . *B. Francis.*	778

	HYMN.
My Helper, God! I bless his . . *P. Doddridge.*	1323
My Hope, my All, my . *Coke & Asbury's Coll.*	964
My Jesus! as thou wilt . . *Tr., J. Borthwick.*	1006
My Lord! how full of sweet . . . *W. Cowper.*	886
My Lord, my God, my Love! . *Lyra Catholica.*	784
My Maker and my King! . . . *Miss A. Steele.*	239
My never-ceasing song shall show . . *I. Watts.*	220
My rest is in heaven, my rest is not . *H. F. Lyte.*	991
My Saviour! I am thine . . . . *P. Doddridge.*	865
My Saviour, my almighty Friend! . . *I. Watts.*	229
My Shepherd is the living Lord . . . *I. Watts.*	812
My Shepherd's name is Love . . *E. F. Hatfield.*	805
My Shepherd will supply my need . . *I. Watts.*	823
My soul! be on thy guard . . . . . *G. Heath.*	960
My soul! come meditate the day . . . *I. Watts.*	1337
My soul complete in Jesus, *Mrs. G. W. Hinsdale.*	817
My soul doth magnify the Lord . . *J. Mason.*	830
My soul forsakes her vain delight. . . *I. Watts.*	685
My soul! how lovely is the place . . . *I. Watts.*	114
My soul! repeat his praise . . . . . *I. Watts.*	1014
My soul, triumphant in the Lord . *P. Doddridge.*	837
My spirit longs for thee . . . . . *J. Byrom.*	869
My spirit looks to God alone . . . . *I. Watts.*	813
My spirit on thy care . . . . . *H. F. Lyte.*	810
My thoughts surmount these lower skies, *I. Watts.*	873
My times are in thy hand . . . *W. F. Lloyd.*	1025
My times of sorrow and of joy. . *B. Beddome.*	1030
Naked as from the earth we came. . . *I. Watts.*	1031
Nature with open volume stands . . . *I. Watts.*	466
Nearer, my God! to thee . . *Mrs. S. F. Adams.*	911
New every morning is thy love . . . *J. Keble.*	3
No more, my God! I boast no more . *I. Watts.*	671
Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard . *I. Watts.*	1429
Not all the blood of beasts . . . . . *I. Watts.*	444
Not all the outward forms on earth . *I. Watts.*	387
Not to condemn the sons of men . . . *I. Watts.*	583
Not to the terrors of the Lord . . . . *I. Watts.*	1106
Not with our mortal eyes . . . . . *I. Watts.*	866
Now begin the heavenly theme. . *M. Madan (?).*	596
Now be my heart inspired to sing. . *I. Watts.*	418
Now be the gospel banner . . . *T. Hastings.*	1110
Now, by the love of Christ, my God. . *I. Watts.*	1182
Now faintly smile day's hasty . *Miss A. Steele.*	1331
Now for a tune of lofty praise . . . . *I. Watts.*	483
Now, from labor and from care . . *T. Hastings.*	21
Now, from the altar of our hearts . . *J. Mason.*	16
Now, gracious Lord! thine arm . . *J. Newton.*	1326
Now I have found a Friend . . . . . *H. Hope.*	660
Now I resolve with all my heart, *Miss A. Steele.*	669
Now, in parting, Father! bless us. . *H. Bonar.*	712
Now is th' accepted time . . . . . *J. Dobell.*	548
Now let my soul, eternal King! *O. Heginbotham.*	867
Now let our cheerful eyes survey. *P. Doddridge.*	524
Now let our mourning hearts . . *P. Doddridge.*	1135
Now let our souls, on wings sublime, *T. Gibbons.*	1444
Now let our voices join . . . . *P. Doddridge.*	859
Now may He, who from the dead. . *J. Newton.*	95
Now, my soul! thy voice . . *Tr., H. W. Baker.*	437

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Now to the Lord a noble song . . . *I. Watts.*	285
Now to the Lord, that makes us know . *I. Watts.*	537
Now to thy sacred house. . . . . *T. Dwight.*	67
Now to the power of God supreme . *I. Watts.*	534
O blessed Sun! whose splendor . *Tr., R. Massie.*	786
O Bread, to pilgrims given . . *Tr., R. Palmer.*	696
O Christ, our Hope, our hearts', *Tr., J. Chandler.*	921
O Christ, our King, Creator, . *Tr., R. Palmer.*	282
O Christ, the Lord of heaven! to . *R. Palmer.*	283
O day of rest and gladness!. . *C. Wordsworth.*	60
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!. *Hymnal Noted.*	1166
O God of Abraham! hear . . . . *T. Hastings.*	1153
O God of Bethel! by whose hand, *P. Doddridge.*	941
O God of hosts, the mighty Lord! . . *N. Tate.*	100
O God of mercy! hear my call . . . *I. Watts.*	624
O God of sovereign grace! . . . *Vill. Hymns.*	1258
O God! thou art my God alone, *J. Montgomery.*	858
O God, unseen, yet ever near!. . . . *E. Osler.*	742
O God! we praise thee, and . *Tate and Brady.*	210
O happy soul that lives on high . . . *I. Watts.*	877
O holy, holy, holy Lord!. . . *J. W. Eastburn.*	134
O holy Saviour, Friend unseen! *Miss C. Elliott.*	1057
O Holy Spirit! come . . . . . *O. Allen.*	338
O Holy Spirit, Fount of love! . *W. J. E. L——.*	332
O Jesus, bruised and . . *Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*	726
O Jesus, full of grace!. . . . . *C. Wesley.*	962
O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord!. . *F. W. Faber.*	754
O Jesus! King most wonderful! *Tr., E. Caswall.*	732
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly . . *Tr., J. Chandler.*	13
O Jesus! sweet the tears I shed . . *R. Palmer.*	447
O Jesus! thou the beauty art . *Tr., E. Caswall.*	733
O Lamb of God! still keep me . . . *J. G. Deck.*	904
O Lord! another day is flown . . *H. K. White.*	112
O Lord! how happy should we be . *J. Austin.*	1006
O Lord! how joyful 't is to see, *Tr., J. Chandler.*	1133
O Lord! I would delight in thee . . *J. Ryland.*	829
O Lord! in sorrow I resign . . *Tr., W. Cowper.*	1009
O Lord! my best desire fulfill . . . *W. Cowper.*	1029
O Lord of heaven and earth and, *C. Wordsworth.*	1272
O Lord, our God! arise . . . . *R. Wardlaw.*	1256
O Lord, our heavenly King! . . . . *I. Watts.*	242
O Lord! thy perfect word . . . . *B. Beddome.*	851
O Lord! thy work revive . *Mrs. P. H. Brown.*	1196
O Love divine! how sweet thou art. *C. Wesley.*	777
O Love divine! what hast thou done, *C. Wesley.*	500
O Love! how deep, how broad, how, *J. M. Neale.*	535
O mother dear, Jerusalem! . . . . *D. Dickson.*	1436
O my soul! what means this sadness, *J. Fawcett.*	985
O paradise eternal! . . . . . *T. Davis.*	1450
O paradise! O paradise! . . . . *F. W. Faber.*	1442
O sacred head, now . . . *Tr., J. W. Alexander.*	439
O Saviour, who didst come . *Songs for the Sanc.*	811
O Spirit of the living God! . . *J. Montgomery.*	1222
O Thou, from whom all goodness . . *T. Hawcis.*	1040
O thou God, who hearest prayer! . . *J. Conder.*	635
O Thou, in whose presence my. *Parkinson's Sel.*	992
O Thou, that hearest prayer!. . . . *J. Burton.*	1217
O Thou, that hear'st the prayer. *A. M. Toplady.*	642
O Thou, that hear'st when sinners . . *I. Watts.*	619

	HYMN.
O Thou, the contrite sinner's . . *Miss C. Elliott.*	971
O Thou, to whose all-searching . *Tr., J. Wesley.*	927
O Thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear! *T. Moore.*	1051
O Thou, whose mercy guides my . *J. Edmeston.*	1044
O Thou, whose own vast temple. *W. C. Bryant.*	1289
O Thou, whose tender mercy . . *Miss A. Steele.*	621
O Zion! tune thy voice . . . . *P. Doddridge.*	1111
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness . *W. Williams.*	1247
O'er the realms of pagan darkness . *T. Cotterill.*	1248
O'erwhelmed in depths of woe, *Tr., E. Caswall.*	445
Of all the joys we mortals know . . . *I. Watts.*	771
Oh! bless the Lord, my soul! . . . . *I. Watts.*	237
Oh! blessed souls are they . . . . *I. Watts.*	657
Oh! come and mourn with me . *F. W. Faber.*	464
Oh! come, loud anthems let us sing . *N. Tate.*	163
Oh! could I find from day to day, *B. Cleveland.*	876
Oh! could I speak the matchless . *S. Medley.*	776
Oh! could our thoughts and . . *Miss A. Steele.*	832
Oh! for a closer walk with God . . *W. Cowper.*	945
Oh! for a faith that will not . *W. H. Bathurst.*	830
Oh! for a glance of heavenly day . . *J. Hart.*	616
Oh! for a heart to praise my God . *C. Wesley.*	936
Oh! for a shout of sacred joy . . . . *I. Watts.*	499
Oh! for a sweet inspiring ray . . *Miss A. Steele.*	868
Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing . *C. Wesley.*	519
Oh! for an overcoming faith . . . . *I. Watts.*	1349
Oh! for that tenderness of heart . . *C. Wesley.*	630
Oh! for the death of those . . *Chh. Psalmody.*	1396
Oh! for the happy hour . . . *G. W. Bethune.*	1197
Oh! for the robes of whiteness, *Miss C. L. Smith.*	903
Oh! gift of gifts! Oh! grace of . *F. W. Faber.*	676
Oh! had I, my Saviour! the wings . *H. F. Lyte.*	1376
Oh! happy day, that fixed my . . *P. Doddridge.*	1157
Oh! how divine, how sweet the joy, *J. Needham.*	684
Oh! how I love thy holy law . . . . *I. Watts.*	361
Oh! if my soul were formed for woe . *I. Watts.*	955
Oh! let me, heavenly Lord! extend, *J. Merrick.*	1358
Oh! may my heart, by grace . . . *J. Fawcett.*	944
Oh! might I once mount up and see . *I. Watts.*	890
Oh! praise our God to-day . . . *H. W. Baker.*	1263
Oh! praise ye the Lord, prepare your . *N. Tate.*	68
Oh! sing "Hallelujah! praise . *E. F. Hatfield.*	263
Oh! sing to me of heaven, *Mrs. M. S. B. Dana.*	1456
Oh! sweetly breathe the lyres above, *R. Palmer.*	1156
Oh! that I could for ever dwell . . . *A. Reed.*	770
Oh! that I knew the secret place . . *I. Watts.*	949
Oh! that my load of sin were gone . *C. Wesley.*	613
Oh! that the Lord would guide my . *I. Watts.*	938
Oh! that the Lord's salvation . . *H. F. Lyte.*	1241
Oh! that thou wouldst, the heavens . *C. Wesley.*	619
Oh! that thy statutes every hour . . *I. Watts.*	937
Oh! the delights, the heavenly joys . *I. Watts.*	289
Oh! turn ye, Oh! turn ye, for why . *J. Hopkins.*	604
Oh! 't was a joyful sound to hear . . *N. Tate.*	96
Oh! what a lonely path were ours . . *E. Denny.*	834
Oh! what amazing words of grace . . *S. Medley.*	565
Oh! what, if we are Christ's . . *H. W. Baker.*	1022
Oh! what stupendous mercy . . *J. Rippon (?).*	1273
Oh! where are kings and empires . *A. C. Coxe.*	1107
Oh! where is now that glowing love . *T. Kelly.*	1188
Oh! where shall rest be found, *J. Montgomery.*	307
Oh! worship the King, all-glorious . . *R. Grant.*	202
On God the race of man depend . . . *I. Watts.*	1319
On Jordan's stormy banks I . . . *S. Stennett.*	1430
On the mountain's top appearing . . *T. Kelly.*	1250
On this day, the first of days . . *H. W. Baker.*	40
On thy church, O Power divine! *Miss H. Auber.*	1208
On Zion, his most holy mount . . *T. Gibbons.*	572
Once more, before we part . . . . . *J. Hart.*	78
Once more, my soul! the rising day . *I. Watts.*	14
Once more the solemn season . *Tr., W. Mercer.*	1311
Once more we come before our God . *J. Hart.*	111
Once was heard the song of . . *Union Hymns.*	1314
One sweetly solemn thought . . *Miss P. Cary.*	1461
One there is, above all others . . . *J. Newton.*	780
Onward, onward, men of . *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*	1238
Our country is Immanuel's, *Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.*	872
Our glorious home above . *D. T. K. Drummond.*	1418
Our God, our Help in ages past . . . *I. Watts.*	1338
Our heavenly Father calls . . . *P. Doddridge.*	868
Our heavenly Father! hear . . *J. Montgomery.*	924
Our land, with mercies crowned, *E. T. Winkler.*	1300
Our Lord is risen from the dead . . *C. Wesley.*	486
Our souls, by love together knit . . *H. Miller.*	1168
Out of the depths of woe . . *J. Montgomery.*	967
Palms of glory, raiment bright, *J. Montgomery.*	1415
Pass away, earthly joy! . . . *Mrs. H. Bonar.*	661
Peace! 't is the Lord Jehovah's . *P. Doddridge.*	1352
People of the living God! . . *J. Montgomery.*	1176
Permit me, Lord! to seek thy. . *Miss A. Steele.*	874
Pilgrim! burdened with thy sin . . *G. Crabbe.*	593
Planted in Christ, the living vine . *S. F. Smith.*	1163
Pleasant are thy courts above . . *H. F. Lyte.*	895
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair . . *I. Watts.*	527
Pour out thy Spirit from on . . *J. Montgomery.*	1128
Praise, everlasting praise be paid . . *I. Watts.*	181
Praise the Lord, his glories show . *H. F. Lyte.*	257
Praise the Lord, his power . . *W. Wrangham.*	256
Praise the Lord, who reigns . . *A. M. Toplady.*	160
Praise the Lord, ye heavens! *John Kempthorne.*	249
Praise the Saviour! all ye nations! . *B. Francis.*	1280
Praise to God, immortal . *Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.*	1291
Praise to God, who reigns above . *R. M. Benson.*	301
Praise to thee, thou great Creator! *J. Fawcett.*	155
Praise ye Jehovah's name . . . . . *W. Goode.*	266
Praise ye the Lord, immortal choirs! . *I. Watts.*	208
Prayer is the breath of God in man, *B. Beddome.*	935
Prayer is the soul's sincere . . *J. Montgomery.*	933
Pris'ners of sin and Satan too . . *J. Hoskins.*	580
Proclaim the lofty praise . . . *Urwick's Coll.*	299
Prostrate, dear Jesus! at thy feet . *S. Stennett.*	628
Quiet, Lord! my froward heart. . *J. Newton.*	896
Raise thee, my soul! fly up and run . *I. Watts.*	1439
Raise your triumphant songs . . . . *I. Watts.*	545
Rejoice, all ye believers! *Tr., Miss J. Borthwick.*	1455

	HYMN.
Rejoice in Jesus' birth . . . . . *C. Wesley.*	407
Rejoice, the Lord is King . . . . *C. Wesley.*	591
Rejoice, ye righteous! in the Lord . . *I. Watts.*	217
Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high . . *I. Watts.*	488
Remember thee, remember Christ, *E. Wardlaw.*	741
Repent! the voice celestial cries . *P. Doddridge.*	575
Rest from thy labor, rest . . . *J. Montgomery.*	1136
Return, my roving heart! return, *P. Doddridge.*	967
Return, O God of love! return . . . *I. Watts.*	947
Return, O wanderer! return . . *W. B. Collyer.*	587
Revive thy work, O Lord! . . . . *A. Midlane.*	1195
Ride on, ride on, in majesty . . *H. H. Milman.*	461
Rise, glorious Conqueror! rise . *S. E. Brydges.*	490
Rise, my soul! and stretch thy . . *R. Seagrave.*	907
Rise, O my soul! pursue the path . *J. Needham.*	845
Rock of ages, cleft for me! . . *A. M. Toplady.*	697
Roll on, thou mighty ocean! . . *J. Edmeston.*	1245
Safely through another week . . . *J. Newton.*	37
Saints! with pious zeal attending . *J. Taylor.*	253
Salvation! Oh! the joyful sound . . *I. Watts.*	558
Saviour! breathe an evening . . *J. Edmeston.*	26
Saviour! I follow on . . . . *C. S. Robinson.*	912
Saviour! like a shepherd lead us . *Union Hymns.*	1313
Saviour! sprinkle many nations . . *A. C. Coxe.*	1239
Saviour! teach me, day . *M. E. S. S. Hy. Book.*	791
Saviour! thyself to me reveal . . . *C. Wesley.*	878
Saviour! visit thy plantation . . . *J. Newton.*	1198
Saviour! when, in dust to thee . . *R. Grant.*	631
Say, sinner! hath a voice . . *Mrs. A. B. Hyde.*	582
See, from Zion's sacred mountain . . *T. Kelly.*	1258
See, gracious God! before thy . *Miss A. Steele.*	1310
See, how great a flame aspires . . . *C. Wesley.*	1205
See Israel's gentle Shepherd . . *P. Doddridge.*	1145
See, Oh! see what love the . . . *Tr., E. Massie.*	713
See, the Conqueror mounts in. *C. Wordsworth.*	497
See the ransomed millions stand . . *J. Conder.*	1209
See, what a living stone . . . . . *I. Watts.*	1095
Servant of God! well done! . *J. Montgomery.*	1137
Shall man, O God of life and light! . *T. Dwight.*	1390
Shall we go on to sin . . . . . *I. Watts.*	959
Shepherd of Israel! bend thine . *P. Doddridge.*	1126
Shepherd of Israel! thou dost keep, *P. Doddridge.*	1123
Shepherd! with thy tenderest, *Songs for the Sanc.*	798
Shepherds! hail the . . [*Am.*] *Chn. Psalmist.*	410
Shine, mighty God! on Zion shine . *I. Watts.*	1232
Show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive . . *I. Watts.*	382
Since all the varying scenes of time . *J. Hervey.*	1046
Since Jesus freely did appear . . . *J. Berridge.*	1306
Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, *P. Doddridge.*	943
Sing, my tongue! the Saviour's *Tr., E. Caswall.*	438
Sing, O heavens! O earth! . . *J. S. B. Monsell.*	476
Sing, sing his lofty praise . . . . . *T. Kelly.*	270
Sing to the Lord a joyful song, *J. S. B. Monsell.*	138
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name . . *I. Watts.*	207
Sing to the Lord, our Might. . . . *H. F. Lyte.*	72
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands . . *I. Watts.*	1224
Sing to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts! . *I. Watts.*	203
Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord! . *P. Doddridge.*	943
Sinner! Oh! why so thoughtless grown, *I. Watts.*	668
Sinners! the voice of God regard . . *J. Fawcett.*	574
Sinners! turn, why will ye die? . . . *C. Wesley.*	894
Sinners! will you scorn the message . *J. Allen.*	556
So fades the lovely blooming . . *Miss A. Steele.*	1366
So let our lips and lives express . . . *I. Watts.*	855
Softly fades the twilight ray . . . *S. F. Smith.*	42
Softly now the light of day . . . *G. W. Doane.*	23
Soldiers of Christ! arise . . . . . *C. Wesley.*	1269
Soldiers of the cross! arise . . . . *W. H. How.*	1212
Something every heart is loving . *G. Terstegen.*	782
Sometimes a light surprises . . . . *J. Newton.*	997
Son of God! to thee I cry . . . . . *B. Mant.*	899
Songs anew of honor framing . . . *W. Goode.*	1252
Songs of immortal praise belong . . *I. Watts.*	216
Songs of praise the angels sang, *J. Montgomery.*	258
Sons of men! behold from far . . . *C. Wesley.*	405
Sons of Zion! raise your songs . . . *T. Kelly.*	606
Soon as I heard my Father say . . . . *I. Watts.*	1037
Soon may the last glad song arise, *Pratt's Coll.*	1231
Sound, sound the truth abroad . . . . *T. Kelly.*	1254
Sovereign of worlds! display thy . *B. H. Draper.*	1225
Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all! . . . *T. Raffles.*	632
Sovereign Ruler of the skies! . . . *J. Ryland.*	800
Sow in the morn thy seed. . . . *J. Montgomery.*	1262
Spirit divine! attend our prayers . . . *A. Reed.*	324
Spirit! leave thy house of clay . *J. Montgomery.*	1280
Spirit of faith! come down . . . . *C. Wesley.*	336
Spirit of holiness! look down . *W. H. Bathurst.*	327
Spirit of peace and holiness. . . *S. F. Smith.*	1128
Spirit of power and might! . . *J. Montgomery.*	329
Spirit of power and truth and . *W. L. Alexander.*	316
Spirit of truth! on this thy day . . *R. Heber.*	322
Stand up, and bless the Lord . *J. Montgomery.*	249
Stand up, my soul! shake off thy fears, *I. Watts.*	947
Stand up, stand up for Jesus . . . *G. Duffield.*	1240
Stay, thou insulted Spirit! stay . . . *C. Wesley.*	615
Still, still with thee, my God! . . *J. D. Burns.*	33
Stoop down, my thoughts! that used to, *I. Watts.*	1345
Stretched on the cross, the . . *Miss A. Steele.*	463
Stricken, smitten, and afflicted . . . *T. Kelly.*	432
Suffering Son of man! be near me . *C. Wesley.*	432
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear! . . *J. Keble.*	11
Sure, the blest Comforter is nigh, *Miss A. Steele.*	1073
Sure, there 's a righteous God . . . . *I. Watts.*	1016
Surely, Christ thy griefs hath . *A. M. Toplady.*	443
Sweet and holy is the place . . . *T. Hastings.*	91
Sweet feast of love divine . . . . *E. Denny.*	706
Sweet as the shepherd's tuneful reed . *W. Shirley.*	589
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet . . *Miss F. Crosby.*	882
Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve . *J. Edmeston.*	54
Sweet is the memory of thy grace . . *I. Watts.*	294
Sweet is the work, my God, my King! *I. Watts.*	43
Sweet is the work, O Lord! . . *Miss H. Auber.*	35
Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh . *G. M——.*	1441
Sweet peace of conscience! . *O. Heginbotham.*	963
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing. *J. Allen.*	646
Sweet the time, exceeding sweet . . *G. Burder.*	1174
Sweet was the time, when first I felt, *J. Newton.*	948
Sweeter sounds than music knows . *J. Newton.*	792

	HYMN.
Swell the anthem, raise the song . . *N. Strong.*	1293
Take me, O my Father! take me . . *R. Palmer.*	637
Take, my soul! thy full salvation . . *H. F. Lyte.*	982
Tarry with me, O my Saviour! . *Plymouth Coll.*	1334
Teach me the measure of my days . *I. Watts.*	1336
Thank and praise Jehovah's . . *J. Montgomery.*	1292
That awful day will surely come . . *I. Watts.*	1308
That day of wrath, that dreadful day . *W. Scott.*	1410
That fearful day, that day of . *Tr., J. M. Neale.*	1411
The busy scenes of day are fled . . . *Luth. Coll.*	12
The day is past and gone . . . . *J. Leland (?).*	31
The festal morn, my God! is come, *J. Merrick.*	58
The gentle Saviour calls . . *H. U. Onderdonk.*	1154
The glories of my Maker God . . . . *I. Watts.*	197
The God of Abraham praise . . . *T. Olivers.*	264
The God of harvest praise . . *J. Montgomery.*	1301
The God of love will sure indulge, *Miss A. Steele.*	1364
The God of peace, who, from the, *E. T. Fitch.*	116
The God who reigns on high . . . *T. Olivers.*	265
The head, that once was crowned with, *T. Kelly.*	329
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord! . *I. Watts.*	368
The hour of my departure's come . *M. Bruce.*	1356
The King of heaven his table . . *P. Doddridge.*	566
The law commands and makes us know, *I. Watts.*	371
The Lord descended from above . *T. Sternhold.*	198
The Lord! how fearful is his name! . *I. Watts.*	205
The Lord! how wondrous are his ways, *I. Watts.*	187
The Lord is King! child of the dust! *J. Conder.*	173
The Lord is my Shepherd, no, *J. Montgomery.*	988
"The Lord is risen indeed!" . . . . *T. Kelly.*	470
The Lord Jehovah reigns, And . . . *I. Watts.*	118
The Lord Jehovah reigns, His . . . *I. Watts.*	246
The Lord my pasture shall prepare, *J. Addison.*	821
The Lord my Shepherd is . . . . . *I. Watts.*	809
The Lord of glory is my light . . . *I. Watts.*	108
The Lord of Sabbaths let us praise, *S. Wesley, Jr.*	53
The Lord, our God, is clothed with, *H. K. White.*	206
The Lord, the God of glory, reigns, *Miss A. Steele.*	167
The Lord, the Judge, before his throne, *I. Watts.*	1399
The Lord will come, the earth shall . *R. Heber.*	1409
The Lord will happiness divine . . *W. Cowper.*	1083
The man is ever blest . . . . . *I. Watts.*	1091
The mercies of my God and King . *H. F. Lyte.*	221
The mighty frame of glorious grace . *I. Watts.*	484
The morning dawns upon the . *J. Montgomery.*	457
The morning light is breaking . . *S. F. Smith.*	1243
The peace which God alone reveals . *J. Newton.*	128
The perfect world by Adam trod . *N. P. Willis.*	1287
The pity of the Lord . . . . . *I. Watts.*	1015
The promise of my Father's love . . *I. Watts.*	735
The roseate hues of early, *Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*	833
The royal banner is unfurled . *Tr., J. Chandler.*	448
The Saviour calls, let every ear, *Miss A. Steele.*	568
The solemn service now is done . *S. F. Smith.*	1129
The spacious firmament on high . . *J. Addison.*	174
The Spirit breathes upon the word . *W. Cowper.*	357
The Spirit, in our hearts . . *H. U. Onderdonk.*	547
The starry firmament on high . . . *R. Grant.*	370
The Sun of righteousness appears, *S. Wesley, Jr.*	490
The trumpet sounds, the day has, *Tr., H. Mills.*	1407
The voice of free grace cries . . *E. Burdsall.*	606
Thee, King of saints! we praise . . *C. Wesley.*	709
Thee, thee we praise, O God! and . *E. F. Hatfield.*	133
Thee we adore, eternal Name! . . . *I. Watts.*	1336
Thee will I love, my Strength . *Tr., J. Wesley.*	773
There is a blessèd home . . . *H. W. Baker.*	1462
There is a dear and hallowed, *Sab. Hymn Book.*	453
There is a fold whence none can stray, *John East.*	1428
There is a fountain filled with blood, *W. Cowper.*	450
There is a house not made with hands, *I. Watts.*	1423
There is a land of pure delight . . . *I. Watts.*	1427
There is a name I love to hear . . *F. Whitfield.*	751
There is a safe and secret place . . *H. F. Lyte.*	1042
There is an hour of hallowed . *W. B. Tappan.*	1422
There is an hour of peaceful rest, *W. B. Tappan.*	1421
There is an hour when I must part . . *A. Reed.*	1343
There is no night in heaven . *Lyra Anglicana.*	1419
These are the crowns that we shall . *H. Bonar.*	1440
These glorious minds, how bright they, *I. Watts.*	1432
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord! . *P. Doddridge.*	46
Thine for ever, God of love, *Mrs. M. F. Maude.*	653
Think, O ye, who fondly languish, *W. B. Collyer.*	1386
This day the Lord hath called, *W. H. Bathurst.*	47
This is the day the Lord hath made . *I. Watts.*	49
This is the word of truth and love . . *I. Watts.*	375
This place is holy ground . . . *J. Montgomery.*	1387
This world is poor from shore to shore, *D. Nelson.*	1424
Thou art gone to the grave, but we will, *R. Heber.*	1379
Thou art gone up on high . . . *Mrs. E. Toke.*	471
Thou art my Portion, O my God! . . *I. Watts.*	942
Thou art the Way, to thee alone, *G. W. Doane.*	430
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb! *J. Cennick.*	753
Thou hidden love of God, whose, *Tr., J. Wesley.*	774
Thou hidden Source of calm repose! *C. Wesley.*	822
Thou Lamb of God! that on the tree, *T. Hawels.*	455
Thou Lord of all above . . . . . *B. Beddome.*	608
Thou lovely Source of true delight, *Miss A. Steele.*	761
Thou only Sovereign of my heart! *Miss A. Steele.*	815
Thou very present Aid . . . . . *C. Wesley.*	1024
Thou, who art enthroned above! . . *G. Sandys.*	41
Thou, who didst on Calvary bleed! . *J. D. Burns.*	634
Thou, who dost my life prolong, *Chh. Psalmody.*	28
Thou, who roll'st the year around . *R. Palmer.*	1334
Thou, whom my soul admires above . *I. Watts.*	723
Thou, whose almighty word . . . *J. Marriott.*	347
Though faint, yet pursuing, we, *Eng. Bap. Coll.*	989
Thrice happy man, who fears the Lord, *I. Watts.*	1276
Through all the changing scenes of life . *N. Tate.*	224
Through endless years thou art . *Tate & Brady.*	212
Through every age, eternal God! . . . *I. Watts.*	1355
Through the day thy love has spared us, *T. Kelly.*	28
Thus far the Lord has led me on . . . *I. Watts.*	10
Thus saith the mercy of the Lord . . . *I. Watts.*	1147
Thus the eternal Father spake . . . . *I. Watts.*	1230
Thy bounties, gracious Lord! . . *Miss E. Scott.*	1265
Thy gracious presence, O my God! *Miss A. Steele.*	1053
Thy holy day's returning . . . . . *R. Palmer.*	61
Thy life I read, my dearest Lord! . . *S. Stennett.*	1146
Thy mercy, my God! is the theme of, *J. Stocker.*	662

	HYMN.
Thy name, almighty Lord! . . . . . *I. Watts.*	1096
Thy people, Lord! who trust thy . . *Mrs. Voke.*	1221
Thy presence, gracious God! afford . *J. Fawcett.*	126
Thy way, not mine, O Lord! . . . *H. Bonar.*	1007
Thy way, O God! is in the sea . . . *J. Fawcett.*	1045
'T is a point I long to know . . . . *J. Newton.*	1090
'T is by the faith of joys to come . . . *I. Watts.*	814
'T is by thy strength the mountains . . *I. Watts.*	1329
"'T is finished!" so the Saviour cried, *S. Stennett.*	467
'T is midnight, and, on Olive's . *W. B. Tappan.*	456
'T is my happiness below . . . . *W. Cowper.*	1002
'T is pure delight without alloy . . . *I. Watts.*	750
'T is thine alone, almighty Name! *E. F. Hatfield.*	1305
Time is winging us away . . . . . *J. Burton.*	1416
To bless thy chosen race . . . . . *N. Tate.*	1257
To Christ, the Prince of peace, *Tr., E. Caswall.*	512
To-day, if you will hear his voice . *Kent's Coll.*	585
To-day, the Saviour calls . . . . *Spir. Songs.*	549
To-day, thy mercy calls me . . . . *O. Allen.*	650
To God, the great, the ever-blessed . . *I. Watts.*	1180
To God, the only Wise . . . . . *I. Watts.*	300
To heaven I lift my waiting eyes . . . *I. Watts.*	826
To him that chose us first . . . . . *I. Watts.*	153
To Jesus, our exalted Lord . . . *Miss A. Steele.*	727
To Jesus, the Crown of my hope . . *W. Cowper.*	856
To-morrow, Lord! is thine . . . *P. Doddridge.*	1372
To our Redeemer's glorious name, *Miss A. Steele.*	296
To praise the ever-bounteous Lord, *J. Needham.*	1228
To spend one sacred day . . . . . *I. Watts.*	66
To the name of God on high . . . *H. Bonar.*	141
To thee, my God and Saviour! . . . *T. Hawels.*	278
To thee, my Shepherd and my . *O. Heginbotham.*	824
To thy pastures fair and large . . . *J. Merrick.*	901
To thy temple I repair . . . . *J. Montgomery.*	90
To us a Child of hope is born . . . *M. Bruce.*	396
To whom, my Saviour! shall I go, *Vill. Hymns.*	759
To your Creator, God . . . . . *Miss A. Steele.*	248
Trembling before thine awful . *A. L. Hillhouse.*	666
Triumphant Zion! lift thy head . *P. Doddridge.*	1102
'T was by an order from the Lord . . *I. Watts.*	309
'T was on that dark, that doleful night, *I. Watts.*	723
'T was the commission of our Lord . . *I. Watts.*	1149
United prayers ascend to thee . . *W. B. Collyer.*	1151
Unshaken as the sacred hill . . . . . *I. Watts.*	831
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb! . . . *I. Watts.*	1365
Up to the Lord, who reigns on high . *I. Watts.*	169
Upward I lift mine eyes . . . . . *I. Watts.*	804
Upward, O Lord! to thee . . . *H. Bateman.*	789
Vain are the hopes the sons of men . . *I. Watts.*	390
Vain, delusive world! adieu! . . . *C. Wesley.*	908
Wait, my soul! upon the Lord . *W. F. Lloyd.*	1000
Wait, O my soul! thy Maker's will . *B. Beddome.*	1063
Wake thee, O Zion! thy mourning is, *R. Palmer.*	1114
Wake the song of jubilee . . . . . *L. Bacon.*	1210
Watchman, tell us of the night! . . *J. Bowring.*	1211
Wayfarers in the wilderness . *A. R. Thompson.*	1460
We bid thee welcome in the . . *J. Montgomery.*	1127
We bless the Prophet of the Lord . . *I. Watts.*	427
We bless thee for thy peace, *Songs of the Chh.*	1054
We give immortal praise . . . . . *I. Watts.*	182
We give thee but thine own . . . *W. W. How.*	1264
We lift our hearts to thee . . . *Wesley's Coll.*	33
We sing his love who once was slain . . *R. Hill.*	1391
We sing the praise of him who died . . *T. Kelly.*	538
We thank thee, Father! *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*	56
Weary of wandering from my God . *C. Wesley.*	976
Welcome, days of solemn . . *Ryle's Sp. Songs.*	85
Welcome, delightful morn! . . . . *Hayward.*	62
Welcome, O Saviour! to my heart . *H. Bourne.*	681
Welcome, sacred day of rest . . . . *W. Brown.*	39
Welcome, sweet day, of days the best, *S. Browne.*	59
Welcome, sweet day of rest! . . . . *I. Watts.*	34
Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer! *W. M——.*	647
What are these arrayed in white . . *C. Wesley.*	1413
What are these in bright array . *J. Montgomery.*	1412
What equal honors shall we bring . . *I. Watts.*	277
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone, *E. Denny.*	429
What is life? 't is but a vapor . . . *T. Kelly.*	1382
What shall I render to my God . . . *I. Watts.*	1162
What shall the dying sinner do . . . *I. Watts.*	861
What sinners value I resign . . . . *I. Watts.*	1389
What strange perplexities arise . . *S. Davies.*	1074
What though my frail eyelids . . *A. M. Toplady.*	29
What various hindrances we meet . *W. Cowper.*	934
When all thy mercies, O my God! . *J. Addison.*	225
When at this distance, Lord! we, *P. Doddridge.*	765
When at thy footstool, Lord! I bend, *H. F. Lyte.*	612
When, bending o'er the brink of life, *W. B. Collyer.*	1342
When blooming youth is snatched, *Miss A. Steele.*	1351
When darkness long has veiled my . *W. Cowper.*	965
When gathering clouds around I view, *R. Grant.*	1067
When God restored our captive state . *I. Watts.*	1194
When God revealed his gracious name . *I. Watts.*	683
When, gracious Lord! when shall it be, *C. Wesley.*	929
When, his salvation bringing . . . . . *J. King.*	1317
When I can read my title clear . . . . *I. Watts.*	835
When I can trust my all with God . *J. Conder.*	1011
When I survey the wondrous cross . . *I. Watts.*	463
When I view my Saviour bleeding . . *R. Lee.*	717
When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay . . *T. Gibbons.*	1277
When Jesus left his Father's . *J. Montgomery.*	1143
When Jordan hushed his waters still, *T. Campbell.*	417
When languor and disease invade, *A. M. Toplady.*	1032
When like a stranger on our . . *J. Montgomery.*	424
When, Lord! to this our . . . *H. U. Onderdonk.*	1214
When, marshaled on the nightly plain, *H. K. White.*	416
When musing sorrow weeps the past, *G. T. Noel.*	1027
When, O dear Jesus! when shall I . *J. Cennick.*	57
When on Sinai's top I see . . . *J. Montgomery.*	702
When, overwhelmed with grief . . . . *I. Watts.*	1017
When our heads are bowed with *H. H. Milman.*	999
When, rising from the bed of death . *J. Addison.*	1400
When shall the voice of singing . . *J. Edmeston.*	1244
When shall thy love constrain . . . *C. Wesley.*	609
When sins and fears prevailing . . *Miss A. Steele.*	820
When, streaming from the . . *W. Shrubsole, Jr.*	5
When thou, my righteous Judge! *Mrs. S. Shirley.*	640
When we, our wearied limbs to rest . . *N. Tate.*	1186
When, wounded sore, the . *Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*	532
Whence do our mournful thoughts arise, *I. Watts.*	1047

	HYMN.
Whene'er the angry passions rise, *Miss A. Steele.*	421
Where high the heavenly temple stands, *M. Bruce.*	1064
While beauty clothes the fertile, *Miss A. Steele.*	1330
While I to grief my soul gave way . . *J. Newton.*	1193
While in sweet communion feeding . *E. Denny.*	715
While life prolongs its precious light . *T. Dwight.*	581
While my Redeemer's near . . *Miss A. Steele.*	806
While on the verge of life I stand . *P. Doddridge.*	1445
While shepherds watched their flocks by. *N. Tate.*	397
While through this changing . . *J. Montgomery.*	846
While, with ceaseless course, the sun. *J. Newton.*	1333
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